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THE FREELANDS

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"Liberty's a glorious feast."—*Burns.*

PROLOGUE

ONE early April afternoon, in a Worcestershire field, the only field in that immediate landscape which was not down in grass, a man moved slowly athwart the furrows, sowing—a big man of heavy build, swinging his hairy brown arm with the grace of strength. He wore no coat or hat; a waistcoat, open over a blue-checked cotton shirt, flapped against belted corduroys that were somewhat the color of his square, pale-brown face and dusty hair. His eyes were sad, with the swimming yet fixed stare of epileptics; his mouth heavy-lipped, so that, but for the yearning eyes, the face would have been almost brutal. He looked as if he suffered from silence. The elm-trees bordering the field, though only just in leaf, showed dark against a white sky. A light wind blew, carrying already a scent from the earth and growth pushing up, for the year was early. The green Malvern hills rose in the west; and not far away, shrouded by trees, a long country house of weathered brick faced to the south. Save for the man sowing, and some rooks crossing from elm to elm, no life was visible in all the green land. And it was quiet—with a strange, a brooding tranquillity. The fields and hills seemed to mock the scars of road and ditch and furrow scraped on them, to mock at barriers of hedge and wall—between the green land and white sky was a conspiracy to disregard those small activities. So lonely was it, so plunged in a ground-bass of silence; so much too big and permanent for any figure of man.

Across and across the brown loam the laborer doggedly finished out his task; scattered the few last seeds into a corner, and stood still. Thrushes and blackbirds were just beginning that even-song whose blitheness, as nothing else on earth, seems to promise youth forever to the land. He picked up his coat, slung it on, and heaving a straw bag over his shoulder, walked out on to the grass-bordered road between the elms.

"Tryst! Bob Tryst!"

At the gate of a creepered cottage amongst fruit-trees, high above the road, a youth with black hair and pale-brown face stood beside a girl with frizzy brown hair and cheeks like poppies.

"Have you had that notice?"

The laborer answered slowly:

"Yes, Mr. Derek. If she don't go, I've got to."

"What a d—d shame!"

The laborer moved his head, as though he would have spoken, but no words came.

"Don't do anything, Bob. We'll see about that."

"Evenin', Mr. Derek. Evenin', Miss Sheila," and he moved on.

The two at the wicket gate also turned away. And a black-haired woman dressed in blue came to the wicket-gate in their place. There seemed no purpose in her standing there; it was perhaps an evening custom, some ceremony such as Mos-

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lems observe at the muezzin-call. And any one who saw her would have wondered what on earth she might be seeing, gazing out with her dark glowing eyes above the white, grass-bordered roads stretching empty this way and that between the elm-trees and green fields; while the blackbirds and thrushes shouted out their hearts, calling all to witness how hopeful and young was life in this English countryside. . . .

I

MAYDAY afternoon in Oxford Street, and Felix Freeland, a little late, on his way from Hampstead to his brother John's house in Porchester Gardens. Felix Freeland, author, wearing the very first gray top hat of the season. A compromise, that—like many other things in his life and works—between individuality and the accepted view of things, æstheticism and fashion, the critical sense and authority. After the meeting at John's, to discuss the doings of the family of his brother Morton Freeland—better known as Tod—he would perhaps look in on the caricatures at the English Gallery, and visit one duchess in Mayfair, concerning the George Richard Memorial. And so, not the soft felt hat which really suited authorship, nor the black top hat which obliterated personality to the point of pain, but this gray thing with narrowish black band, very suitable, in truth, to a face of a pale buff color, to a mustache of a deep buff color streaked with a few gray hairs, to a black braided coat cut away from a buff-colored waistcoat, to his neat boots—not patent leather—faintly buffed with Mayday dust. Even his eyes, Freeland gray, were a little buffed over by sedentary habit, and the number of things that he was conscious of. For instance, that the people passing him were distressingly plain, both men and women; plain with the particular plainness of those quite unaware of it. It struck him forcibly, while he went along, how very queer it was that with so many plain people in the country, the population managed to keep up even as well as it did. To his wonderfully keen sense of defect, it seemed little short of marvellous. A shambling, shoddy crew, this crowd of shoppers and labor demonstrators! A conglomeration of hopelessly mediocre visages! What was to be done about it? Ah! what indeed!—since they were evidently not aware of their own dismal mediocrity. Hardly a beautiful or a vivid face, hardly a wicked one, never anything transfigured, passionate, terrible, or grand. Nothing Greek, early Italian, Elizabethan, not even beefy, beery, broad old Georgian. Something clutched-in, and squashed-out about it all—on that collective face something of the look of a man almost comfortably and warmly wrapped round by a snake at the very beginning of its squeeze. It gave Felix Freeland a sort of faint excitement and pleasure to notice this. For it was his business to notice things, and embalm them afterward in ink. And he believed that not many people noticed it, so that it contributed in his mind to his own distinction, which was precious to him. Precious, and encouraged to be so by the press, which—as he well knew—must print his name several thousand times a year. And yet, as a man of culture and of principle, how he despised that kind of fame, and theoretically believed that a man's real distinction lay in his oblivion of the world's opinion, particularly as expressed by that flighty creature, the Fourth Estate. But here again, as in the matter of the gray top hat, he had instinctively compromised, taking in press cuttings which described himself and his works, while he never failed to describe those descriptions—good, bad, and indifferent—as 'that stuff,' and their writers as 'those fellows.'

Not that it was new to him to feel that the country was in a bad way. On the contrary, it was his established belief, and one for which he was prepared to furnish due and proper reasons. In the first place he traced it to the horrible hold Industrialism had in the last hundred years laid on the nation, draining the peasantry from 'the Land'; and in the second place to the influence of a narrow and insidious Officialism, sapping the independence of the People.

This was why, in going to a conclave with his brother John, high in government employ, and his brother Stanley, a captain of industry, possessor of the Morton Plough Works, he was conscious of a cer-

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tain superiority in that he, at all events, had no hand in this paralysis which was creeping on the country.

And getting more buff-colored every minute, he threaded his way on, till, past the Marble Arch, he secured the elbow-room of Hyde Park. Here groups of young men, with chivalrous idealism, were jeering at and chivying the broken remnants of a suffrage meeting. Felix debated whether he should oppose his body to their bodies, his tongue to theirs, or whether he should avert his consciousness and hurry on; but, that instinct which moved him to wear the gray top hat prevailing, he did neither, and stood instead, looking at them in silent anger, which quickly provoked endearments—such as: "Take it off," or "Keep it on," or "What cheer, Toppy!" but nothing more acute. And he meditated: Culture! Could culture ever make headway among the blind partisanships, the hand-to-mouth mentality, the cheap excitements of this town life? The faces of these youths, the tone of their voices, the very look of their bowler hats, said: No! You could not culturalize the impermeable texture of their vulgarity. And they were the coming manhood of the nation—this inexpressibly distasteful lot of youths! The country had indeed got too far away from 'the Land.' And this essential towny commonness was not confined to the classes from which these youths were drawn. He had even remarked it among his own son's school and college friends—an impatience of discipline, an insensibility to everything but excitement and having a good time, a permanent mental indigestion due to a permanent diet of tit-bits. What aspiration they possessed seemed devoted to securing for themselves the plums of official or industrial life. His boy Alan, even, was infected, in spite of home influences and the atmosphere of art in which he had been so sedulously soaked. He wished to enter his Uncle Stanley's plough works, seeing in it a 'soft thing.'

But the last of the woman-baiters had passed by now, and, conscious that he was really behind time, Felix hurried on. . . .

In his study—a pleasant room, if rather tidy—John Freeland was standing before the fire smoking a pipe and looking thoughtfully at nothing. He was, in fact, thinking, with that continuity characteristic of a man who at fifty has won for himself a place of permanent importance in the Home Office. Starting life in the Royal Engineers, he still preserved something of a military look about his figure, and his grave visage with its steady eyes and drooping moustache (both a shade grayer than those of Felix), and his forehead bald from justness and knowing where to lay his hand on papers. His face was thinner, his head narrower, than his brother's, and he had acquired a way of making those he looked at doubt themselves and feel the sudden instability of all their facts. He was—as has been said—thinking. His brother Stanley had wired to him that morning: "Am motoring up to-day on business; can you get Felix to come at six o'clock and talk over the position at Tod's." What position at Tod's? He had indeed heard something vague—of those youngsters of Tod's, and some fuss they were making about the laborers down there. He had not liked it. Too much of a piece with the general unrest, and these new democratic ideas that were playing old Harry with the country! For in his opinion the country was in a bad way, partly owing to Industrialism, with its rotting effect upon physique; partly to this modern analytic Intellectualism, with its destructive and anarchic influence on morals. It was difficult to overestimate the mischief of those two factors; and in the approaching conference with his brothers, one of whom was the head of an industrial undertaking, and the other a writer, whose books, extremely modern, he never read, he was perhaps vaguely conscious of his own cleaner hands. Hearing a car come to a halt outside, he went to the window and looked out. Yes, it was Stanley! . . .

Stanley Freeland, who had motored up from Becket—his country place, close to his plough works in Worcestershire—stood a moment on the pavement, stretching his long legs and giving directions to his chauffeur. He had been stopped twice on the road for not exceeding the limit as he believed, and was still a little ruffled. Was it not his invariable principle to be moderate in speed as in all

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other things? And his feeling at the moment was stronger even than usual, that the country was in a bad way, eaten up by officialism, with its absurd limitations of speed and the liberty of the subject, and the advanced ideas of these new writers and intellectuals, always talking about the rights and sufferings of the poor. There was no progress along either of those roads. He had it in his heart, as he stood there on the pavement, to say something pretty definite to John about interference with the liberty of the subject, and he wouldn't mind giving old Felix a rap about his precious destructive doctrines, and his continual girding at the upper classes, vested interests, and all the rest of it. If he had something to put in their place that would be another matter. Capital and those who controlled it were the backbone of the country—what there was left of the country, apart from these d—d officials and æsthetic fellows! And with a contraction of his straight eyebrows above his straight gray eyes, straight blunt nose, blunter mustaches, and blunt chin, he kept a tight rein on his blunt tongue, not choosing to give way even to his own anger.

Then, perceiving Felix coming—'in a white topper, by Jove!'—he crossed the pavement to the door; and, tall, square, personable, rang the bell.

II

"Well, what's the matter at Tod's?"

And Felix moved a little forward in his chair, his eyes fixed with interest on Stanley, about to speak.

"It's that wife of his, of course. It was all very well so long as she confined herself to writing, and talk, and that Land Society, or whatever it was she founded, that snuffed out the other day; but now she's getting herself and those two youngsters mixed up in our local broils, and really I think Tod's got to be spoken to."

"It's impossible for a husband to interfere with his wife's principles." So Felix.

"Principles!" The word came from John.

"Certainly! Kirsteen's a woman of great character; revolutionary by temperament. Why should you expect her to act as you would act yourselves?"

When Felix had said that, there was a silence.

Then Stanley muttered: "Poor old Tod!"

Felix sighed, lost for a moment in his last vision of his youngest brother. It was four years ago now, a summer evening—Tod standing between his youngsters Derek and Sheila, in a doorway of his white, black-timbered, creepered cottage, his sunburnt face and blue eyes the serenest things one could see in a day's march!

"Why 'poor'?" he said. "Tod's much happier than we are. You've only to look at him."

"Ah!" said Stanley suddenly. "D'you remember him at father's funeral?—without his hat, and his head in the clouds. Fine-lookin' chap, old Tod—pity he's such a child of Nature."

Felix said quietly:

"If you'd offered him a partnership, Stanley—it would have been the making of him."

"Tod in the plough works? My hat!"

Felix smiled. At sight of that smile, Stanley grew red, and John refilled his pipe. It is always the devil to have a brother more sarcastic than oneself!

"How old are those two?" John said abruptly.

"Sheila's twenty, Derek nineteen."

"I thought the boy was at an agricultural college?"

"Finished."

"What's he like?"

"A black-haired, fiery fellow, not a bit like Tod."

John muttered: "That's her Celtic blood. Her father, old Colonel Moray, was a fine old boy; but by George he was a regular black Highlander. What's the trouble exactly?"

It was Stanley who answered: "That sort of agitation business is all very well until it begins to affect your neighbors; then it's time it stopped. You know the Mallorings who own all the land round Tod's. Well, they've fallen foul of the Mallorings over what they call injustice to some laborers. Questions of morality involved. I don't know all the details. A man's got notice to quit over his deceased wife's sister; and some girl or other in another cottage has kicked over—just

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ordinary country incidents. What I want is that Tod should be made to see that his family mustn't quarrel with his nearest neighbors in this way. We know the Mallorings well, they're only seven miles from us at Becket. It doesn't do; sooner or later it plays the devil all round. And the air's full of agitation about the laborers and 'the Land,' and all the rest of it—only wants a spark to make real trouble."

And having finished this oration, Stanley thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and jingled the money that was there.

John said abruptly:

"Felix, you'd better go down."

Felix was sitting back, his eyes for once withdrawn from his brothers' faces.

"Odd," he said, "really odd, that with a perfectly unique person like Tod for a brother, we only see him once in a blue moon."

"It's because he *is* so d—d unique."

Felix got up and gravely extended his hand to Stanley.

"By Jove," he said, "you've spoken truth." And to John he added: "Well, I will go, and let you know the upshot."

When he had departed, the two elder brothers remained for some moments silent, then Stanley said:

"Old Felix is a bit tryin'! With the fuss they make of him in the papers, his head's swelled!"

John did not answer. One could not in so many words resent one's own brother being made a fuss of, and if it had been for something real, such as discovering the source of the Black River, conquering Bechuanaland, curing Blue-mange, or being made a Bishop, he would have been the first and most loyal in his appreciation; but for the sort of thing Felix made up—Fiction, and critical, acid, destructive sort of stuff, pretending to show John Freeland things that he hadn't seen before—as if Felix could!—not at all the jolly old romance which one could read well enough and enjoy till it sent you to sleep after a good day's work. No! that Felix should be made a fuss of for such work as that really almost hurt him. It was not quite decent, violating deep down one's sense of form, one's sense of health, one's traditions. Though he would not have admitted it, he secretly felt, too, that this fuss was dangerous to his own point of view, which was, of course, to him the only real one. And he merely said:

"Will you stay to dinner, Stan?"

III

If John had those sensations about Felix, so—when he was away from John—had Felix about himself. He had never quite grown out of the feeling that to make himself conspicuous in any way was bad form. In common with his three brothers he had been through the mills of gentility—those unique grinding machines of education only found in his native land. Tod, to be sure, had been publicly sacked at the end of his third term, for climbing on to the headmaster's roof and filling up two of his chimneys with football pants, from which he had omitted to remove his name. Felix still remembered the august scene—the horrid thrill of it, the ominous sound of that: "Freeland minimus!" the ominous sight of poor little Tod emerging from his obscurity near the roof of the Speech Room, and descending all those steps. How very small and rosy he had looked, his bright hair standing on end, and his little blue eyes staring up very hard from under a troubled frown. And the august hand holding up those sooty pants, and the august voice: "These appear to be yours, Freeland minimus. Were you so good as to put them down my chimneys?" And the little piping, "Yes, sir."

"May I ask why, Freeland minimus?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You must have had some reason, Freeland minimus?"

"It was the end of term, sir."

"Ah! You must not come back here, Freeland minimus. You are too dangerous, to yourself, and others. Go to your place."

And poor little Tod ascending again all those steps, cheeks more terribly rosy than ever, eyes bluer, from under a still more troubled frown; little mouth hard set; and breathing so that you could hear him six forms off. True, the new head had been goaded by other outrages, the authors of which had not omitted to remove their names; but the want of humor, the amazing want of humor! As if it had not been a sign of first-rate stuff in Tod! And to

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this day Felix remembered with delight the little bubbling hiss that he himself had started, squelched at once, but rippling out again along the rows like tiny scattered lines of fire when a conflagration is suppressed. Expulsion had been the salvation of Tod! Or—his damnation? Which? God would know, but Felix was not certain. Having himself been fifteen years acquiring 'Mill' philosophy, and another fifteen years getting rid of it, he had now begun to think that after all there might be something in it. A philosophy that took everything, including itself, at face value, and questioned nothing, was sedative to nerves too highly strung by the continual examination of the insides of oneself and others, with a view to their alteration. Tod, of course, having been sent to Germany after his expulsion, as one naturally would be, and then put to farming, had never properly acquired 'Mill' manner, and never sloughed it off; and yet he was as sedative a man as you could meet.

Emerging from the Tube station at Hampstead, he moved toward home under a sky stranger than one might see in a whole year of evenings. Between the pine-trees on the ridge it was opaque and colored like pinkish stone, and all around violent purple with flames of the young green, and white spring blossom lit against it. Spring had been dull and unimaginative so far, but this evening it was all fire and gathered torrents; Felix wondered at the waiting passion of that sky.

He reached home just as those torrents began to fall.

The old house, beyond the Spaniard's Road, save for mice and a faint underlying savor of wood-rot in two rooms, well satisfied the æsthetic sense. Felix often stood in his hall, study, bedroom, and other apartments, admiring the rich and simple glow of them—admiring the rarity and look of studied negligence about the stuffs, the flowers, the books, the furniture, the china; and then quite suddenly the feeling would sweep over him: "By George, do I really own all this, when my ideal is 'bread and water, and on feast days a little bit of cheese'?" True, he was not to blame for the niceness of his things—Flora did it; but still—there they were, a little hard to swallow for an epicurean. It might, of course, have been worse, for if Flora had a passion for collecting, it was a very chaste one, and though what she collected cost no little money, it always looked as if it had been inherited, and—as everybody knows—what has been inherited must be put up with, whether it be a coronet or a cruet-stand.

To collect old things, and write poetry! It was a career; one would not have one's wife otherwise. She might, for instance, have been like Stanley's wife, Clara, whose career was wealth and station; or John's wife, Anne, whose career had been cut short; or even Tod's wife, Kirsteen, whose career was revolution. No—a wife who had two, and only two children, and treated them with affectionate surprise, who was never out of temper, never in a hurry, knew the points of a book or play, could cut your hair at a pinch; whose hand was dry, figure still good, verse tolerable, and—above all—who wished for no better fate than Fate had given her—was a wife not to be sneezed at. And Felix never had. He had depicted so many sneezing wives and husbands in his books, and knew the value of a happy marriage better perhaps than any one in England. He had laid marriage low a dozen times, wrecked it on all sorts of rocks, and had the greater veneration for his own. It had begun early, manifested every symptom of ending late, and in the meantime walked down the years holding hands fast, and by no means forgetting to touch lips.

Hanging up the gray top hat, he went in search of her. He found her in his dressing-room, surrounded by a number of little bottles, which she was examining vaguely, and putting one by one into an 'inherited' waste-paper basket. Having watched her for a little while with a certain pleasure, he said:

"Yes, my dear?"

Noticing his presence, and continuing to put bottles into the basket, she answered:

"I thought I must—they're what your mother's given us."

There they lay—little bottles filled with white and brown fluids, white and blue and brown powders; green and brown and yellow ointments; black lozenges;

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buff plasters; blue and pink and purple pills. All beautifully labelled and corked.

And he said in a rather faltering voice:

"Bless her! How she does give her things away! Haven't we used *any?*"

"Not one. And they have to be cleared away before they're stale, for fear we might take one by mistake."

"Poor mother!"

"My dear, she's found something newer than them all by now."

Felix sighed.

"The nomadic spirit. I have it, too!"

And a sudden vision came to him of his mother's carved ivory face, kept free of wrinkles by sheer will-power, its firm chin, slightly aquiline nose, and measured brows; its eyes that saw everything so quickly, so fastidiously, its compressed mouth that smiled sweetly, with a resolute but pathetic acceptation. Of the piece of fine lace, sometimes black, sometimes white, over her gray hair. Of her hands, so thin now, always moving a little, as if all the composure and care not to offend any eye by allowing Time to ravage her face, were avenging themselves in that constant movement. Of her figure, that was short but did not seem so, still quick-moving, still alert, and always dressed in black or gray. A vision of that exact, fastidious, wandering spirit called Frances Fleeming Freeland—that spirit strangely compounded of domination and humility, of acceptation and cynicism; precise and actual to the point of desert dryness; generous to a point that caused her family to despair; and always, beyond all things, brave.

Flora dropped the last little bottle, and sitting on the edge of the bath let her eyebrows rise. How pleasant was that impersonal humor which made her superior to other wives!

"You—nomadic? How?"

"Mother travels unceasingly from place to place, person to person, thing to thing. I travel unceasingly from motive to motive, mind to mind; my native air is also desert air—hence the sterility of my work."

Flora rose, but her eyebrows descended.

"Your work," she said, "is not sterile."

"That, my dear," said Felix, "is prejudice." And perceiving that she was going to kiss him, he waited without annoyance. For a woman of forty-two, with two children and three books of poems—and not knowing which had taken least out of her—with hazel-gray eyes, wavy eyebrows darker than they should have been, a glint of red in her hair; wavy figure and lips; quaint, half-humorous indolence, quaint, half-humorous warmth—was she not as satisfactory a woman as a man could possibly have married!

"I have got to go down and see Tod," he said. "I like that wife of his; but she has no sense of humor. How much better principles are in theory than in practice!"

Flora repeated softly, as if to herself:

"I'm glad I have none." She was at the window, leaning out, and Felix took his place beside her. The air was full of scent from wet leaves, alive with the song of birds thanking the sky. Suddenly he felt her arm round his ribs; either it or they—which, he could not at the moment tell—seemed extraordinarily soft. . . .

Between Felix and his young daughter, Nedda, there existed the only kind of love, except a mother's, which has much permanence—love based on mutual admiration. Though why Nedda, with her starry innocence, should admire him, Felix could never understand, not realizing that she read his books, and even analyzed them for herself in the diary which she kept religiously, writing it when she ought to have been asleep. He had therefore no knowledge of the way his written thoughts stimulated the ceaseless questioning that was always going on within her; the thirst to know why this was and that was not. Why, for instance, her heart ached so some days and felt light and eager other days? Why, when people wrote and talked of God, they seemed to know what He was, and she never did? Why people had to suffer; and the world be black to so many millions? Why one could not love more than one man at a time? Why—a thousand things? Felix's books supplied no answers to these questions, but they were comforting; for her real need as yet was not for answers, but ever for more questions, as a young bird's need is for opening its beak without quite knowing what is coming out or going in. When she and her father walked,

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or sat, or went to concerts together, their talk was neither particularly intimate nor particularly voluble; they made to each other no great confidences. Yet each was certain that the other was not bored—a great thing; and they squeezed each other's little fingers a good deal—very warming. Now with his son Alan, Felix had a continual sensation of having to keep up to a mark and never succeeding—a feeling, as in his favorite nightmare, of trying to pass an examination for which he had neglected to prepare; of having to preserve, in fact, form proper to the father of Alan Freeland. With Nedda he had a sense of refreshment; the delight one has on a spring day, watching a clear stream, a bank of flowers, birds flying. And Nedda with her father—what feeling had she? To be with him was like a long stroking with a touch of tickle in it; to read his books, a long tickle with a nice touch of stroking now and then when one was not expecting it.

That night after dinner, when Alan had gone out and Flora into a dream, she snuggled up alongside her father, got hold of his little finger, and whispered:

"Come into the garden, Dad; I'll put on goloshes. It's an awfully nice moon."

The moon indeed was palest gold behind the pines, so that its radiance was a mere shower of pollen, just a brushing of white moth-down over the reeds of their little dark pond, and the black blur of the flowering currant bushes. And the young lime-trees, not yet in full leaf, quivered ecstatically in that moon-witchery, still letting fall raindrops of the past spring torrent, with soft hissing sounds. A real sense in the garden, of God holding his breath in the presence of his own youth swelling, growing, trembling toward perfection! Somewhere a bird—a thrush, they thought—mixed in its little mind as to night and day, was queerly chirruping. And Felix and his daughter went along the dark wet paths, holding each other's arms, not talking much. For, in him, very responsive to the moods of nature, there was a flattered feeling, with that young arm in his, of Spring having chosen to confide in him this whispering, rustling hour. And in Nedda was so much of that night's unutterable youth—no wonder she was silent! Then, somehow—neither responsible—they stood motionless. How quiet it was, but for a distant dog or two, and the stilly shivering-down of the water drops, and the far vibration of the million-voiced city! How quiet and soft and fresh! Then Nedda spoke:

"Dad, I do so want to know everything."

Not rousing even a smile, with its sublime immodesty, that aspiration seemed to Felix infinitely touching. What less could youth want in the very heart of spring? And, watching her face put up to the night, her parted lips, and the moon-gleam fingering her white throat, he answered:

"It'll all come soon enough, my pretty!"

To think that she must come to an end like the rest, having found out almost nothing, having discovered just herself, and the particle of God that was within her! But he could not, of course, say this.

"I want to *feel*. Can't I begin?"

How many millions of young creatures all the world over were sending up that white prayer to climb and twine toward the stars, and—fall to earth again! And nothing to be answered, but:

"Time enough, Nedda!"

"But, Dad, there are such heaps of things, such heaps of people, and reasons, and—and life; and I know nothing. Dreams are the only times, it seems to me, that one finds out anything."

"As for that, my child, I am exactly in your case. What's to be done for us?"

She slid her hand through his arm again.

"Don't laugh at me!"

"Heaven forbid! I meant it. You're finding out much quicker than I. It's all folk-music to you still; to me Strauss and the rest of the tired stuff. The variations my mind spins—wouldn't I just swap them for the tunes your mind is making?"

"I don't seem making tunes at all. I don't seem to have anything to make them of. Take me down to see 'the Tods,' Dad!"

Why not? And yet—! Just as in this spring night Felix felt so much, so very much, lying out there behind the still and moony dark, such marvellous holding of breath and waiting sentiency, so behind this innocent petition, he could not help

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the feeling of a lurking fatefulness. That was absurd. And he said: "If you wish it, by all means. You'll like your Uncle Tod; as to the others, I can't say, but your aunt is an experience, and experiences are what you want, it seems."

Fervently, without speech, Nedda squeezed his arm.

IV

Stanley Freeland's country house, Becket, was almost a show place. It stood in its park and pastures two miles from the little town of Transham and the Morton Plough Works; close to the ancestral home of the Moretons, his mother's family—that home burned down by Roundheads in the Civil War. The site—certain vagaries in the ground—Mrs. Stanley had caused to be walled round, and consecrated so to speak with a stone medallion on which were engraved the aged Moreton arms—arrows and crescent moons in proper juxtaposition. Peacocks, too—that bird 'parlant,' from the old Moreton crest—were encouraged to dwell there and utter their cries, as of passionate souls lost in too comfortable surroundings.

By one of those freaks of which Nature is so prodigal, Stanley—owner of this native Moreton soil—least of all four Freeland brothers, had the Moreton cast of mind and body. That was why he made so much more money than the other three put together, and had been able, with the aid of Clara's undoubted genius for rank and station, to restore a strain of Moreton blood to its rightful position among the county families of Worcestershire. Bluff and without sentiment, he himself set little store by that, smiling up his sleeve—for he was both kindly and prudent—at his wife who had been a Tomson. It was not in Stanley to appreciate the peculiar flavor of the Moretons, that something which in spite of their naïveté and narrowness, had really been rather fine. To him, such Moretons as were left were 'dry enough sticks, clean out of it.' They were of a breed that was already gone, the simplest of all country gentlemen, dating back to the Conquest, without one solitary conspicuous ancestor, save the one who had been physician to a king and perished without issue—marrying from generation to generation exactly their own equals; living simple, pious, parochial lives; never in trade, never making money, having a tradition and a practice of gentility more punctilious than the so-called aristocracy; constitutionally paternal and maternal to their dependents, constitutionally so convinced that those dependents and all indeed who were not 'gentry,' were of different clay, that they were entirely simple and entirely without arrogance, carrying with them even now a sort of early atmosphere of archery and home-made cordials, lavender and love of clergy, together with frequent use of the word 'nice,' a peculiar regularity of feature, and a complexion that was rather parchmenty. High Church people and Tories, naturally, to a man and woman, by sheer inbred absence of ideas, and sheer inbred conviction that nothing else was nice; but withal very considerate of others, really plucky in bearing their own ills; not greedy, and not wasteful.

Of Becket, as it now was, they would not have approved at all. By what chance Edmund Moreton (Stanley's mother's grandfather) in the middle of the eighteenth century, had suddenly diverged from family feeling and ideals, and taken that 'not quite nice' resolution to make ploughs and money, would never now be known. The fact remained, together with the plough works. A man apparently of curious energy and character, considering his origin, he had dropped the *e* from his name, and—though he continued the family tradition so far as to marry a Fleeming of Worcestershire, to be paternal to his workmen, to be known as Squire, and to bring his children up in the older Moreton 'niceness'—he had yet managed to make his ploughs quite celebrated, to found a little town, and die still handsome and clean-shaved at the age of sixty-six. Of his four sons, only two could be found sufficiently without the *e* to go on making ploughs. Stanley's grandfather, Stuart Morton, indeed, had tried hard, but in the end had reverted to the congenital instinct for being just a Moreton. An extremely amiable man, he took to wandering with his family, and died in France, leaving one daughter—Frances, Stanley's mother—and three sons, one of whom, absorbed in horses,

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wandered to Australia and was killed by falling from them; one of whom, a soldier, wandered to India, and the embraces of a snake; and one of whom wandered into the embraces of the Holy Roman Church.

The Morton Plough Works were dry and dwindling when Stanley's father, seeking an opening for his son, put him and money into them. From that moment they had never looked back, and now brought Stanley, the sole proprietor, an income of full fifteen thousand pounds a year. He wanted it. For Clara, his wife, had that energy of aspiration which before now has raised women to positions of importance in the counties which are not their own, and caused, incidentally, many acres to go out of cultivation. Not one plough was used on the whole of Becket, not even a Morton plough—these indeed were unsuitable to English soil and were all sent abroad. It was the corner-stone of his success that Stanley had completely seen through the talked-of revival of English agriculture, and sedulously cultivated the foreign market. This was why the Becket dining-room could contain without straining itself large quantities of local magnates and celebrities from London, all deploring the condition of 'the Land,' and discussing without end the regrettable position of the agricultural laborer. Except for literary men and painters, present in small quantities to leaven the lump, Becket was, in fact, a rallying point for the advanced spirits of Land Reform—one of those places where they were sure of being well done at week-ends, and of congenial and even stimulating talk about the undoubted need for doing something, and the designs which were being entertained upon 'the Land' by either party. This very heart of English country that the old Moretons in their paternal way had so religiously farmed, making out of its lush grass and waving corn a simple and by no means selfish or ungenerous subsistence, was now entirely lawns, park, coverts, and private golf course, together with enough grass to support the kine which yielded that continual stream of milk necessary to Clara's entertainments and children, all female, save little Francis, and still of tender years. Of gardeners, keepers, cow-men, chauffeurs, footmen, stablemen—full twenty were supported on those fifteen hundred acres that formed the little Becket demesne. Of agricultural laborers proper—that vexed individual so much in the air, so reluctant to stay on 'the Land,' and so difficult to house when he was there, there were fortunately none, so that it was possible for Stanley, whose wife meant him to 'put up' for the Division, and his guests, who were frequently in Parliament, to hold entirely unbiassed and impersonal views upon the whole question so long as they were at Becket.

It was beautiful there, too, with the bright open fields hedged with great elms, and that ever-rich serenity of its grass and trees. The white house timbered with dark beams in true Worcestershire fashion, and added-to from time to time, had preserved, thanks to a fine architect, an old-fashioned air of spacious presidency above its gardens and lawns. On the long artificial lake, with innumerable rushy nooks and water-lilies and coverture of leaves floating flat and bright in the sun, the half-tame wild duck and shy water-hens had remote little worlds, and flew and splashed when all Becket was abed, quite as if the human spirit with its monkey-tricks and its little divine flame, had not yet been born.

Under the shade of a copper-beech, just where the drive cut through into its circle before the house, an old lady was sitting that afternoon on a camp-stool. She was dressed in gray alpaca, light and cool, and had on her iron-gray hair a piece of black lace. A number of *Hearth and Home*, and a little pair of scissors suspended by an inexpensive chain from her waist, rested on her knee, for she had been meaning to cut out for dear Felix a certain recipe for keeping the head cool; but, as a fact, she sat without doing so, very still, save that, now and then, she compressed her pale fine lips, and continually moved her pale fine hands. She was evidently waiting for something that promised excitement, even pleasure, for a little rose-leaf flush had quavered up into a face that was colored like parchment; and her gray eyes under regular, and still-dark brows, very far apart, between which there was no semblance of a wrinkle, seemed noting little definite things present about her, almost unwillingly, as an Arab's or a Red Indian's eyes will continue to note things

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in the present, however their minds may be set on the future. So sat Frances Fleeming Freeland (*née* Morton) waiting for the arrival of her son Felix and her grandchildren Alan and Nedda.

She marked presently an old man limping slowly on a stick toward where the drive debouched, and thought at once: "He oughtn't to be coming this way. I expect he doesn't know the way round to the back. Poor man, he's very lame. He looks respectable, too." She got up and went toward him, noting that his face with nice gray mustaches was wonderfully regular, almost like a gentleman's, and that he touched his dusty hat with quite old-fashioned courtesy. And smiling—her smile was sweet but critical—she said: "You'll find the best way is to go back to that little path, and past the greenhouses. Have you hurt your leg?"

"My leg's been like that, m'm, fifteen year come Michaelmas."

"How did it happen?"

"Ploughin'. The bone was injured; an' now they say the muscle's dried up in a manner of speakin'."

"What do you do for it? The very best thing is this."

From the recesses of a deep pocket, placed where no one else wore such a thing, she brought out a little pot.

"You must let me give it you. Put it on when you go to bed, and rub it well in; you'll find it act splendidly."

The old man took the little pot with dubious reverence.

"Yes, m'm," he said; "thank you, m'm."

"What is your name?"

"Gaunt."

"And where do you live?"

"Over to Joyfields, m'm."

"Joyfields—another of my sons lives there—Mr. Morton Freeland. But it's seven miles."

"I got a lift half-way."

"And have you business at the house?"

The old man was silent; the downcast, rather cynical look of his lined face deepened. And Frances Freeland thought: 'He's overtired. They must give him some tea and an egg. What can he want, coming all this way? He's evidently not a beggar.'

The old man who was not a beggar spoke suddenly:

"I know the Mr. Freelands at Joyfields. He's a good gentleman, too."

"Yes, he is. I wonder I don't know you."

"I'm not much about, owin' to my leg. It's my grand-daughter in service here, I come to see."

"Oh yes! What is her name?"

"Gaunt her name is."

"I shouldn't know her by her surname."

"Alice."

"Ah! in the kitchen; a nice, pretty girl. I hope you're not in trouble."

Again the old man was silent, and again spoke suddenly:

"That's as you look at it, m'm," he said. "I've got a matter of a few words to have with her about the family. Her father he couldn't come, so I come instead."

"And how are you going to get back?"

"I'll have to walk, I expect, without I can pick up with a cart."

Frances Freeland compressed her lips. "With that leg you should have come by train."

The old man smiled.

"I hadn't the fare like," he said. "I only gets five shillin's a week, from the council, and two o' that I pays over to my son."

Frances Freeland thrust her hand once more into that deep pocket, and as she did so she noticed that the old man's left boot was flapping open, and that there were two buttons off his coat. Her mind was swiftly calculating: "It is more than seven weeks to quarter day. Of course I can't afford it, but I must just give him a sovereign."

She withdrew her hand from the recesses of her pocket and looked at the old man's nose. It was finely chiselled, and the same yellow as his face. "It looks nice, and quite sober," she thought. In her hand was her purse and a boot-lace. She took out a sovereign.

"Now, if I give you this," she said, "you must promise me not to spend any of it in the public-house. And this is for your boot. And you must go back by train. And get those buttons sewn on your coat. And tell cook, from me please, to give you some tea and an egg." And

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noticing that he took the sovereign and the boot-lace very respectfully, and seemed altogether very respectable, and not at all coarse or beery-looking, she said:

"Good-bye; don't forget to rub what I gave you into your leg every night and every morning," and went back to her camp-stool. Sitting down on it with the scissors in her hand she still did not cut out that recipe, but remained as before, taking in small, definite things, and feeling with an inner trembling that dear Felix and Alan and Nedda would soon be here; and the little flush rose again in her cheeks, and again her lips and hands moved, expressing and compressing what was in her heart. And close behind her, a peacock straying from the foundations of the old Moreton house, uttered a cry, and moved slowly, spreading its tail under the low-hanging boughs of the copper-beeches, as though it knew those dark burnished leaves were the proper setting for its 'parlant' magnificence.

V

THE day after the little conference at John's, Felix had indeed received the following note:

"DEAR FELIX:

"When you go down to see old Tod, why not put up with us at Becket? Any time will suit, and the car can take you over to Joyfields when you like. Give the pen a rest. Clara joins in hoping you'll come, and mother is still here. No use, I suppose, to ask Flora.

"Yours ever,

"STANLEY."

During the twenty years of his brother's sojourn there Felix had been down to Becket perhaps once a year, and latterly alone, for Flora, having accompanied him the first few times, had taken a firm stand.

"My dear," she said, "I feel all body there."

Felix had rejoined:

"No bad thing, once in a way."

But Flora had remained firm. Life was too short! She did not get on well with Clara. Neither did Felix feel too happy in his sister-in-law's presence; but the gray top-hat instinct had kept him going there, for one ought to keep in touch with one's brothers.

He replied to Stanley:

"DEAR STANLEY:

"Delighted; if I may bring my two youngsters. We'll arrive to-morrow at four-fifty.

"Yours affectionately,

"FELIX."

Travelling with Nedda was always jolly; one could watch her eyes noting, inquiring, and when occasion served, have one's little finger hooked in and squeezed. Travelling with Alan was convenient, the young man having a way with railways which Felix himself had long despaired of acquiring. Neither of the children had ever been at Becket, and though Alan was never curious, and Nedda too curious about everything to be specially so about this, yet Felix experienced in their company the sensations of a new adventure.

Arrived at Transham, that little town upon a hill which the Morton Plough Works had created, they were soon in Stanley's car, whirling into the sleepy peace of a Worcestershire afternoon. Would this young bird nestling up against him echo Flora's verdict: 'I feel all body there!' or would she take to its fatted luxury as a duck to water? And he said: "By the way, your aunt's 'Bigwigs' set in on a Saturday. Are you for staying and seeing the lions feed, or do we cut back?"

From Alan he got the answer he expected:

"If there's golf or something, I suppose we can make out all right." From Nedda: "What sort of Bigwigs are they, Dad?"

"A sort you've never seen, my dear."

"Then I should like to stay. Only, about dresses?"

"What war paint have you?"

"Only two white evenings. And Mums gave me her Mechlin."

"'Twill serve."

To Felix, Nedda in white 'evenings' was starry and all that man could desire.

"Only, Dad, do tell me about them, beforehand."

"My dear, I will. And God be with you. This is where Becket begins."

The car had swerved into a long drive between trees not yet full-grown, but de-

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corously trying to look more than their twenty years. To the right, about a group of older elms, rooks were in commotion, for Stanley's three keepers' wives had just baked their annual rook pies, and the birds were not yet happy again. Those elms had stood there when the old Moretons walked past them through corn-fields to church of a Sunday. Away on the left above the lake, the little walled mound had come in view. Something in Felix always stirred at sight of it, and, squeezing Nedda's arm, he said:

"See that silly wall? Behind there Granny's ancients lived. Gone now—new house—new lake—new trees—new everything."

But he saw from his little daughter's calm eyes that the sentiment in him was not in her.

"I like the lake," she said. "There's Granny—oh, and a peacock!"

His mother's embrace, with its frail energy, and the pressure of her soft, dry lips, filled Felix always with remorse. Why could he not give the simple and direct expression to his feeling that she gave to hers? He watched those lips transferred to Nedda, heard her say: "Oh, my darling, how lovely to see you! Do you know this for midge-bites?" A hand, diving deep into a pocket, returned with a little silver-coated stick having a bluish end. Felix saw it rise and hover about Nedda's forehead, and descend with two little swift dabs. "It takes them away at once."

"Oh, but Granny, they're not midge-bites; they're only from my hat!"

"It doesn't matter, darling; it takes away anything like that."

And he thought: 'Mother is really wonderful!'

At the house the car had already disgorged their luggage. Only one man, but he absolutely the butler, awaited them, and they entered, at once conscious of Clara's special pot-pourri. Its fragrance steamed from blue china, in every nook and crevice, a sort of baptism into luxury. Clara herself, in the outer morning-room, smelled a little of it. Quick and dark of eye, capable, comely, perfectly buttoned, one of those women who know exactly how not to be superior to the general taste of the period. Besides that great quality she was endowed with a fine nose, an instinct for co-ordination not to be excelled, and a genuine love of making people comfortable; so that it was no wonder that she had risen in the ranks of hostesses, till her house was celebrated for its ease, even among those who at their week-ends liked to feel all body. In regard to that characteristic of Becket, not even Felix in his ironies had ever stood up to Clara; the matter was too delicate. Frances Freeland, indeed—not because she had any philosophic preconceptions on the matter, but because it was 'not nice, dear, to be wasteful' even if it were only of rose-leaves, or to 'have too much decoration,' such as Japanese prints in places where they hum—sometimes told her daughter-in-law frankly what was wrong, without, however, making the faintest impression upon Clara, for she was not sensitive, and as she said to Stanley, it was 'only mother.'

When they had drunk that special Chinese tea, all the rage, but which no one really liked, in the inner morning, or afternoon room—for the drawing-rooms were too large to be comfortable except as week-ends—they went to see the children, a special blend of Stanley and Clara, save the little Francis, who did not seem to be quite all body. Then Clara took them to their rooms. She lingered kindly in Nedda's, feeling that the girl could not yet feel quite at home, and looking in the soap-dish lest she might not have the right verbena, and about the dressing-table to see that she had pins and scent, and plenty of 'pot-pourri,' and thinking: 'The child is pretty—a nice girl, not like her mother.' Explaining carefully how, because of the approaching week-end, she had been obliged to put her in 'a very simple room' where she would be compelled to cross the corridor to her bath, she asked her if she had a quilted dressing-gown, and finding that she had not, left her saying she would send one—and could she do her frocks up, or should Sirrett come?

Abandoned, the girl stood in the middle of the room, so far more 'simple' than she had ever slept in, with its warm fragrance of rose-leaves and verbena, its Aubusson carpet, white silk-quilted bed, sofa, cushioned window-seat, dainty curtains, and little nickel box of biscuits on little spindly table. There she stood and sniffed,

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stretched herself, and thought: 'It's jolly—only, it smells too much!' and she went up to the pictures, one by one. They seemed to go splendidly with the room, and suddenly she felt homesick. Ridiculous, of course! Yet, if she had known where her father's room was, she would have run out to it; but her memory was too tangled up with stairs and corridors—to find her way down to the hall again was all she could have done.

A maid came in now with a blue silk gown very thick and soft. Could she do anything for Miss Freeland? No, thanks, she could not; only, did she know where Mr. Freeland's room was?

"Which Mr. Freeland, miss, the young or the old?"

"Oh, the old!" Having said which, Nedda felt unhappy; her Dad was not old! "No, miss; but I'll find out. It'll be in the walnut wing!" But with a little flutter at the thought of thus setting people to run about wings, Nedda murmured: "Oh! thanks, no; it doesn't matter."

She settled down now on the cushion of the window-seat, to look out and take it all in, right away to that line of hills gone blue in the haze of the warm evening. That would be Malvern; and there, farther to the south, the 'Tods' lived. 'Joyfields!' A pretty name! And it was lovely country all round; green and peaceful, with its white, timbered houses and cottages. People must be very happy, living here—happy and quiet like the stars and the birds; not like the crowds in London thronging streets and shops and Hampstead Heath; not like the people in all those disgruntled suburbs that led out for miles where London ought to have stopped but had not; not like the thousands and thousands of those poor creatures in Bethnal Green, where her slum work lay. The natives here must surely be happy. Only, were there any natives? She had not seen any. Away to the right below her window were the first trees of the fruit garden; for many of them spring was over, but the apple-trees had just come into blossom, and the low sun shining through a gap in some far elms was slanting on their creamy pink, christening them—Nedda thought—with drops of light; and lovely the blackbirds' singing sounded in the perfect hush! How wonderful to be a bird, going where you would, and from high up in the air seeing everything; flying down a sunbeam, drinking a raindrop, sitting on the very top of a tall tree, running in grass so high that you were hidden, laying little perfect blue-green eggs, or pure-gray speckly ones; never changing your dress, yet always beautiful. Surely the spirit of the world was in the birds and the clouds, roaming, floating, and in the flowers and trees that never smelled anything but sweet, never looked anything but lovely, and were never restless. Why was one restless, wanting things that did not come—wanting to feel and know, wanting to love, and be loved? And at that thought which had come to her so unexpectedly—a thought never before shaped so definitely—Nedda planted her arms on the window-sill, with sleeves fallen down, and let her hands meet cup-shaped beneath her chin. Love! To have somebody with whom she could share everything—someone to whom and for whom she could give up—someone she could protect and comfort—someone who would bring her peace. Peace, rest—from what? Ah! that she could not make clear, even to herself. Love! What would love be like? Her father loved her, and she loved him. It was not that. She loved her mother; and Alan on the whole was jolly to her—it was not that. What was it—where was it—when would it come and wake her, and kiss her to sleep, all in one? Come and fill her as with the warmth and color, the freshness, light, and shadow of this beautiful May evening, flood her as with the singing of those birds, and the warm light sunning the apple blossoms. And she sighed. Then—as with all young things whose attention after all is but as the hovering of a butterfly—her speculation was attracted to a thin, high-shouldered figure limping on a stick, away from the house, down one of the paths among the apple-trees. He wavered, not knowing, it seemed, his way. And Nedda thought: 'Poor old man, how lame he is!' She saw him stoop, screened, as he evidently thought, from sight, and take something very small from his pocket. He gazed, rubbed it, put it back; what it was she could not see. Then pressing his hand

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down, he smoothed and stretched his leg. His eyes seemed closed. So a stone man might have stood! Till very slowly he limped on, passing out of sight. And turning from the window, Nedda began hurrying into her evening things.

When she was ready she took a long time to decide whether to wear her mother's lace or keep it for the Bigwigs. But it was so nice and creamy that she simply could not take it off, and stood turning and turning before the glass. To stand before a glass was silly and old-fashioned; but Nedda could never help it, wanting so badly to be nicer to look at than she was, because of that something that some day was coming!

She was, in fact, pretty, but not merely pretty—there was in her face something alive and sweet, something clear and swift. She had still that way of a child raising its eyes very quickly and looking straight at you with an eager innocence that hides everything by its very wonder; and when those eyes looked down they seemed closed—their dark lashes were so long. Her eyebrows were wide apart, arching with a slight angle, and slanting a little down toward her nose. Her forehead under its burnt-brown hair was candid; her firm little chin just dimpled. Altogether, a face difficult to take one's eyes off. But Nedda was far from vain, and her face seemed to her too short and broad, her eyes too dark and indeterminate, neither gray nor brown. The straightness of her nose was certainly comforting, but it, too, was short. Being creamy in the throat and browning easily, she would have liked to be marble-white, with blue dreamy eyes and fair hair, or else like a Madonna. And was she tall enough? Only five foot five. And her arms were too thin. The only things that gave her perfect satisfaction were her legs, which, of course, she could not at the moment see; they really *were* rather jolly! Then, in a panic, fearing to be late, she turned and ran out, fluttering into the maze of stairs and corridors.

(To be continued.)

MAGDALEN TO CHRIST

By Amalia Josephine Burr

MASTER, what work hast thou for me—
For me, who turn aside for shame
Before the eyes of mine own blame?
Thou seest, Lord—

I see.
That shame for me thou shalt endure
That thou mayst succor souls afraid,
Who would not dare to seek for aid
The mercilessly pure.

But must my heart forever show
These scars of unforgotten pain?
May it be never whole again?
Thou knowest, Lord—

I know.
Those scars I leave thee for a sign
That bleeding hearts may creep to rest
As on a mother's sheltering breast,
On that scarred heart of thine.

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WAR AND THE ARTIST

By Rufus Fairchild Zogbaum

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS

BORN in the strife for sheer existence, uncounted years ago, the primitive instinct to fight still remains, undying, deep in the nature of all mankind. In all history wars have marked the advance of civilization; have been the final appeal to force in the cause of justice and liberty, and have brought in their paths progress and enlightenment. In all history the annals of the nations chronicle the cruelty and oppression of conquest, the enslavement of peoples, the hideous trail of death and devastation which lies in the wake of the storm of war. Patriotism and treason, sublimest courage and most abject cowardice, noble self-sacrifice and selfish ambition, love and hatred, compassion and cruelty, stand in strong contrast in its lurid light, giving story and picture comparable, in the power of their appeal to the emotions, only to the strength of passions aroused in the human heart of love of man for woman, of parent for child, or by blind religious faith, in the name of which the call to arms has so often sounded.

From the earliest days of history war has given inspiration to the artist, and the work of his hands comes down to us on the walls of ancient Egypt, worn with the passing of thousands of years; from the ruined temples of antique Greece built centuries before the Christian era. The picture-writing of primitive and savage peoples describes exploits of war; many archaic war pictures, brought to view after ages of burial under desert sands, bear much similarity to Indian drawings of our own near time and land. Once, years ago, away up on the Poplar River in Montana, I bought—bartered for, I suppose I should say, as the purchase was made mainly by the medium of tea, tobacco, and sugar—a "painted" robe right off the back of the war-chief of a band of Yanktonais-Sioux our troops had "rounded up" and brought into the agency. The skin was a fine "Black-Bull," tanned on the under side to the softness of the finest chamois leather and decorated with naïve pictorial representations of the deeds of war of old Kill-them-in-a-hole—as the soldiers translated the name given the chief, from some episode in his murderous career—which in color, in grace, and firmness of line were curiously like pictures from the pencil of some artist of the Egypt of old.

The glory of war is the theme; the exaltation of the sovereign, the conqueror, forms the chief motive of the war picture of antiquity. The monarch was the hero before whose terrible sword all foes gave way, to whom victory came through his personal might and prowess. The warriors of the Greeks are shown as models of virile strength and grace; their attitudes in the fury of combat lost nothing of artistic beauty in the realism of the rendering. The influence of the Greek masters of their art is evident in battle pictures of a time twoscore and more centuries later.

In the various epochs of European art the war picture is prominent; hundreds of paintings of combats and sieges in apotheosis of princes and potentates, some of them from the brushes of great masters, are spread on the walls of the palaces and galleries of Europe. Yet among the depicters of war in the seventeenth century there was one sturdy soul who rose in revolt against pictorial military sophisms. An engraver and etcher, Jacques Callot, "Noble Lorrain," made his pictures of war to show war as it was actually waged; represented the soldier, the real fighting man, as he knew him, without fear or favor. In his scenes of battle and beleaguerment his intelligent understanding of military science does not detract from but enhances the true artistic feeling in

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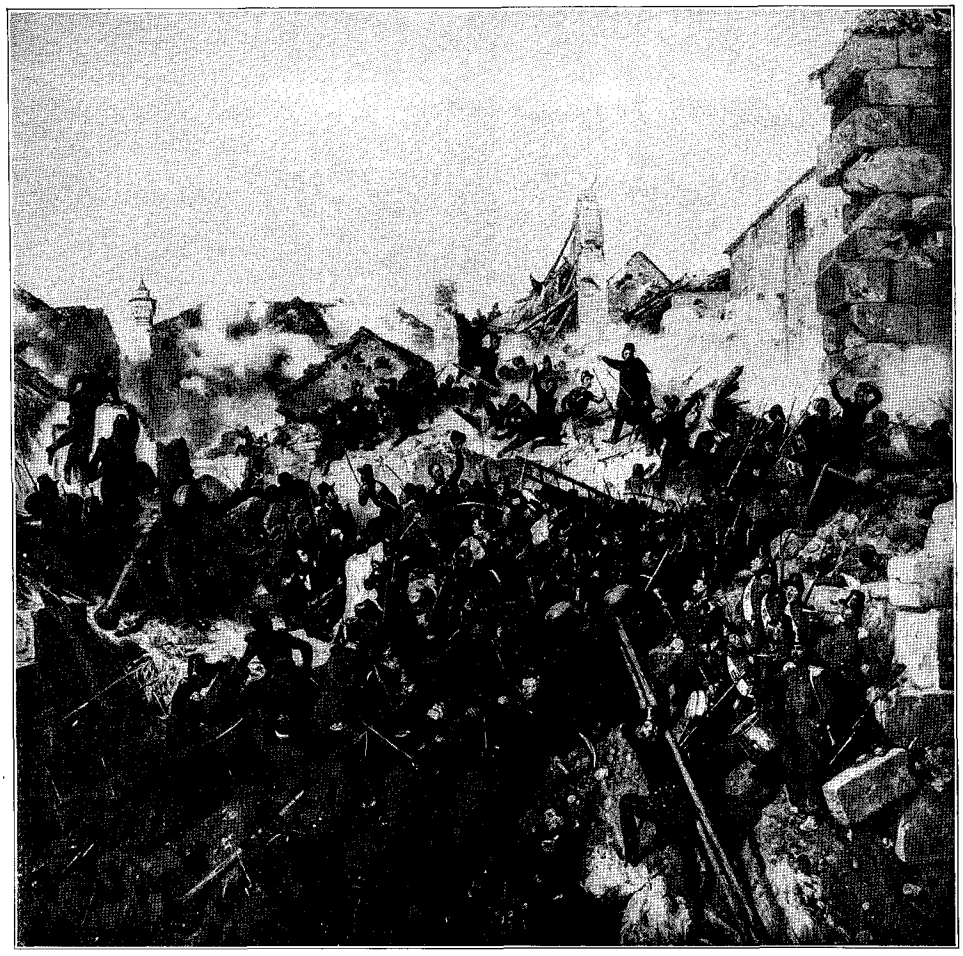

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The Siege of Constantine.
From the painting by Horace Vernet.

which they are conceived. Callot's series of plates on the horrors of war—*Les Misères et Malheurs de la Guerre*—handle the subject without gloves. All the brutality and cruelty of armed strife; the savage excesses of conquering soldiery—incendiarism, plunder, torture of victims, rape, and abduction—are portrayed with unrestrained candor; in sarcastic contrast one plate shows the orderly parade and muster of troops and the hiring of mercenaries, another the distribution of honors and decorations to the gallant victors!

The height of the glamour of the war picture, the pictural exaltation of the royal or imperial soldier, is reached in the galleries of the palace of Versailles. On huge canvases the monarch is shown—Louis XIV, Napoleon, what-not—surrounded by officers in brilliant parade uniforms, no anachronism, for the soldier of those days, and indeed in Europe of a much later period, fought his battles in much of the full-dress panoply of war. Always the most conspicuous figure, either by majesty and dignity of mien and gesture and the magnificence of his dress, or, in contrast, by the simplicity of his uniform, the great personage, the star actor in the drama, occupies the centre of the stage, as it were, boldly standing out against the background of a drop-scene of battle. The influence of classical ideals is seen in bat-

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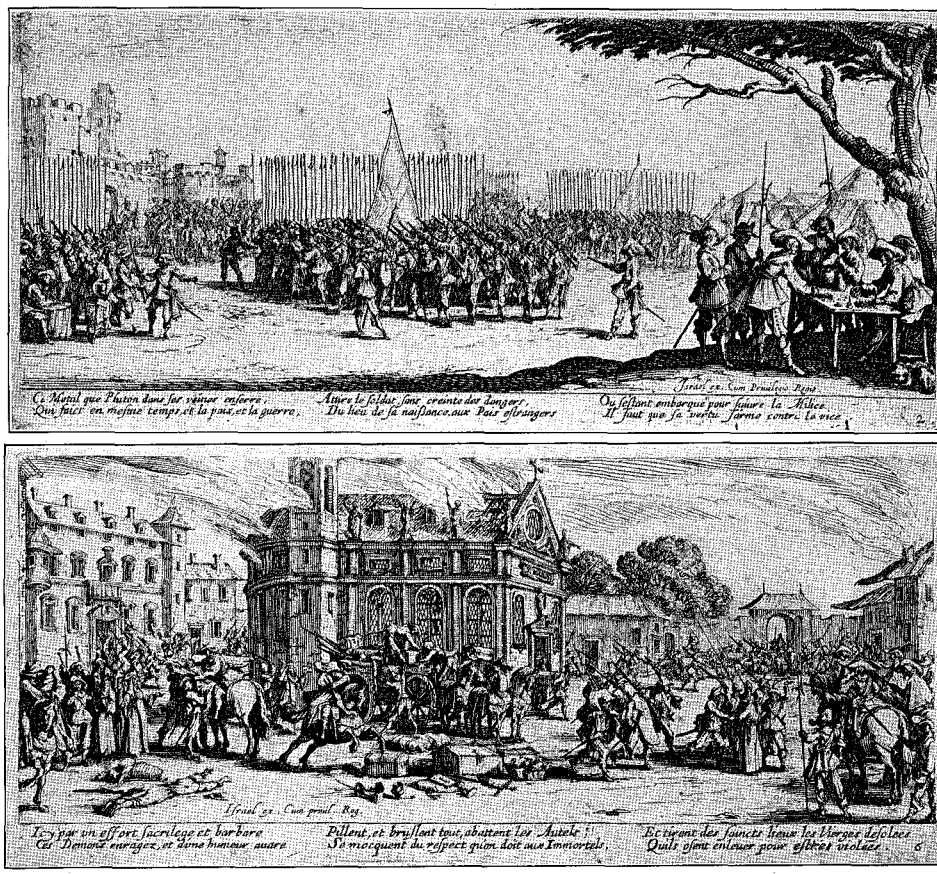
tle pictures as in other works of art, where the subjects are of a different nature. In purely fanciful scenes of battle, studio dreams of artists who know nothing of the truth of war or of its phases, save such as, like children, they draw from their imagination, the absurdities shown may be condoned, particularly where strong decorative and color sense prevails. But many of the painters of the Versailles pictures—Van der Meulen, J. B. Martin (*Martin des battailles*), Gros, not to mention others—had accompanied armies in the field; had been with troops in active service and must have been familiar with all sides of military life in war, yet they draw their heroes in Greek vase attitudes, which no flesh-and-blood soldier ever could have taken even before the day when the smoke of "villainous saltpetre" first drifted across the field of battle.

However, a gradual reaction was to come; to attempt to convey to the beholder the impression of the real drama was to be the function of the war painter, the impelling motive of the picture he produced. In Horace Vernet's canvases one sees the beginning of the change from the bonds of classicism to a more free expression of the facts of military life. Technically hard and dry as Vernet's work may perhaps be considered by some, yet his pictures bear the mark of sincerity in representation and in the study, close at hand, of his subject. He had served France with distinction in the ranks of her defenders in the last days of the empire; he knew the soldier of his time and saw war from the standpoint of the rank



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Reproductions from the series of engravings depicting the Miseries of War.
"*Les Misères et Malheurs de la Guerre*," by Jacques Callot.

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The Passage of the Rhine, June 12, 1672.

From the painting by A. Meulen.

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and file of armies; his pictures and those of his contemporaries—Raffet, for instance, who presents lithograph drawings of war scenes, of the shock of masses of troops in battle, of character studies of individual soldiers which are marvellous in spirit and action—blazing the way, as it were, like axe-marked trees on a forest trail, toward the fidelity of conception and execution of the works of the modern masters of the battle-painter's art.

The cataclysm of war which swept over Europe from the time of the French Revolution to the final fall of the empire furnished fuel in abundance for the fire of the genius of the battle-painter; in the art of all Europe for half a century afterward the conflicts of the nations stimulated the production of numberless canvases. Highly conspicuous among these some of the works of Meissonier stand out from the mass. Of scenes of the actual mêlée of battle he produced but few—indeed, as I write I cannot recall any—where the carnage of war is prominently manifested; but in his pictures of "The Napoleon Cycle" he sees those warful days in the perspective of time illuminated by the light of history, and tries truthfully—and I think successfully—to bring to the vision of the present epoch-making episodes of the past. In his "1807," where the cuirassiers of the Emperor rush past him to the charge with the shout of "Vive l'empereur!" the salute of "those who are about to die" in his service, the pride and splendor of war prevail. In his "1814" the Great Emperor, no longer the vanquisher but with the shadow of defeat looming heavily over him, rides along the muddy road at the head of his staff, gazing with gloomy eyes toward the horizon before him, where behind the gray mist of the sky his star is setting.

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The Battle of Lawfeld, July 2, 1747.
From the painting by L. Couder.

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Cromwell at Dunbar.

From the painting by A. C. Gow.

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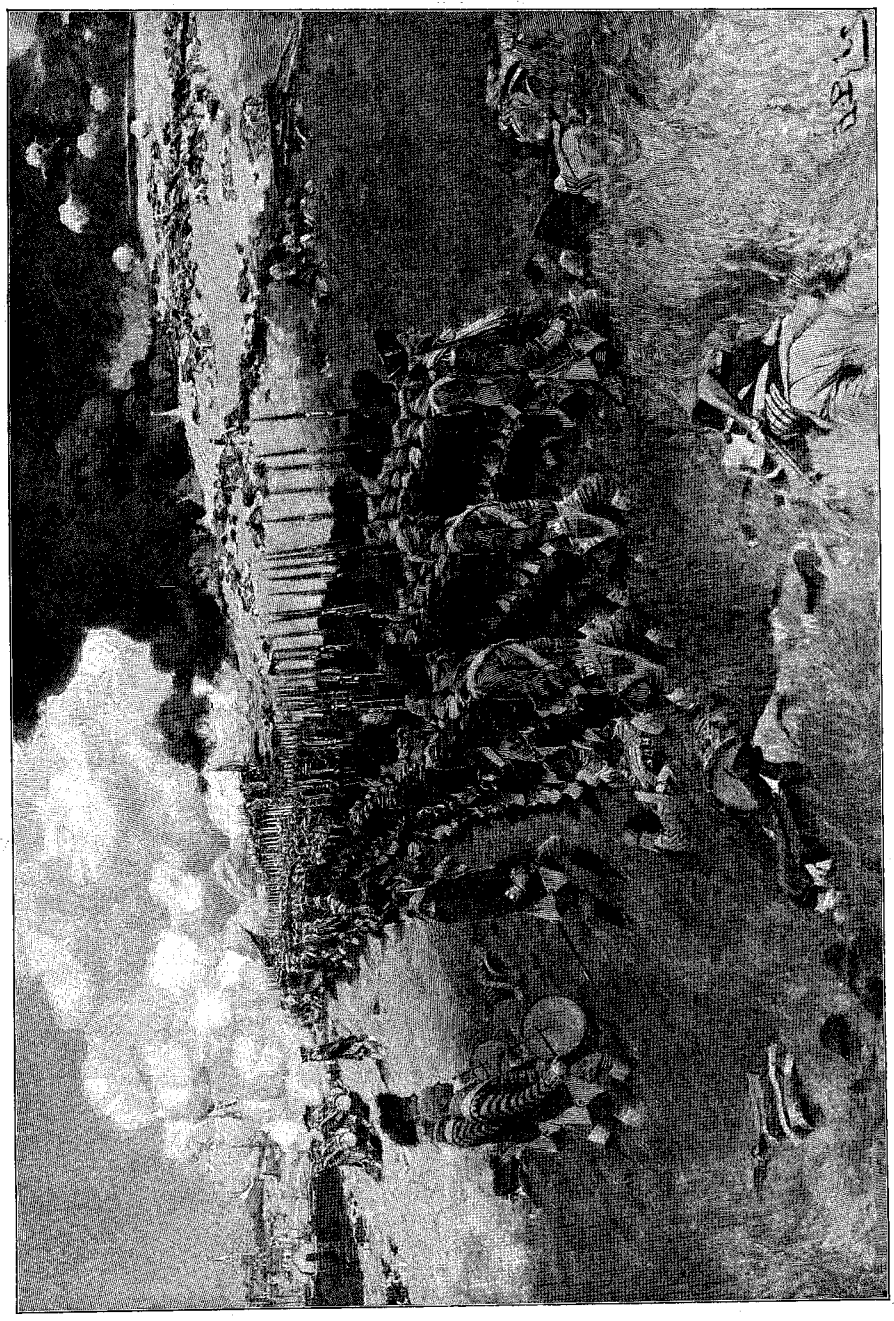

The Battle of Bunker Hill.
From the painting by Howard Pyle.

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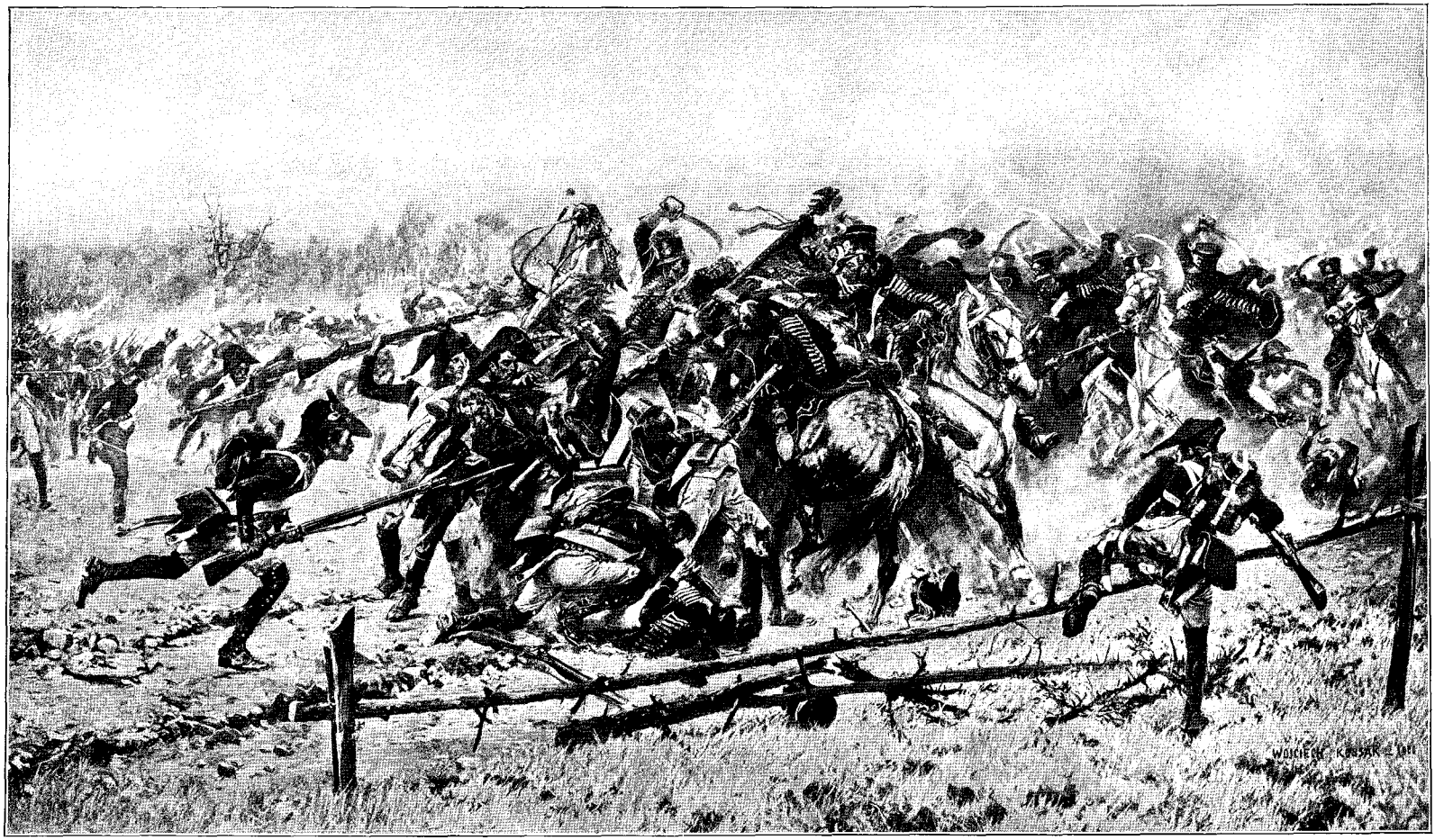

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The Fight for the Colors, Battle of Heilsberg, 1807.

From the painting by Adalbert von Kossak.

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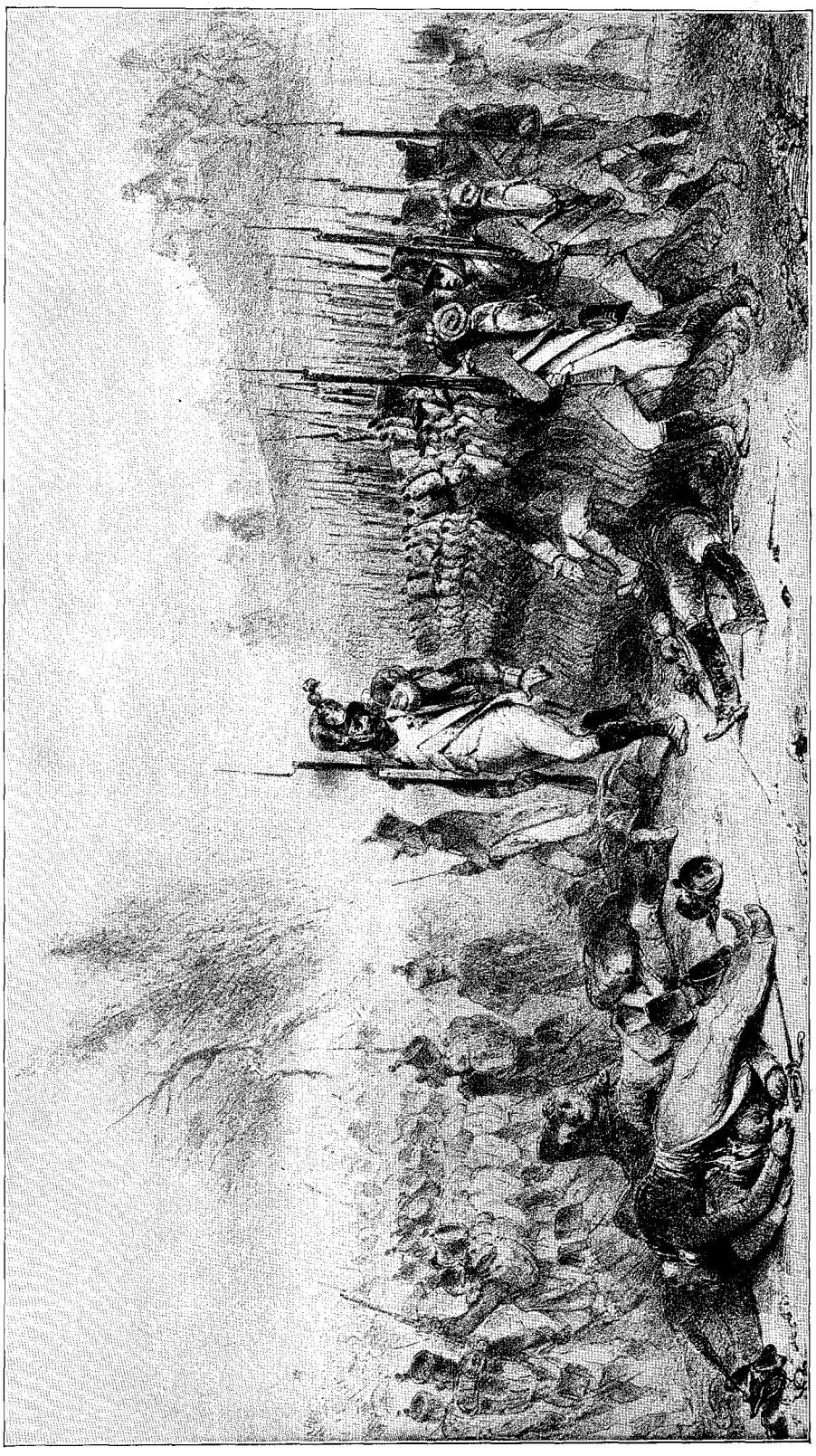

"Attention! The Emperor has his eyes upon us."
From a lithograph by Raffet.

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The Return to the Palace Petrowsky, Moscow, Russian Campaign.

From the painting by W. Verestchagin.

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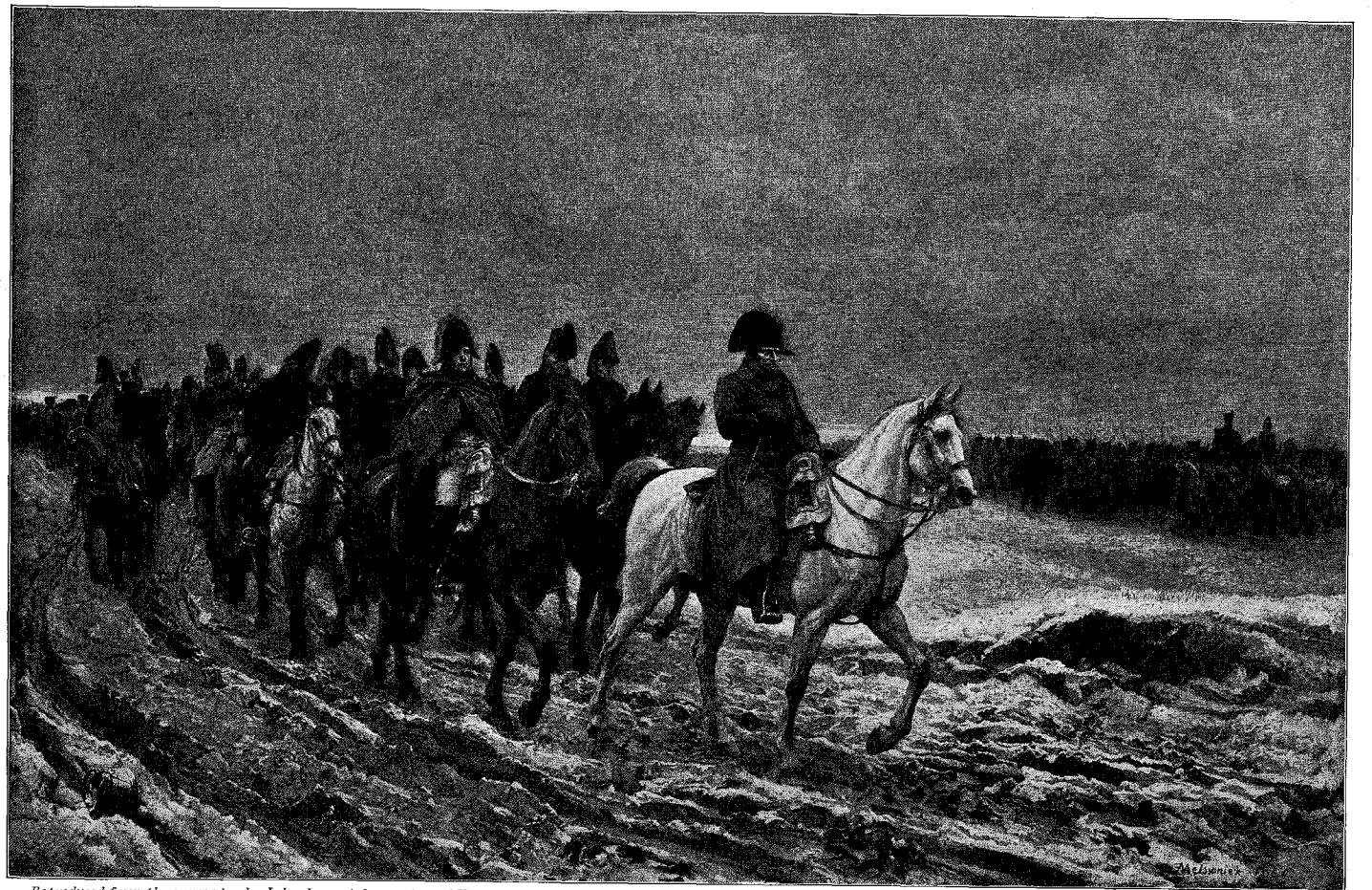

Reproduced from the engraving by Jules Jacquet, by courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

"1814."

From the painting by Meissonier.

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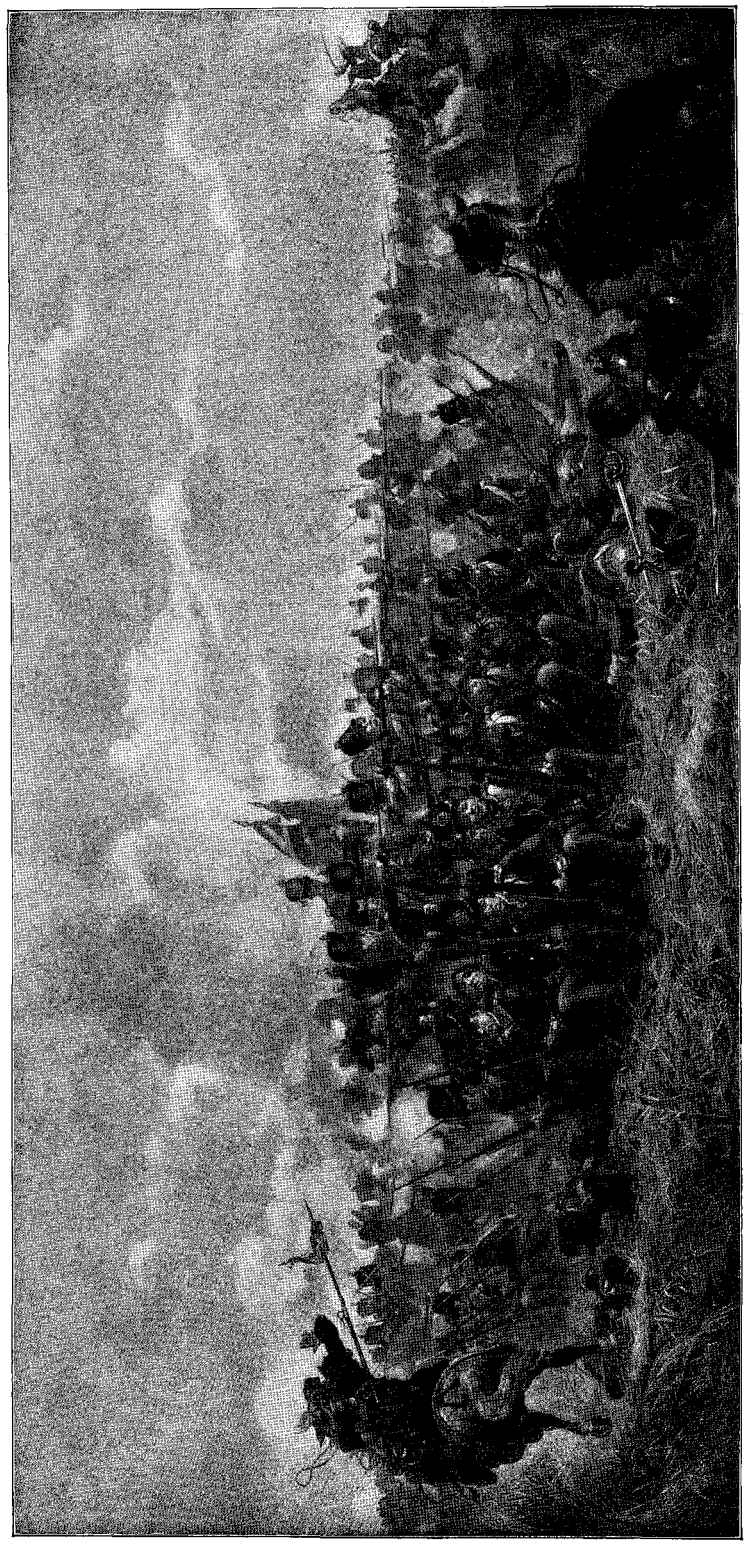

Quatre Bras, 1815.
From the painting by Elizabeth Thompson.

Reproduced from the engraving by F. Stacpoole.

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Rezonville.

From the painting by Aimé Morot.

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The Fusilier Regiment No. 39 at Gravelotte, August 18, 1870.

From the painting by Emil Hünten.

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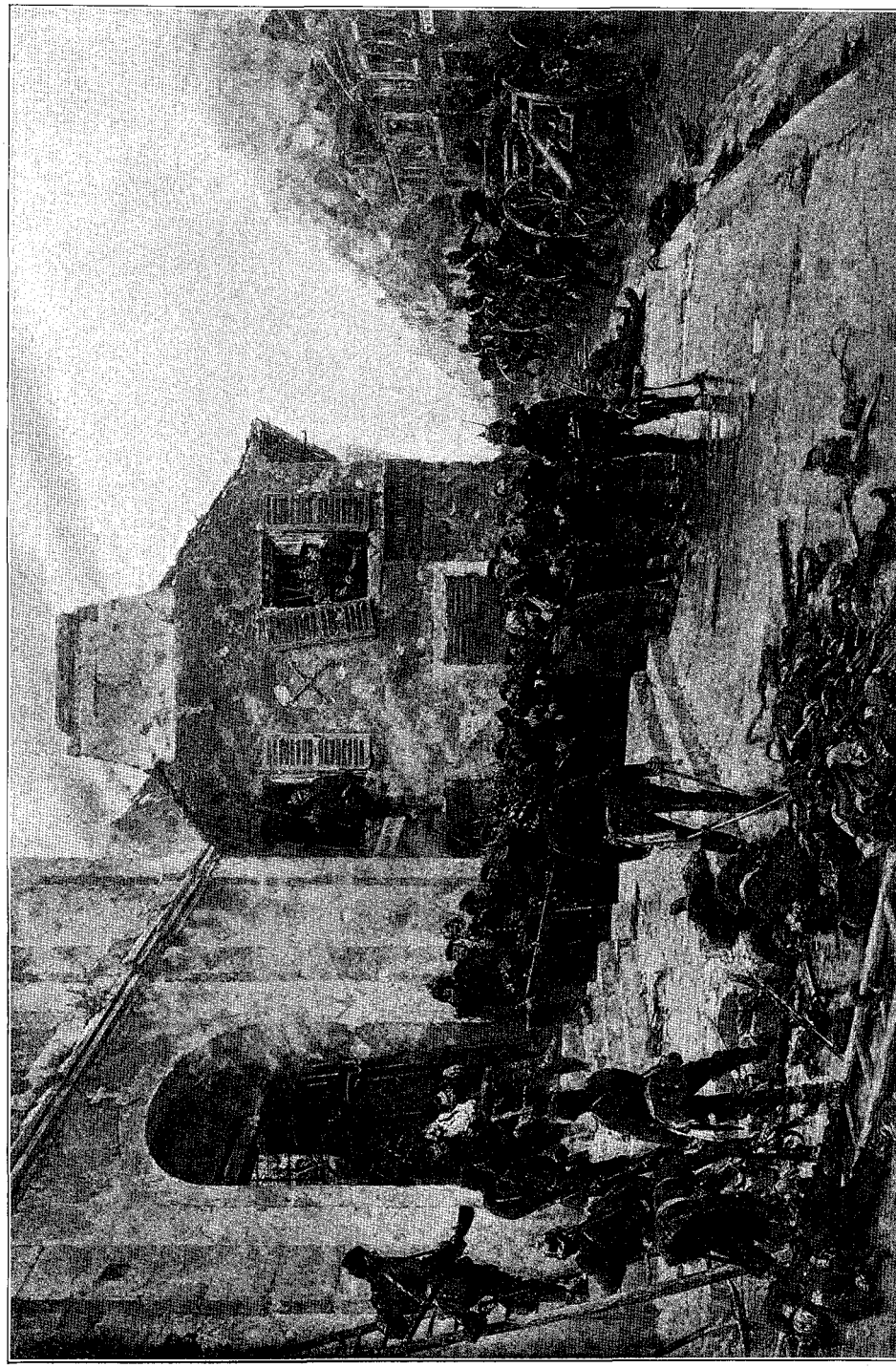

Le Bourget, October 30, 1870.
From the painting by A. de Neuville.

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The Reconnoissance.

From the painting by Edouard Detaille.

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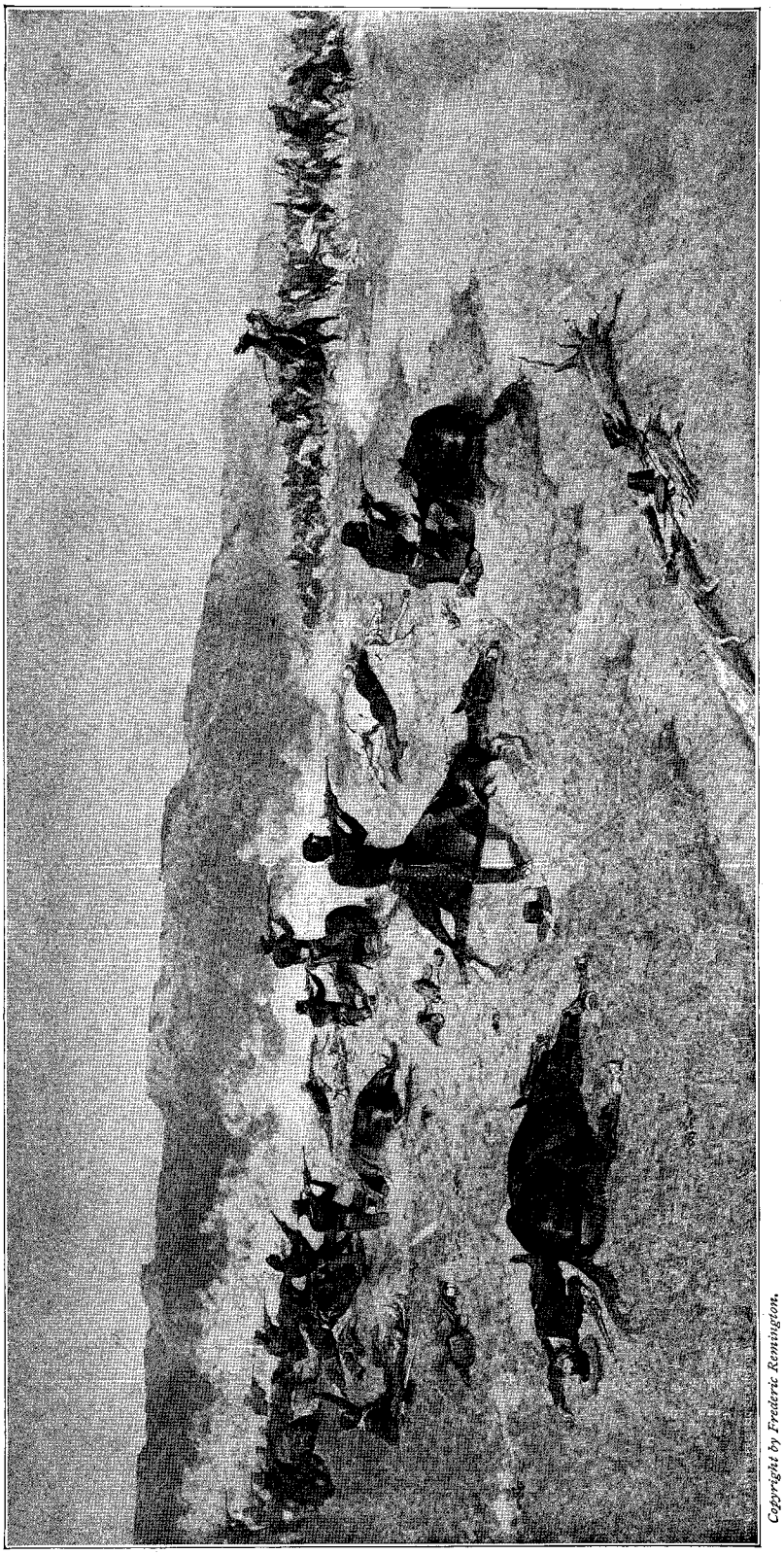

General Forsyth's Fight on the Republican River, the Sioux Campaign of 1868–69.
From the painting by Frederic Remington.

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Two men, Frenchmen again—Alphonse de Neuville, Edouard Detaille—stand, to my mind, head and shoulders above all other painters of war, not on account of superiority as masters of the painter's art—although both possess technical skill of high order, differing radically in style—but because of the tremendous dramatic force, the splendid quality of imagination, and, above all, the truth with which their pictures present the life and action of war. Of the two, Detaille was the painter-historian, analyzing and depicting action and character of friend and foe with philosophical impartiality. No doubt the sway of the genius of his master, Meissonier, is felt in his work, but his passion for detail does not detract from the artistic presentation of his scenes of war. This is certainly the case in his two canvases, "En Retraite" and "La Reconnaissance," pictures, studies if you like, of episodes in the war of 1870. The first-mentioned painting is that of a rear-guard action of artillery covering a retreat at the close of a winter day. "La Reconnaissance" shows the advance of an infantry column into a village from which the enemy's cavalry outposts have just been driven. It is through pictures such as these that Detaille's name will live as a faithful *raconteur*, a great painter of anecdotes of war. They are mentioned here specifically because the artist himself refers to them in a letter to a friend and pupil in which he explains his aims to be: "To take the impression of the diverse circumstances of war; to communicate to the spectator the emotion he would feel if he found himself an actor in a reconnoissance, a retreat, or an alarm; to take up again the great characteristic traits of our military epoch; to be, in a word, the synthesis of that which every one has seen or might have seen."

If in the presentation of his war tales Detaille is the historian, De Neuville is the dramatist; he, too, seeks the episode, paints it with passionate imaginative force. The fire of patriotism glows on his canvases: the obscure fighter, the man of the people in the ranks; the devoted, brave regular soldier, trained by experience, who nurses his ammunition to the "Last Cartridge," resists to the last gap, as at "Le Bourget," are the heroes of his stage. France will long honor the memory of these men who, by their work, plucked for her a laurel branch of glory out of the ashes of defeat.

That in the last six or seven decades—say from the Crimean war to the present time—the illustrated press, comprising journals and magazines, notably those of England and America, has had strong influence toward reality—by which I do not mean realism as opposed to the romantic or ideal, but the dealing with actual conditions instead of the fanciful and pretentious—in the portrayal of scenes of war I think there can be no doubt. "Our special artist in the field" was no mythical personage. Often nameless, as far as public recognition was concerned, like the obscure soldier of the armies he followed, whose privations and dangers he shared, if ever man studied war at first hand it was this modest wielder of pen and pencil. "My sketch is very rough, as it was made amid flying sand and earth, and I had to keep dodging pretty briskly," writes one unnamed artist-correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, sending back his drawing from the front of Sebastopol. In another unsigned sketch of the same period "our artist" appears riding merrily along with the staff of Marshal Canrobert during an attack on the Russian lines. He was bound to get recognition of a sort, that chap, even if it had to be secured anonymously. It was not long, however, before the work of these men won well-deserved prestige for the individual; many of them gained reputation and honor. Early in the Crimean war we find "our special artist, Mr. Simpson," mentioned in the *Illustrated London News*. W. Simpson, as his drawings are signed, was one of the pioneers, if not *the* pioneer, of the war illustrators of the press, and for many years every war of any importance was recorded by his pencil. He used his pen with ability also, and the comments and stories accompanying his illustrations make interesting reading. In fact, this is the case with many artist-correspondents—Frederic Villiers, Frank Millet, Remington, and a score of others. Most men who have learned how to see can describe what they see in more ways than one. Frederic Villiers is a veteran still in active service, so to speak. He has seen more war and come out of it unscathed, "by the skin

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of his teeth," than most soldiers. I understand he is "at the front" somewhere even now. No doubt he is suffering from the restraints put upon all of his guild in the terrible war now waging in Europe, but if by any legitimate or proper means he can get to the firing-line, he will be there, and in the thick of the mess, too! In gathering his material the seasoned war artist, like his brother the correspondent, takes his life in his hand as a matter of course. The only time I ever met Seppings-Wright, another veteran Englishman, was in a skirmish—a trifling affair; nobody hurt on our side, but warm enough for a few minutes—off the Cuban coast, where the United States ship *New York* exchanged shots with a force of Spaniards on the shore. Going on deck at the alarm, I saw a civilian, a stranger, seated on the anchor shaft forward, scratching away on a pad, apparently as oblivious of the zipping of Mauser bullets in the air about him as he would have been at the buzzing of so many flies. It was Seppings-Wright. How and when he came aboard I do not remember, but within a few minutes after the firing he was below in the cabin of the admiral, Sampson, of whom he had asked the privilege of making a sketch. That evening Wright put off on a torpedo-boat in an attempt to get in touch with the insurgents. I never saw him again.

While many of the pictorial representations of battle in the illustrated press during our Civil War were born of the fancy of hack draughtsmen of no particular talent and with little knowledge of the actualities of war they were supposed to represent, by far the greater part of them were based on the field work of artists with the armies. In the collection of the New York Public Library there are numerous original sketches, some of them rough and hurried, some carefully studied, by William Waud, Arthur Lumly, and others which are most interesting, not from their artistic quality but as pictured observations of events in the conflict between the States, made literally on the spot. Unfortunately, in their rendition by other hands, through crude, hastily made wood-cuts, but little of their spirit was left. Considering the magnitude of the Civil War and the unquestionably picturesque quality of its episodes, the result in pictures, that is to say, in important paintings, was not great. The time was not yet ripe in American art, although Julian Scott, himself a soldier, made some conscientiously studied pictures of the scenes he had witnessed. Unfortunately, they were generally painted with some medium which in time so darkened their surfaces as practically to destroy them. Winslow Homer, who followed the Federal armies as "special artist" for *Harper's Weekly*, afterward produced some admirable genre pictures of the war, but his genius led him to other ways. Here and there throughout the country sporadic efforts to perpetuate the prowess of American soldiers have been made; in the governor's reception-room of the capitol at Saint Paul there are four panels in commemoration of the battles of Minnesota troops painted by Frank Millet, Howard Pyle, Douglas Volk, and myself. The bulk of the pictured incidents of the war between the States have been produced in the form of illustrations, as in the etchings by Forbes and Thulstrup's carefully studied plates in color of battles of the Civil War. It was in the field of illustration that Frederic Remington and other painters of American military life of a later date first made their mark.

The maker of war pictures is first and always an illustrator; in fact, all great pictures are illustrative of something, have some motive or thought in their conception beyond the aim to decorate or the display only of artistic skill or beauty. I do not think there is much beauty in the canvases of the Russian painter Verestchagin, but no one can deny the strength and power of his merciless handling of the savage and unhappy side of war. Like that of the artist of the press, his work deals in actualities. He saw only the seamy side of war, represented it with a brutality akin to that of war itself. It is said that when his pictures were exhibited in Berlin—in 1882, I think, but time and date do not matter—the old Kaiser objected to the attendance of the exhibition by his soldiers because the artist represented war as "disgusting, not honorable." Like the artist of the press, Verestchagin lived in war to study war, perishing on the bridge of the *Petropavlosk* off Port Arthur, "an old man with a white beard," as he is described by one of the few men of the crew who survived the

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disaster. Frederic Remington was an admirer of Verestchagin, but was too original in his own way to betray much feeling of influence of the Russian's work.

In the dreadful catastrophe overwhelming Europe war is war, now as it has always been. Those making it are governed by the same passions as in ages past—the circumstances, conditions, and tools of war are different, that is all. Patriotism and treason, courage and cowardice, self-sacrifice and ambition, love and hatred stand in the same contrast, give the same story and picture of human passion and emotion as in the past. I have spoken of the tendency toward reality in the modern war picture. The real may have romance in it; what men really do and dare and suffer may be instigated by ideals, by sentiment. In war all this may be found.

IN WAR TIMES

BY MARY KING WADDINGTON

DÉPARTEMENT
DE LA SARTHE

ARRONDISSEMENT
DE MAMERS

CANTON
De La Fresnaye-sur-Chédouet

MAIRIE
DES AULNEAUX

OBJET

Les Aulneaux, le ——— *1914.*

Dimanche 6 Septembre

I LEAVE the mairie paper, dear; by that you may see where we are. It all seems an awful dream. The sudden decision to leave Paris (I don't know now if we did right), and the long tiring journey; the emotion at meeting soldiers all along the route—these going to the front, cheering and laughing, promising German bullets and sword-belts to the women who crowded around the trains; the young recruits, just twenty, of the class of this year called out, some of them looking mere children—they too gay, with one or two exceptions—but I must begin at the beginning.

H——* did not want to leave Paris—dreaded the journey, and is convinced the Germans will never get into Paris (and I think she is right), nor ever near enough to make life difficult; however, all our friends were going. Every day we saw the official order that after Friday no one could leave Paris by auto, nor perhaps by train. Henry Outrey, who is working with one of the generals in Paris and also at the Rouge Croix, advised us to leave when we could; he would arrange for tickets, places, etc.

I can't say our lives had changed very much since the declaration of war. The market was just as good; we could get everything we wanted and no dearer than in ordinary times, in fact, fruit and certain vegetables cheaper, as the "maraîchers" (market-gardeners) wanted to sell at any price. We had made no extra provisions. The street was gloomy at nights; no more lights, and hardly any one in the houses, we the only people left in ours. It was rather sad looking down from our balcony on the perfectly dark street—empty—no sounds of life. I haven't heard a laugh for weeks, and it was a relief to hear the hoofs of the horses of the cavalry patrol which passes every night in the rue François Ier. I went on Wednesday to ask Ambassador Herrick for a pass for a friend of mine, M. M——, who wanted to get his auto out of Paris, and he advised us to go to the Invalides, where the military governor of Paris lives, and show his card. M—— came for me and

* Madame Waddington's sister.

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it was most interesting to see the Esplanade des Invalides; at one end rows of autos drawn up which are being requisitioned for the army, quantities of officers in every direction looking very busy, but perfectly cheerful, notwithstanding the reports that we had heard in the morning that the Pontoise bridge was blown up by the Germans, and the Sèvres bridge by the French.

We waited some time in spite of the ambassador's letter and my Red Cross badge, but were finally received by the officer in charge. We explained that we wished to go out of Paris that afternoon in the auto. "In what direction, madame?" "Chartres." "Then go as quickly as possible." "You really think that?" "I have no doubt of it and beg you will go at once."

M. M—— had already made his arrangements to leave. He had chartered two drays of one horse each for himself and his family (they were four) and his luggage, from which he would not separate himself, as he was going to America and hoped to get down to the coast eventually. He wanted us to take his auto, but it had not been going very well lately. He had a new chauffeur whom he knew nothing about. I didn't dare venture, we three women alone, H—— hardly walking; so, most reluctantly, they started without us. We decided to leave Friday at 2 o'clock by special train for this place, stopping the night at Conches or Laigle. We had no baggage, only what we could carry. H—— was very plucky—didn't want to leave Paris—but I was nervous. I went out to our *ouvroir* late Thursday afternoon to give certain last instructions to the woman Mrs. M—— and I left in charge, telling her to send the garments which were already made to one or two ambulances where we had promised them and left her some money to go on with the work. After dinner I went to the embassy to say good-by to the Herricks in case they should leave before we got back. There were a good many people there coming and going. Mr. Bacon just arrived to give us what help he can in our dark days. Mr. Warren remains too, having sent his wife and children home. The Americans have all been so sympathetic to France since the war began. It must be a most disagreeable surprise for the Kaiser, one of the many, I think, that are in store for him. Mr. Herrick is wonderful, quite cool, thinking of everybody, and not sparing himself in the least, working as hard and as late as any of his secretaries. Neither French nor Americans will ever forget what he has done here, and, of course, his remaining in Paris has reassured people very much.

We started Friday at 12 o'clock from the house (the train started at 2.15 from the Gare St. Lazare). Henry came to take us to the station, and I really think our bags and valises were very creditable for ladies accustomed to travel with everything they wanted. We took as little as possible, but, of course, had to provide for the possibility of never seeing our trunks again. They—two small ones—were sent by Grande Vitesse, with Red Cross labels, as all Red Cross baggage goes first. The Gare St. Lazare was a curiosity, crowded with people, quantities of children, and the most remarkable collection of bags, bundles, and household goods possible. We found already six people in our carriage and a child. Marie was obliged to take a place in a second-class carriage (she had a first-class ticket) to be near us. It is a long pull down the platform to the train. H—— was very nervous, but got along pretty well, sitting down whenever she could. We hoped to get to Laigle or Conches about 7 o'clock but telegraphed for rooms at both places. Henry recommended us warmly to the people who were already in the carriage. There were two parties—father, mother, and son going to Brittany, and a young mother, child, and two grandparents bound for Houlgate.

We started at 2.15, having been in the train since 12.30, and remained in it till 8 the next morning. It was an awful journey. We changed our direction many times, backing, turning (at one time we went back nearly to Versailles), and waiting at the stations to let pass the military trains. We met a great many—sometimes soldiers going to the front, sometimes wounded, and always refugees at all the stations, and we stopped at every one. There were crowds of people sitting on their valises, or on the floor, clamoring for seats. I was afraid we would have many

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more people standing (all the seats were taken) in our compartment, but we managed to keep them out. At Mantes we crossed a train of English troops, and very well and fresh and young they looked in their khakis. They fraternized instantly with the French soldiers, and ran across the track to speak to us. I asked them where they came from: from the frontier, on their way to Rouen for provisions and ammunition. There were great cheers and waving of caps and handkerchiefs when the train started. As the evening went on it became most evident that we could not get to Conches or Laigle at any possible hour, and we all made up our minds that we must stay the night in the train. The chefs de gare looked anxious and overworked wherever we stopped, but were perfectly good-humored, as was everybody, answering civilly and as well as they could to all the questions. All the gares were occupied by soldiers, and the line guarded. We got to Dreux about 1 in the morning, and backed and stopped and were shunted for more than an hour. Some distracted English pursued the chef de gare with questions. "Monsieur, quand arriverons-nous à Caen?" "Ah, madame, si vous pouviez me le dire!" They told us the town was full of people, no room anywhere, people sleeping in the gare and outside on the platforms. The station was as animated as if it were 1 o'clock in the afternoon. Everybody got out, even the twenty-months-old baby, who played about and was wide-awake and perfectly good. Happily it was a beautiful, warm summer night, with a full golden September moon, the harvest moon. That makes me think of one of the numerous prophecies which encourage the people in these awful days:

"Les hommes commenceront la moisson, les femmes la finiront; les femmes commenceront les vendanges, les hommes les finiront." ("The men will begin the harvest, the women will finish it; the women will begin the vintage, the men will finish it.")

They are getting in the harvest quickly. All along the route women and children are working in the fields. The weather is so beautiful, warm and dry and bright, that they can work long hours and not have too much time to think of the mournings that surely are coming to some of them.

We got through our night well. The baby was perfectly good, slept all night in its grandmother's arms. She could hardly move her arm in the morning. The poor woman was so warmly dressed she was most uncomfortable. Like all the rest of us, she too had started suddenly and could take no baggage, so she had two extra petticoats and another cloth skirt under her ordinary dress and petticoat; she said the weight was awful. Everybody shared whatever she had, water, biscuits, chocolate, but none of us were hungry. At Evreux, where we waited a long time, a train went off with soldiers to the front, all singing the "Marseillaise," and laughing and cheering. Some of the Red Cross nurses were on the quai, but there were no wounded while we were there. They told us a train of wounded had passed in the night. H—— was as plucky as possible; I was worried to death about her. She is kept so carefully and watched over so at home that I didn't see how she could stand all those hours sitting bolt upright in the carriage, but she did, and is none the worse for it.

We got to Laigle at 9 Saturday morning; walked over to the hotel opposite the gare and got a nice clean room with hot water, where we could arrange ourselves a little. We had very good café au lait and pain de ménage on the terrace, with soldiers, refugees, and people leaving Paris. Everybody talked to everybody, but no one knew any more of the war than we did. We left H—— sitting on a very hard stone bench with her knitting, and Marie and I went for a stroll. It is a pretty little town with a fine market-place, and a modern château standing in a wood at the top. In the eleventh century there was a fine château-fort built by the first Marquis de Laigle, which was destroyed by the English in 1419. This one is built on the site of the old one. The park has been cut up, but some of the old trees remain and are splendid, and we had charming glimpses of the river in the distance. There are handsome, colored-glass windows in the church of St. Martin. We didn't see many soldiers, though they told us they had four hundred to five hun-

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dred wounded, but we met many Belgian refugees, looking so sad and weary, with a pathetic, half-dazed expression in their blue eyes. They try to give both men and women work in the fields.

While we were at the gare after breakfast, trying to get some information about our train, we heard the drum, the "générale," which means something serious. In an instant the little place was black with people. All one's nerves are on edge, and we saw instantly bands of Uhlans in the distance. However, the announcement was not tragic, though significant: "Défense de porter le pain dans la ville." ("Carrying bread in the city forbidden.") It tells that one is put upon war rations and everybody must go and get his bread, which, in the big cities, means standing for hours in the crowd at the baker's door.

We started at 4 for Mortague, where, in ordinary times, one arrives in two hours, but we only got there at 8. We were told we could get good accommodation there for the night. Again a great crowd at the station—whole families of women and children, and travellers sitting on their bags; military trains and long provision and forage trains passing in rapid succession, everything making way for them. It is curious to travel when the country is under martial law. Most of the employees of the railways are with the army, their places taken by soldiers who guard the stations. We had a number of young recruits on board—the class of 1914, which, properly, should only have been called to the colors this October. At all the stations we picked up others, their fathers and mothers and families generally coming to wish them good-by and good luck, all the boys as gay and lively as if they were going off to a country fair; all manner of jokes about "Guillaume" and promises to bring back buttons and cartouches from Germany. One young fellow came into our compartment. He looked refined and delicate (I shouldn't think he could stand much hard work), of good birth and manners, and evidently didn't care for the rough jokes of his companions. He told us he was just twenty, a Parisian, only child of his parents, had nine first cousins in the war. One saw he was accustomed to the good things of the world. He made a very good meal from a nice basket he had with him, winding up with bonbons and a large piece of cake. He helped us to take down our bags when we arrived at Mortague and looked perfectly miserable when we shook hands and hoped he would get along all right. Poor child! I am sure he cried a little when he was alone in the carriage. If we think twenty is young, what must the German mothers feel whose sons are called out at sixteen?

There were just the same scenes when we arrived at Mortague—people everywhere, not a room to be had at any hotel or any house in the town. I must confess to a moment of profound discouragement when Marie and one of the soldier-porters went off to see what they could find. H—— and I remained at the station, she seated on a baggage-truck in the middle of the bags. We waited some time, nobody reappearing, and I saw the moment when I must ask the chef de gare to let us sleep in a first-class carriage in the station. When they finally came back, Marie and the two men, they said there was nothing to be had in the town, but the men knew a lady—une brave dame—who kept a small pension for the railway employees; they thought she could take us in, but it was at a little distance from the town.

Then came the difficulty of transporting H——. There were no carriages of any kind; she couldn't walk. It was late, 9.30; perfectly dark; a "petit bout de chemin" might mean anything, from one kilometre to three. However, somebody had a brilliant idea. The men said they would get another porter who would carry our baggage, and they would wheel H—— on the truck. She didn't like it much, poor dear, but they promised to go carefully, so we started, one porter in front, carrying a lantern, another alongside with all our bags, the third wheeling the truck, Marie and I on each side, so that H—— couldn't fall off. It was a wonderful procession. We crossed the track, followed the road for a short time, and then began to go down a steep, rough path, the man asking both me and Marie to hold the truck back. It was such a ridiculous plight that we couldn't take it tragically, but I was thankful when we stopped.

At the end of the path we came to a

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garden and a nice house with open windows and lights which looked friendly. A nice-looking, gray-haired woman, attired in a black-and-white dressing-gown, opened the door and showed us into a small room where a man was supping. She said she could only give us one little room, as her best one was given to two wounded soldiers she had taken in, but she would give us two clean beds and find something—a mattress on the floor perhaps—for the maid, and would give us something to eat. We had a good omelet, bread and butter and cider, and talked to the man, who was an inspector of telegraphs. The poor old lady was very worried at the very little she could give us, but Marie reassured her, and after hearing a great noise of moving furniture over our heads she reappeared with nice clean linen sheets and Marie went up-stairs with her to help make the beds. We consulted the porter who wheeled H—— down about the way of getting to Le Mêle the next day (one train was at 4.30 in the morning, another at 9 at night, arriving Heaven knows when). He advised taking an auto; knew the patron of one very well; would go at once and ask him if he would take us direct to Les Aulneaux, and would come back with the answer. He returned before we went up-stairs, saying the man would come for us the next morning at 10 o'clock.

I was so tired I was asleep, sitting up in a straight-backed chair. H—— and I had a very nice clean room, a lovely garden smell coming in from the open window, and not a sound except trains moving all night. We slept perfectly well. Marie had a mattress on two chairs in the corridor just outside our room, with her dog, a wise little fox-terrier, to take care of her. I was up early and had very good café au lait, a fresh egg and bread and butter, and talked a little to the man of the telegraph, who was most hopeful about the war—said wherever he went in any class, there was the same spirit of dogged resistance to the Germans; they would fight to the last man and woman.

When he had gone the old lady appeared with many apologies for the poor accommodation she had given us; she would like to present her two "blessés" to us, so as soon as H—— appeared she brought them—two fine, good-looking young fellows, "fantassins" (infantry), about twenty-six and thirty. One married just six months ago. They had been wounded in the Ardennes, not very badly, each in the arm, and were dying to go back. The younger one can soon go; the other's case was more serious. They had just come from the hospital at Rheims (which is near Mareuil), as the hospital had been evacuated. We asked them if they had plenty to eat when they were fighting. They said always plenty and very good, and wherever they passed on their way back everybody was good to them, bringing them wine, cigarettes, flowers. They told us a funny story about one of their comrades here, in one of the Algerian regiments. He appeared after the fight slightly wounded, but with a very good bicycle, explaining in his funny French: "Moi tué quatre Prussiens, puis pris bicyclette." He was in great request with his bicyclette as he got better. He had been wounded in the head; "petit chose" he said, but was able to go about the country and do errands. I walked about the garden while we were waiting for the auto, and when I saw by daylight the steep, stony path we had taken last night I really wondered how H—— and her truck ever got down and how she ever stayed on it.

The auto with the patron himself driving came at 10 o'clock and we went first to the town to lay in some provisions. Fernande had not answered any of her mother's letters, and this is such an out-of-the-way place that it would not have been safe to arrive without certain precautions. The main street was full of soldiers; there are six hundred, wounded and walking about with arms in slings and bandaged legs and heads, all most cheerful. We met the two of our house, who waved to us in the most friendly fashion. We had a charming drive, about an hour to this little place, through lovely country—all green fields, hedges, and fine trees; few villages, almost all farms and grazing country—cows, horses, and colts in the fields. We arrived about 11.30 just as the congregation was coming out of church, and you can imagine the sensation we made in the auto, crammed with bags and parcels of every description. Fernande was

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quite bewildered, as she had received none of her mother's letters, and three extra people in a small house is a serious thing.

Monday, 7th September.

It is an enchanting summer day. We all seem living in a dream. Fernande is the daughter of H——'s Marie, who has been with her for over nineteen years. She is a schoolmistress here and is adjointe to the maire, and lives in the mairie. It is a very nice house, with three big rooms, a courtyard, and a garden, and a high airy class-room which we use as a salon. All day yesterday they were arranging two rooms for us. Everybody in the village, from the curé, who lent a fauteuil, to the mayor, who lent a bed, contributing something. A farmer's wife brought a bottle of fresh milk, and everybody gave a helping hand. Fernande went to the nearest big town, Mamers, yesterday with a long list—two straw armchairs, portmanteaux to hang up our skirts and hats (if ever we see our trunks again and have anything to hang up), and some stuff to cover tables (boxes! standing up on one end), etc. In all my experiences, which have been many and varied, I have never lived before in two rooms in a mairie, but I think we shall be perfectly comfortable and so quiet. There isn't a sound, except the angelus which rings twice a day, and makes us stop for a moment in what we are doing to think and pray for all our men in the thick of the fight.

Wednesday, 9th September.

It is a most primitive little hamlet, about fourteen houses, a church, mairie, and schoolhouse, one shop, just off the highroad to Mamers, the big town of the neighborhood about ten kilometres away, almost hidden on the great stretches of fields and orchards which open out in all directions. It is a great grazing country; there are plenty of cows, horses, and long-legged colts in all the fields, and even the smallest farmer has eight or ten beasts. They sell the horses very well—one thousand five hundred or two thousand francs, which makes them a very good income, independent of what the farm brings. Now, of course, there are no men anywhere. The women and old men do all the work.

I went to see the curé this afternoon. He has a nice house with a big garden and orchard next the church. He opened the door for me and asked me to come in—into the kitchen, where a bright wood fire was burning and a nice-looking woman sitting sewing at the window, whom he introduced as his aunt. He is tall, slight, a gentleman in manner; had on an old soutane, with a blue gardener's apron over it. He excused himself for receiving me in such dress but he was working in his garden. I sat there about ten minutes telling him all I knew, which wasn't much, but my news from Paris was more recent than anything he had heard. I asked him if I might play on the harmonium; he said as much as I liked, but he was afraid a "Parisienne" would not find it very good. It had been seventeen years in the church and a good deal knocked about by people who did not know how to use it. I thanked him for the fauteuil, and he asked me if I would like to have a sofa; he had one in his salon, which we went to see, but I don't think I shall indulge in such a luxury as a red-velvet sofa in my room. Another time he will show me his house and garden and orchard. The house looks large and roomy. It seems he has four very good rooms up-stairs which he would let, but there is no furniture; we would have to hire it from Mamers, which wouldn't be worth while if we only stay to the end of the month, which I hope. Besides, we should be less free staying at the Presbytère. Here we are perfectly comfortable with three women to look after us—Marie, Fernande, and a cousin from Belfort—an "Inspectrice d'Ecoles," such a nice woman, obliged to leave Belfort, which was threatened at one time—her husband with the army. However, I don't think the Germans will tackle Belfort this time. They know quite well how strongly it is fortified, and they need all their troops to stand the desperate resistance they will meet before Paris. We talked a little, of course, of the state of France and how this awful war had been sprung upon her, the curé saying she deserved it as a chastisement for the wickedness and immorality of the country. I didn't pursue that conversation, as it seems hard to visit the iniquities of the big towns which have always existed upon the thousands of brave,

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honest men, good husbands and fathers, leaving all they have in the world and fighting bravely and cheerfully for their country.

Friday, September 11th.

We are settling down to our life in this quiet little corner of France. If only we had more communication with Paris and the rest of France. I get a walk every morning and already know all the village. I stopped to talk to a nice-looking girl the other day who had a baby in her arms, its father, her brother, at the front. She invited me to come in and I found a nice, clean peasant's house; her father and mother very respectable, speaking quite intelligibly. Sometimes their French—not exactly a patois, but with a curious accent—is hard to understand. They knew all about us; had seen us arrive at the schoolhouse in the automobile, and were most curious for news from Paris. They offered me a drink—wine, milk, or cider—but I excused myself on the plea of its being early in the morning. The country is lovely, like walking through an English park; no fences anywhere; green banks, high hedges, and splendid pasture fields. I don't see much cultivation; I fancy horses and farm products are the principal resources. H—— and I go every day about 6 o'clock to the church, which we have to ourselves, and have arranged a little service. I play and sing some hymns or bits of Beethoven. The harmonium isn't bad, only I have so little the habit of playing an organ that I forget the pedals sometimes, and then the music stops with a sort of wheeze. I always finish with the evening hymn: "Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear," "God Save the King," and the Russian hymn. I don't dare play the "Marseillaise" in the church. It would upset the curé dreadfully, and yet it is too bad not to play sometimes for our soldiers. The next time any one goes to Mamers I will ask them to bring me back the famous marche of "Sambre et Meuse," which our troops love to march to.

We had a good mail this morning: letters a little old, and papers the second day from Paris; also a telegram from Charlotte, from Cherbourg, where she has joined Francis.* She is trying to find a small house there—says the boys are highly excited seeing their father in uniform. The war news is good, the Germans retreating. For the moment they seem to have given up their march on Paris; I wonder why.

Sunday, 13th September.

Yesterday was rather a wild day, raining and blowing. However, I got out between the showers. Still nothing of our trunks which were sent off two days after us (just a week ago). We manage pretty well. Our next-door neighbor washes our linen and our serge dresses hold out. We each had an extra blouse in our bags. We hear all sorts of reports. In a letter to-day from Anne Morgan, written from her convent in England, she says: "The great event in our quiet lives has been the passing of the Cosaques at our little station at Norton bridge. I am sorry I could not go and see them; all the countryside was much excited." They are a wild lot, particularly the red Cosaques. They are dressed in red, have long red lances, and ride small, red bay horses. We saw them in Moscow at the coronation of Alexander III. They patrolled the streets to keep the crowd back—such a patient, long-suffering crowd. Sometimes they backed their horses vigorously into the mass of people; no one seemed to mind; the ranks thinned out a little but formed again instantly. Sometimes they charged down the street full gallop, brandishing their lances and yelling in the most awful way. Even in times of peace it was enough to strike terror into the stoutest heart. The Russians seem to have annihilated the Austrians, who certainly have not proved themselves a very formidable foe. I don't think they will find it so easy with the Germans, who will certainly make a desperate resistance before Berlin. For some reason we don't know, the Germans are not advancing on Paris and are retreating steadily toward the southeast—sixty kilometres—pursued by the French and English, who have taken cannon and prisoners. The fighting must have been awful, day after day, and even the very meagre official reports say there were great losses on both sides. It is heartbreaking to think of the mournings there will be in France when the lists are pub-

* Madame Waddington's son.

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lished. A whole generation in the flower of their strength and youth cut down on account of one man's wicked ambition.

The mayor, who comes to see us every night, brought a report yesterday that two of the Emperor's sons were terribly wounded and the Empress gone out of her mind. If it is true, as many people say, that *she* wanted the war and arranged it all with the crown prince while the Emperor was cruising, her punishment has come quickly.

This morning I went to church, a simple country service; more men than I expected to see. The melodeon was played by a small boy with one finger, but he did sound the notes. The "chantre," having gone to the war, was replaced by an elderly gentleman who did his best, but wasn't always of the same key as the instrument. Then the curé intervened and brought him back to the right note. The congregation looked respectable and well-to-do. Fernande says there are no poor in the village. All the little girls had their hair neatly braided in pigtails down their backs, tied with a blue or white ribbon. All the women wear the "coiffe" of the country, a white muslin cap with a very full crown falling low at the back of the neck, a bow of muslin on the top. Some of the rich farmers' wives have four or five in their trousseau, which last all their lives and go to their daughters after them. When they are hand-embroidered they are quite expensive. A young woman came to see Marie the other day with a very pretty one which was given to her when she married and which cost seventy-five francs. Marie asked her if she wouldn't like to wear a hat, but she said not at all, and that her husband wouldn't let her. "Une fermière doit porter la coiffe du pays." The girls wear hats but simple ones, not so many flowers and feathers as our girls in Mareuil. Some of the farmers are very rich. One of them married his daughter some time ago and gave her a trousseau, linen sheets and table linen, and beasts, which would have been a fortune in Paris. The wedding festivities went on for a week, all the countryside feasting at the farm. He is said to have spent five thousand francs on the entertainment.

Thursday, 17th September.

We are having beautiful, golden September days, but the evenings are chilly. I walk about in the mornings. All the women come to the doors of their cottages and ask me to come in. It is curious to see no men except very, very old ones, the women doing all the work. Every morning I meet a girl about twelve years old mounted astride on a big farm-horse, a little later she appears on another, evidently takes the horses to the field, which the women plough. It is only in the country that one realizes the war and the difficulty of transport and provisions. The farmers are afraid even their poor old horses will be taken away; all the best ones have already gone.

Our trunks have arrived and we are more comfortable. Until they came we didn't like to go out in the rain, as, if we got our skirts wet, we had nothing to change. We are rather short in books. I read so much to H—— that we are very dependent upon books and papers. Fernande has put the "Bibliothèque Scolaire" at our disposition, and that may keep us on a little. I have found a history of France by Lavisse, much abridged and simplified. Still it will put the main facts back in our heads and I shall be able to answer the boys' questions when we all of us get back to Paris again. I was very embarrassed when they were beginning their Bible history to find how little I remembered about the misfortunes of Tobit and various Kings of Judah. There is also in the library a translation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and the "Last of the Mohicans," so you see we are not very modern in this quiet little corner of France. The happy days in Mareuil seem so far off. We have had such beautiful September days there, the men shooting partridges all day, we women joining them at tea-time in the keeper's cottage, and the lovely walk home across the fields, the soft evening light making everything a picture—a peasant woman crossing the field, her baby tied in a red shawl on the back, the man ploughing, his white oxen standing out against the sky-line, and always in the distance the purple line of the Villers-Cotterets forest.

In a letter from Tours from Madame Sallandroye received this morning she

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spoke of the constant passage of wounded soldiers, both French and English, at the station. All the ladies take them fruit, wine, cigarettes, and above all postcards. Both Renée and Madeleine speak English well and they say the poor men were so grateful to have postcards sent to their families. One young fellow said most respectfully to Madeleine: "Might I kiss you, mademoiselle?" She instantly gave him her cheek. One regiment had been to Laferté-Milon and Mareuil the night of the 31st (the day Charlotte and her family left) pursuing German cavalry who also passed through. As the Germans were retreating they probably didn't have time to stop and pillage or burn our house; however, we know nothing. Francis may have some news perhaps but his letters are very rare, postal communication is very long, and the soldiers are forbidden to give any details about anything.

Sunday, 20th September.

We get through our days as well as we can, but it is terrible to have so little news. They are fighting hard over all parts of the country—Germans perfect barbarians, burning, pillaging, shooting perfectly innocent people. There will be a fearful reckoning when the time comes. At church this morning the curé read us the bishop's letter announcing the election of the new Pope, Benoit XV, and ending with the prayer that he might be the means of restoring peace among nations. The service is the most primitive I have ever seen. The poor little boy who plays the harmonium with one finger got nervous this morning, lost his place completely. Every one waited—the curé turning round, saying, "Try the Alleluia," but no sound was forthcoming. The curé and the chantre had it all their own way—and a very curious "plein chant" it was. The chantre also made the "quête." He had neither plate nor bag—held out his hand and every one put the offering in the hollow of the palm.

It has been a beautiful day, a gorgeous sunset, but the evenings are decidedly chilly. I am getting a little nervous about staying much longer with H——. If it begins to rain or we have a series of foggy days—already a mist rises in the fields after sunset—this little house would be very damp—besides, I seem to get more news, such as it is, in Paris. Little things always leak out, and the few diplomatists who are left keep us well informed.

Monday, 21st September.

To-day Marie and I made an excursion to Mamers, the nearest big town, where there is a Sous-Prefecture, big hospital, and famous market. Monsieur le Maire drove us in his dog-cart, a most primitive little country equipage, with very high, broad wheels, and rather narrow seats. However, it was only twelve kilometres and he had a good little mare (just over two years old, too young to be requisitioned—all his good farm-horses being taken). He took us along at a fair rate. We picked up a friend, a nice-looking peasant woman, on the road; she was trudging along to market carrying a heavy basket in each hand—eggs in one, and pots of fresh yellow butter in the other. The route was charming, bordered on each side by high green banks and hedges. We ran for some time along M. d'Allières's property (the man who stood against Caillaux in the last elections), in fact through his property, as he owned the land on each side. We went through fine oak woods, growing very thick, a clearing every now and then giving a beautiful far view over the plains. The mayor is a shrewd little man; talked a great deal; told me all he knew and I told him all I knew (with certain limitations). One of his remarks rather astonished me. We were talking, of course, about the war, and how Germany had been preparing quietly and mobilizing for months, while France, apparently, was quite unprepared. *That*, he remarked, was the fault of our ambassador in Berlin, who ought to have known what was going on—that was what ambassadors were sent to foreign countries for.

Mamers is a pretty little country town, most animated to-day, market-day, and a most tempting market it looked, all the women busy and energetic-looking, so nice with their clean stiff white "coiffes," standing guard over their stalls. I never saw so many eggs and tubs of fresh yellow butter before in my life. There were quantities of soldiers everywhere, one regiment of chasseurs passing through

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on their way to the Marne, and some of the wounded walking about with heads and arms bandaged. The hospital is full; if there are any English wounded I will go and see them. We made various purchases and then went on to the gare—quite a walk—to ask about trains and the possibility of getting back to Paris. In the main street, just out of the market I saw an "Infirmière" of the Croix Rouge in uniform. I went to speak to her to ask if there are any English at the hospital. She was rather an attractive-looking woman, a pretty smile and nice blue eyes. She was very civil, said there were no English at this moment but that they were expecting a convoi. She would let me know if I would tell her where I was. I said it wasn't worth while, I was not at Mamers, but at a little village some distance—Les Aulneaux. She said that would make no difference, she could easily send word. I gave my name and we parted. The mayor said to me: "Madame sait à qui elle a parlé?" "Non, pas du tout." "C'est Madame Caillaux, madame." I was rather annoyed. All that affair was so disgraceful. One felt ashamed of being a Frenchwoman. However, the conversation was of the briefest and most impersonal description. It was curious to come upon the lady the one day I was at Mamers. We walked through the Place de la République on our way to the station, a broad, handsome avenue, with fine trees, good houses with gardens at the roadside, and quite an imposing "Sous-Préfecture," with iron gates and good entrance. The station looked deserted—no sign of traffic, but the chef de gare told us that the trains ran regularly twice a day to and from Paris. He advised us to go at night. We would certainly have no trouble about seats, and it would be better to arrive in Paris at 6 or 7 in the morning than at 12:30 or perhaps later at night, so I think we shall do that and leave Sunday. We went back to the market to pick up our bundles and found everybody reading the Paris papers, and half-mad with rage. The Germans have bombarded and reduced to ruins the Cathedral of Rheims; there were explosions of indignation everywhere. Their conduct is inexplicable, to destroy for the pleasure of destroying and putting the whole civilized world against them. One can't imagine Rheims without that splendid old cathedral, so full of beauty and mystery and the old traditions of France—all her history. The mayor and one of his military friends with whom we took coffee before starting back, in a café filled with soldiers and small farmers, were furious, and suggested that we would do well to burn the Cologne Cathedral when our troops get into Germany. One can't quite do that, but one might destroy the Royal Palace in Berlin and a few others of the hideous buildings which adorn the city.

There was no special news from the war zone, but one serious measure—all the men up to forty-eight years old have been called out. Certainly life is made up of contrasts here. As I was jogging along very contentedly with the mayor, talking about the relative merits of oaks, which he knew about, and poplars, which I knew about, as a source of income, I asked myself if it could have been I who drove into the Kremlin in a gala carriage attired in "a white satin gown, all finished off, with a golden crown," as the old song says.

Tuesday, 22nd September.

Another beautiful day. One ought to be so happy merely to live in such weather, and when one thinks of all those who will never see their homes and woods and fields again, it is heartrending. We have had a very good mail to-day, all the papers, of course, full of the bombardment of Rheims, the English and Americans most outspoken. I shouldn't think von Bernstorff's position in America was a very enviable one. I have a nice letter from Charlotte from Octeville, where she has found a nice little farmhouse, very clean, with four rooms, kitchen, sitting-room, and two bedrooms; orchards, big garden—potager—a cow, chickens, and all sorts of vegetables. It is close to the "cantonnement," so that Francis can come to dine and sleep every night. She is so happy, poor child, to be with Francis again. She has also found a nice, strong, country girl to do the cooking and general work. Says the boys are quite well and happy, playing all day in the fields and gardens. She has friends and relations at

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Cherbourg—twenty minutes' walk, and curiously enough it was at Cherbourg that she made Francis's acquaintance, when her father, Admiral Sallandreuze, commanded the Atlantic squadron and was stationed at Cherbourg. She and Nanna are going to work regularly at the Cherbourg hospital.

I left off as I heard the "boulangère's corne." She generally has news, and stops at the gate for a little talk. She hadn't any news, but gave her customers a disagreeable piece of information—she must raise her prices, and ask in the future twenty-four sous instead of twenty-three for the long loaf of bread which she supplies. The women protested, but she said her bags of flour had increased in price and diminished in size. She couldn't make both ends meet if she didn't ask more for her bread. She is mistress of the situation, as there is no other baker in the neighborhood. I suppose at the big farms they do make bread, but there would be no way of getting it; the men are all away, and the women too busy to go and get it. Every day women come to the mairie to ask for news of their husbands and sons. One poor young thing with four small children is quite hopeless. Her husband was in all the fighting in Belgium; wrote or sent messages at first; since three weeks she has heard nothing. The nights are beautiful, the sky as blue almost as in the day, and myriads of stars. I wonder what horrors they look down upon.

Wednesday, 23rd September.

To-day Marie and I and the maire have been to the other big town, Le Mêle; just the same lovely country, but more farms and fields than towards Mamers. I should think there was more culture. We passed one big farm where there were quantities of stacks of wheat; the mayor said they had been there for a long time; there was no one to take them in; each man had as much as he could do to work his own farm. A sign of the times was the women carting. We saw certainly three or four heavy carts drawn by two old horses, filled with bags of flour or potatoes, with women walking alongside with their long whips, just like the men. Le Mêle is a pretty little town, the river Sarthe flowing through it. Just at the entrance there is a picturesque old house, now a mill, with courtyard and towers; it had been a château. Usually they did a most flourishing business, the mayor told me, but to-day it was almost deserted—a few old men and boys staggering along with heavy bags on their shoulders. It was market-day and the town was full, but evidently a great many strangers—"des Parisiens," one woman told us. Le Mêle is on the highroad from Paris to Brest, and hundreds of people passed through at the time of the panic (when the Germans were near Paris), on their way to some quiet little place in Brittany. For two days, the patronne of our little hotel told us, two hundred autos a day filled with women, children, and baggage passed through the town. There are no soldiers, no wounded, there now. The only two doctors had gone to the front; no traces of war—a busy little country town. When I went into a shop to ask for a pattern of "caleçon militaire," the woman said to me, seeing my Red Cross badge, "Ah, madame is come to open a hospital." All the women in the shop were making garments for the soldiers, some of them knitting stockings as they walked along the streets. There were several autos with nice-looking people in them standing about. The market was crowded—always the same nice-looking women, so active and alert, standing at their stalls, their arms akimbo, smiling and eager and so intelligent in understanding what one wanted. I always say Frenchwomen of all classes are the best business women in the world. There was just the same tempting array of eggs, cheeses, chickens, and butter as at Mamers, but we get all these from the farms. We wanted some meat, which we only get once a week from the butcher. The great feature was fat little pink pigs, really quite pretty—their long hair, carefully combed, like silk. The mayor told us they were much in demand, cost forty francs apiece. I shall become an expert in farms and woods. I always said I ought to have lived in the country and have managed a model farm. It was really more my vocation than the life I have led in courts and embassies, though that had its charm too.

The poor mayor was rather worried when we got home. He found despatches advising him of the passage of a certain *black* automobile, filled with men dressed

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as women, flying at top-speed over the country—spies certainly—who must be arrested. Such extraordinary rumors get about. He was going to communicate with the gendarmes, as he alone—he is a little man—could do nothing. Usually nothing passes—some children, a few carts and wagons, and a great many geese, who are as good as watch-dogs. It seems they hate strangers, fly at the children sometimes, and always cackle and flap their wings when any one passes. They are enormous in this country, as big as swans. It really is a lovely view I have out of my window when I open the shutters wide early in the morning and look straight across the narrow country road to a high green bank and hedge, behind it pear and apple trees loaded with fruit; just around the corner a little white house with a red roof, with a small garden in front, where a red-cheeked, white-haired old woman sits all day in the sun, and invites one in to pick some of her flowers. They make their cider here much more with pears than apples, and very good it is, though very strong; I add a great deal of water.

Friday, 25th September.

Still beautiful, bright days. We sit out all day; take our meals (except dinner) in the garden. Yesterday I went with Marie to one of the famous farms near here. The "fermière" came for us in her little trap—a clean, energetic little woman, dressed like all the peasants in a short black skirt, and wide, blue-and-white check apron, which hid her dress entirely, but no coiffe, her hair very neatly done. She has eight children—seven boys, three at the war, and one girl, and now they do all the farm work themselves, as they can't get any laborers. The court looked very clean and sunny, all the buildings in good order. We saw everything conscientiously. It was amusing when the boys drove in the brood mares (which have just begun to work a little). They let out the colts, who all galloped madly to their mothers. The farm is very well known. They got the second prize for the best-kept farm, and would have had the first, if there hadn't been a bottle of "cornichons" in the dairy, which the judges said was not in its proper place. She gave us milk, cider, everything she had, and we carried home a pot of thick yellow cream.

This afternoon's mail has brought us bad news from Mareuil. I was sure it would come, but it has distressed me very much. One of our friends, M. Pernolet, was "en tournée" in our part of the country and stopped at Mareuil to give us news. This is what he writes: "The 1st of September the English arrived and did a little harm, but they only passed through. Then came the Germans, who stayed eight days. They have entirely demolished the inside of the house, stolen linen, dresses, all the 'batterie de cuisine,' twenty-nine lamps, the silver broken, and spoilt all the furniture. In the 'cabinet' stolen medals, arms, ransacked and thrown about all the papers; all the bedding spoilt; one new automobile taken; an old one left; the outside is intact."

I don't think we could have prevented it. I could not leave Charlotte there alone with her boys to face these savages, and even if I could have left H—— I don't think I could have prevented anything, a woman alone, but it is awful to think of our house ruined and so much of value taken. All my husband's papers were there, locked and padlocked in a case, but that, of course, was easily smashed. I must get back to Paris and then down to Mareuil. I have written to our woman down there who went away with all the rest when they were told to "évacuer," and also to the curé, but I must get there. It would have been a miracle if we had escaped, as our place is directly on the highroad from Meaux to Rheims. We had also a letter from Comtesse Gyldenstolpe (née Norah Plunkett), wife of the Swedish minister, from Bordeaux. She says: "I shall never forget our hurried departure from Paris that night, that endless train, crowded with people of all nationalities, from a small Chinese baby up to the most important ambassador, everybody divided up by countries. I never knew we had so many colleagues before. As we travelled through the night we passed one train militaire after the other, crowds both of soldiers and evident refugees all along the line, so many wounded too. I shall never forget it; everybody so anxious and preoccupied, and at the same time each one asking for his baggage and wondering how he could 'caser' himself

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when one got there. The heat too; there are no words to describe what it was; no words either to describe the crowd, soldiers, political people, diplomats, stray foreigners, who really had nothing to do here, and anxious relatives, who wished to be at headquarters to obtain news. . . ."

I think the crowd has diminished a little now, but, of course, as long as the government is at Bordeaux it will always be the great centre. We have been up to the church for the last time, and I went to say good-by to M. le curé. He received me in his salon this time—really quite a nice room, with a red-velvet sofa and armchairs, a bookcase, and a big window opening on a pretty garden. I told him if I had been more familiar with the chants of his church I would have offered to play for him. He said he hadn't dared ask me. He was much interested in all I told him about Mareuil and how our house had been "saccagé." It was a beautiful evening, soft, pink, sunset clouds; the yellow moon just rising over the trees; not a sound in the quiet little place until the evening angelus. I shall miss the bells; they seem to speak of peace and hope.

PARIS, *Monday*, 28th September.

We arrived this morning after a long night in the train, the carriage full. However, we had no adventures. We left Les Aulneaux looking quite charming in the sunshine about 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon. I had sent for a carriage from Mamers for H——, as I was afraid she would appreciate neither the mayor's conveyance nor his conversation, but his trap followed with our luggage and the two women. The drive was charming; our old horse went quite fast enough. The harness was a little casual; the driver got down once or twice to arrange something, finally asked Marie if she had a pair of scissors and a piece of string. She produced both, and he mended whatever was wrong, and we got to Mamers without any adventure. The town was full of soldiers—many wounded, a group of Turcos sitting in the sun. Two of them looked badly, stretched out on couvertures; they couldn't speak—just smiled when we talked to them. These fierce fighters that caused such havoc with the Germans, and are such a wild, formidable enemy, had good simple faces, almost childlike. We stopped at the Hôtel du Cygne on the Place de la République, and sat on the terrace till nearly 9 o'clock, much interested in all that was going on. There was evidently a general or superior officer staying in the house, as orderlies were going and coming all the time with despatches. I asked a nice-looking old colonel if there was any news. "Cela va bien, madame; nous n'avons qu'attendre; nous attendrons." ("All is going well; we have only to wait. We will wait.") The dinner was good, served by women; was entirely military—one long room filled with sous-officiers, the other reserved for the officers and the few passing travellers. There was a great jingle of spurs and sabres when they all trooped in—and a very good-looking lot of officers they were—and then a flow of conversation; all were most cheerful. We had a little table at one end of the room, too far to hear any of the talk, which I was sorry for. Some of them were evidently just from the front, some very smart chasseurs with their light-blue tunics and red trousers, which showed distinct signs of wear. I caught every now and then the names of familiar places in my part of the country: La Ferté Milon—Villers-Cotterets. They might perhaps have given me news of Mareuil, but I didn't like to ask. Our carriage came a little before 8 to take us to the station, where there was again a great crowd—as many people apparently wanting to get into Paris now as there were who wanted to get out three weeks ago. We took a little country train to Connerets and there got the "rapide de Brest" for Paris. Any illusion we had had of a carriage to ourselves—or even a comfortable seat—was quickly dispelled. The train stopped for a very short time; we were hurried into the first-class carriage (there were only two on the train) and found one seat (we were four) for H——. I began my night sitting on my valise in the couloir, but after a little while the people in the carriage where H—— was made room for me, and I got through the night fairly comfortably, though it is years since I have sat up straight all night in a crowded carriage. I was thankful when we arrived at 7:30 at the Gare Montparnasse, and I hope I won't have to take another railway journey while the country is under martial law.

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KIPLING'S CHILDREN

FOUR DRAWINGS BY

JESSIE WILLCOX SMITH

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

"'I am the Colonel Sahib's son, and my order is that you go at once'" . . . . . *Frontispiece for this number*

BAA BAA, BLACK SHEEP

"There was no trace of Papa and Mamma, not even of a ship upon the waters"

THE BRUSHWOOD BOY

"He and she explored the dark-purple downs as far inland from the brushwood-pile as they dared"

"THEY"

"I was forming some apology when she lifted up her head and I saw that she was blind"

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BAA BAA, BLACK SHEEP.

"They climbed another dune, and came upon the great gray sea at low tide, . . . but there was no trace of Papa and Mamma, not even of a ship upon the waters."

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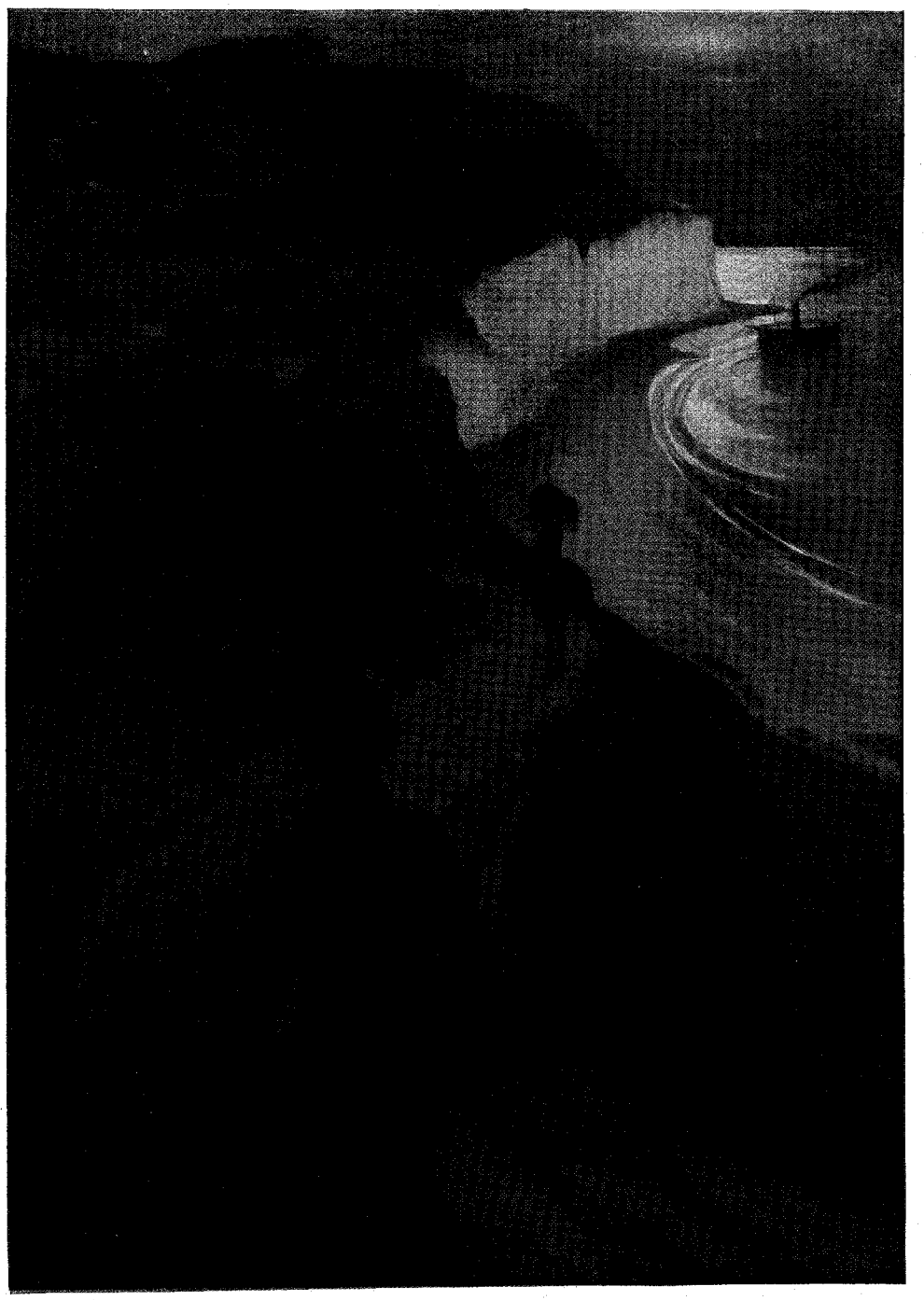

THE BRUSHWOOD BOY.

"He would find himself sliding into dreamland by the same road. . . . First, shadowy under closing eyelids, would come the outline of the brushwood-pile; next the white sand of the beach-road, almost overhanging the black, changeful sea; then the turn inland and up-hill to the single light. . . . He and she explored the dark-purple downs as far inland from the brushwood-pile as they dared, but that was always a dangerous matter."

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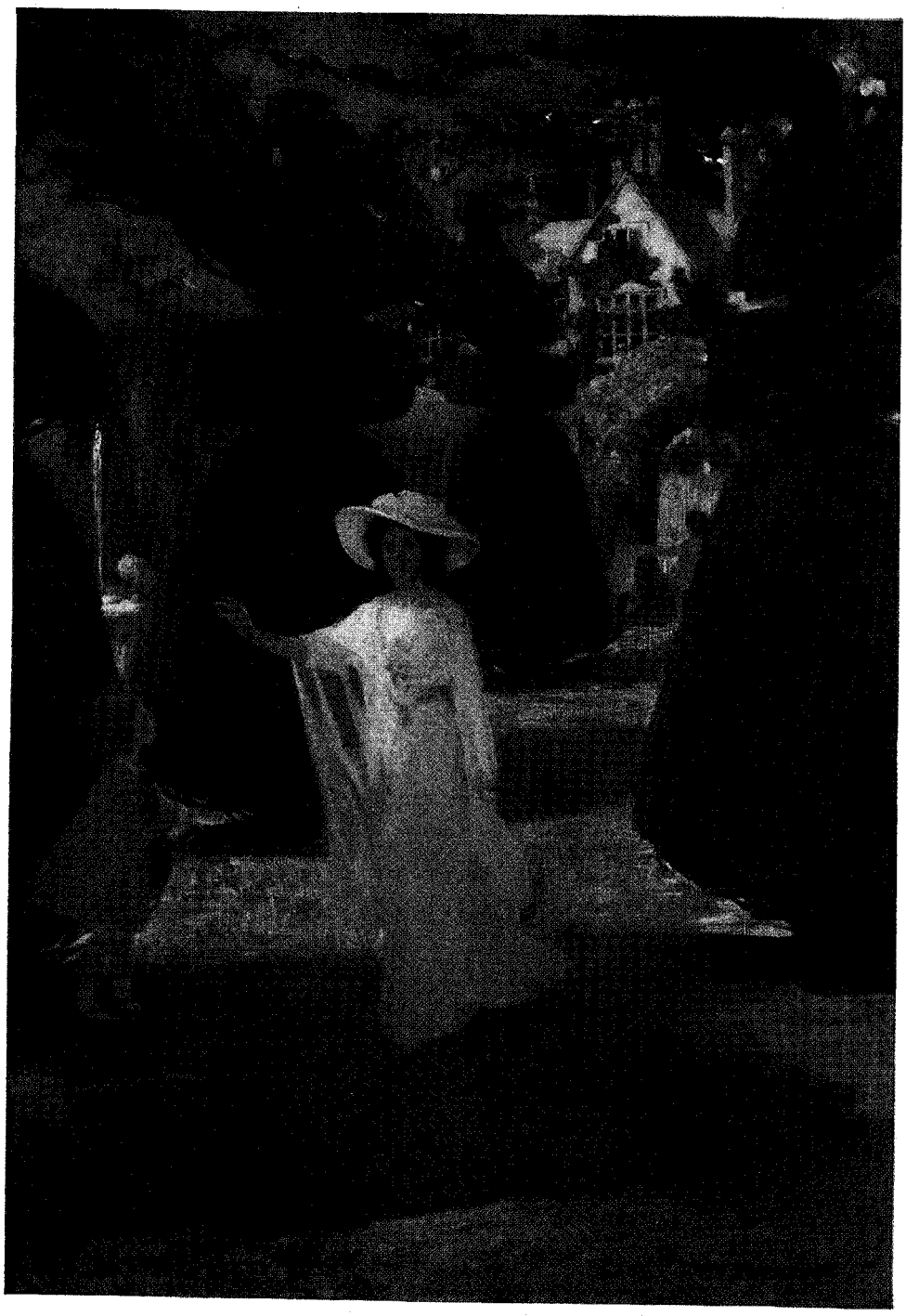

"THEY."

"The garden door—heavy oak sunk deep in the thickness of the wall—opened further: a woman in a big garden hat set her foot slowly on the time-hollowed stone step and as slowly walked across the turf. I was forming some apology when she lifted up her head and I saw that she was blind."

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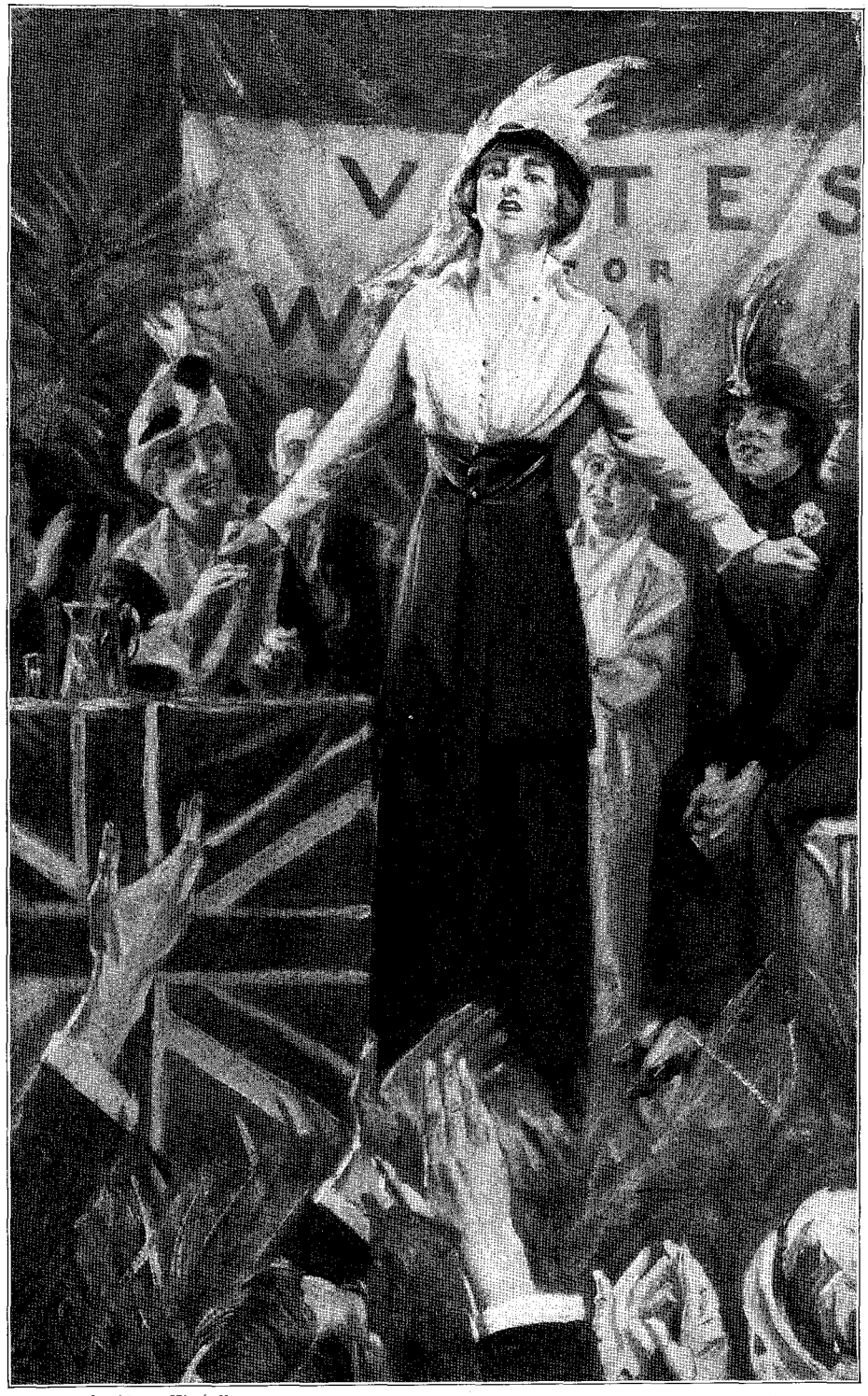

Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

The audience was caught off its feet; the Celtic dash and charm of the girl made her words inflammable.
—Page 54.

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COALS OF FIRE

By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALONZO KIMBALL

IN the middle of a sentence the speaker stopped short. It was as if the crowded auditorium held its breath. In the tense stillness one heard sounds of the city outside; above all, one heard newsboys calling extras, every moment that wailing cry of high young voices:

"Extra! Extra! All about——"

The words trailed off into tones only. But everybody in the hall knew what it was "all about." Everybody knew that this sudden sea of extra editions shouted in the streets of London meant a battle of the new war. Somewhere, by land or sea, men, Englishmen likely, were dead and dying at that second. A childish voice ringing distantly through the sudden stillness was a sound to strike terror. The speaker held up her hand.

"You hear!" she said, and the intimate inflection of the two words said more. It said: "That is the thought claiming us. How can I make a speech on politics when every brain here is racing after the vague cries out there!"

Then she put the thought into words. She was a little girl, not over twenty-five, delicately built and fair, with a gentle voice, yet a voice which people listened for, and heard.

"You hear the boys calling extras?" she asked. "You can't help listening. I can't, any more. Less, perhaps, for as I came here to-night the children in the street selling the evening papers put an idea into my mind which hasn't got shaken out. I haven't had time to think about it, to see if it is sane or quite mad. May I tell it to you, this scheme which grew like a mushroom, like a flame, in my brain as I came to talk to you?"

There was no question that they wished to hear the scheme. When the clapping had died down the girl, flushed a bit at her evident power, winning of manner, responsive to the friendliness which she always drew forth, faced them silently a moment. Her blue eyes shone down into the crowd with a growing light. Then she tossed up a hand sharply and the thrill which had caught her went through the audience.

"I must believe in it," she cried. "It has come to me from beyond myself. It has come to me," she said clearly, "that in this national crisis the women of England who believe themselves worthy of equal responsibilities with men have an opportunity. Suppose all the woman's suffrage organizations of the country should lay aside their cause for the duration of the war; that all who can volunteer for service in the field should at once go into training; that the treasuries should be turned over to the work; that we should, as an organized body, for the men of England who are refusing us our hearts' desire, pour out our strength, our money, and our lives—" She stopped, her look flashing, considering. Then—"I think that's all," she finished.

There was a gasping moment when no one of the six thousand people seemed to blink as all the twelve thousand eyes stared. Then a voice somewhere repeated "That's all!" and at once the great place broke into a ripple, a wave, a sea of laughter. The girl on the platform, in a flash a mere girl and not a speech-making agitator, laughed with them. Till the merriment died. And then into its last echoes she spoke.

"I'm Irish, you know," she spoke. "It's quite natural for me to make a bull." Her face was swiftly intense. "There's a kind of laugh which kills a question," she said. "This isn't that kind. This means, not that the question is absurd, but that my making little of it, as I seemed to do, was absurd. Wasn't that it?"

And left-over laughter all through the house answered her friendlily. With that

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she was again the flaming bit of humanity which had proved itself many times a valuable asset. "I think the question is not absurd," she went on. "I think it's serious. I've heard it in words now, and I believe—I believe—" she hesitated; her hesitations were among the most telling points of her speeches, for they enlisted an audience on the side of the small thing struggling to get to its good will. "I believe"—she flew at her sentence then—"that it would be the grandest heap of coals of fire that anybody ever did heap on the heads of a lot of stubborn gentlemen. We mustn't lose our identity; we must go as suffragists, united and wholehearted, and show what we will do for our men, for the men who won't do the thing we ask for us. Coals of fire!" she repeated. "We'll scorch them into reason; we'll burn our way to their brains with our suffering and our generosity and our courage. Coals of fire—coals of fire!" The mystical blue eyes flamed, as if deep in them burned already the glorious coals.

The audience was caught off its feet; the Celtic dash and charm of the girl made her words inflammable; every creature there was already tinder, easy to light with the scratch of a match which had to do with the war. She stampeded the house; with a roar it rose to its feet, men and women; they shouted and waved and pounded. Till at last she held up her hand.

"Give me a chance," she threw into the tumult, and laughed. "It's a grand idea—it is. Isn't it?" She nodded confidently at the ocean of faces down in front. "I know it is if I did do it myself. But give me a chance. I want to make a motion." And the house was suddenly still. She stood there silent a second, thoughtful. She had been making speeches for two years now, and audiences had been kind to her. She was not afraid of them, or conscious with them. This one watched, silent, as a person might watch an attractive child, for a long half-minute. Then she lifted her eyes in a blue flash. "Doesn't anybody want to be saying anything?"

From a back seat a woman shot up, a fresh-colored, strong woman, with a hawk face. "Yes. I do," she said. "I'm a trained nurse. I went through the South African war. I'm at the head of a nursing home now. I'll go. I'll take classes to train."

Across the aisle another woman rose, a woman in smart clothes and jewels. "I can't give as much as—my sister." She smiled at the nurse in her plain dark clothes, the "sister" whom she had never before seen. "I can't give myself. I can't go. I'm too old, and I'm ill. But I'll start a subscription for the training. I'll subscribe five thousand pounds." She turned again to the nurse. "It's far less than your gift," she said, and sat down.

With that a gray-haired woman, beautiful once, with a face still chiselled and proud and a look which was like ice over a volcano, was standing; some one else sprang up in front; another and another; there were five trying to speak. The chairman of the meeting looked at the woman with the cold face, standing in her lilac dress, dainty, feminine. "Mrs. Illingworth," she said; the last time the chairman had seen Mrs. Illingworth she had been in prison.

She began to talk; the incisive, tired tones carried everywhere. "This is not a thing to hurry. We have toiled and undergone for what we have got—" and with that there was a murmur about her, a beginning of applause, for many knew her and what Ellen Illingworth had herself undergone. But she hushed the murmur. "I want to say something," she spoke. "We have a large organization; we have work doing; we have money; we have given years and strength to get these things. We should be quite sure of what we wish before we draw it all out for a cause not—our own." She sat down; a chill seemed to fall upon the excited audience. But at once a young woman was on her feet, a rosy-cheeked young Englishwoman.

"Not our own!" she cried. "England! Aren't we all English before we're anything else?"

"No. I'm a woman first," the tired voice answered quietly, and again a chill came upon the house. Slowly Mrs. Illingworth stood up once more. "I'm older than most of you," she spoke. "I have seen and I have—suffered." The audience, turned this way and that to face toward her, listened. Every one knew who

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she was now, every one knew her record, for the press had thundered at this small, gray-haired lady who stood there in her gay, lilac, feminine frock, with old lace at her worn throat. People were likely to listen to Ellen Illingworth, out of curiosity if for no other reason. The measured voice went on. "Consider if we should do as Miss O'Hara suggests. The edifice which we suffragists have built through patient years would be gone in a year; many young lives would be gone; our sinews of war would be gone; we should come back to the weary battle at the beginning, worn out. As for the men—" The lined, proud face smiled a sarcastic smile. "I have learned things about men. There is here and there a man who may be trusted not to abuse power; men—never! There would be no gratitude; no question of fair play toward mere women; no thought that we had won consideration in serious questions. You talk of coals of fire!" The woman's clinched fist was raised in air and her face was torn with bitter feeling. "It might be so toward other men, toward savages, toward dogs—but not toward women. Women—their age-long slaves and dolls—what should they ask better than sacrifice? Haven't women always taken the pain without the gain? Why should that time-honored formula change? I tell you that if the suffragists of England adopt this mad scheme, and if English armies come home victorious, it will be the old story. For the men, honor, glory, fame; for the women, suffering, sacrifice, silence. Coals of fire! Our Englishmen would brush them irritably off their thick skulls and order us back to the dish-washing, as they have done and will do till we force them by the only reasoning they can understand—by violence and destruction and, perhaps, bloodshed—to give us what we will have." Trembling, Ellen Illingworth sat down and, bowed together, hid her face in her hands.

The house was breathlessly still for one moment. Then a manner of unrest, a low murmur, from this side and that, arose. The Irish girl, the speaker of the evening, stepped forward to the edge of the platform, her hand up in an eager gesture. But before the uneasy audience had come to her whip, before she had spoken, something happened. From the row of notables at the back of the platform a figure detached itself, a very old, bent, tall woman, bright-faced, serene, leaning on a cane. As she took the first quick, bird-like step forward, feeling the way with her cane, every one in the hall saw that the brilliant black eyes were blind. A man moved quickly to her, but she pushed him away, smiling. She would go alone. Aileen O'Hara, facing the house, was conscious of a stir; she turned, sprang back to the side of the blind woman, and together they came forward, helpless old age, glowing youth. The audience waited with a shock of interest in this new drama of a dramatic evening, and then the little young girl, on tiptoe, whispered a word, and the tall woman, bent as she was, bent more to catch it.

"Why, yes, my dear," people heard her answer.

"Ladies and gentlemen," Aileen O'Hara said clearly, "I'm not feeling any necessity to introduce the next speaker, beyond telling you that this lady is Evelyn Erskine."

Perhaps only a few persons in Great Britain could have been found who did not know the name of the oldest woman-suffragist in the kingdom, the friend in her girlhood of John Stuart Mill, a power yet, in age and blindness, in the councils of the movement. She stood, very old, bowed, sightless, with her sunny, gentle face turned vaguely, smilingly, toward the great, full auditorium, while they greeted her, clapping, cheering, calling her name. And when they stopped a tremulous voice came quite suddenly into the stillness.

"Friends," she spoke, "since women have lived on earth, the banner over them has been Love."

The quavering voice halted, and in one long peal the auditorium broke into applause, but stopped suddenly as the smiling, blind face turned toward the girl, and the lips spoke a word and the girl held up her hand.

"Wait," Miss O'Hara said, "till she has finished; you must not take her strength." And the house was still as death.

The old voice went on. "Love. That is still the word on the banner. Not less because we are constrained to-day to

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write two or three other words beneath it. We must write them. Freedom is the greatest one. Opportunity, vision, light" —the eyes which had no vision or light smiled out over the house—"those come out of freedom. We have had to do hard things in freedom's name; it is so always. Yet we want it because the love which we must give will be in that way more worth while, wiser, stronger." She labored a bit with the speaking but she went on bravely. "Then why, when love is the greatest of our watchwords, should we do our work with bitterness? Men and women are the two halves of humanity. Divided we fall. That is why some day men must give us what we must have. That is why when women fight for freedom, to death, if need be, it should be without malice, with kindness. If there is any bitterness leave it to those who oppose us. But if we keep our own hearts kind there will be, after a while, not any bitterness. Do not let us lose courage if we fail again and again. Do not let us lose faith if men fail us again and again. The day will come—I think it is coming fast—when courage and faith will sweep down the barriers as the waters cover the sea. This child"—her hand went out to Aileen O'Hara's responsive one—"has shown a way—I never dreamed of so big and beautiful a way—to act as the angels might act, to spend all for love, never counting the cost. Is there any doubt that we should take this heaven-sent opportunity? I think none. Englishwomen will show themselves in England's trial great enough to drop all questions, however large, of their own gain, and throw heart and soul into England's safety. With our wide organization we can do much. It is our dear men who are going to bleed and die out there; it is our men, dear even as opponents, who have denied us what we must some day have. It is on those beloved thick skulls, as Mrs. Illingworth says truly, that we should heap our coals of fire. Let us do that. Let us, as swiftly as possible, put our strength at the government's disposal and work now, not for womanhood, but humanity." A tremulous arm stretched toward the upturned sea of stirred faces, and the smile on the wrinkled face was a benediction. "I say to you, as a very old saint once said—from the height of my years I say to you all: 'Little children, love one another.'"

When Aileen O'Hara had led her back to her seat and had come forward again, and when the tumult of applause was still, the Irish girl, her blue eyes blurred as if tears were close, spoke a sentence. "I was forgetting to tell you beforehand," she said, "that the suffragists have taken on a very small number of angels out of heaven to back them up. The last speaker is one." And men and women in the house wiped away tears as they laughed.

She turned to the chairman. "I move," she said, "that the woman's suffrage societies of Great Britain and Ireland be advised by this meeting to change and adjust their organizations so as to form a relief corps for service in the care of the wounded during the war now beginning; that they apply the money in the treasuries to that object; that subscription lists be opened for further funds; that training classes for service at the front be formed."

She stopped. The chairman, looking at her, repeated the motion to the house. A man in the body of the hall, with a short speech of approval of the scheme as essentially in woman's domain, a speech which showed him an anti-suffragist, seconded the motion, and it was carried at once almost unanimously. There were questions, suggestions, a subscription list of many signatures, and at the end of everything little Aileen O'Hara, who had turned her evening's address to such revolutionary purpose, came once more to the edge of the platform.

"Dear people," she said, in the confident tone which came rightly from her, "I want to thank you for this meeting. Also for not thinking me mad—only inspired. For it's inspired the idea was—it's none of mine. From beyond somewhere it lighted, and it used my lips only because they came convenient. Before I stop talking I've a few words to repeat that were written by a man for men. You all know them. I'm using them now because to me they have seemed always to be written for the express comfort and help of us. I hope they will go home with all of us, for it's we that can use them if we will."

The very blue eyes flashed this way and

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that till she seemed to have gathered up the crowded place in the palm of her hand, and then, her fair head thrown back, her gaze out beyond, in the cruel places, perhaps, to which she was leading her host of following women, she began to repeat Kipling's "If":

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you."

Line after line slid out, each with its distinct touch of alluring brogue. She came to the second half of the second stanza:

"If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken,"

repeated little Aileen O'Hara very slowly—

"Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop, and build 'em up with worn-out tools—"

And then:

"If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to you: 'Hold on'—"

She stopped. "It's that has got to be done. We've got to learn, we women who are going into this war, to do exactly that thing—to hold on when there's nothing in us at all, at all, except that dogged thing that doesn't stop saying 'Hold on.' Doesn't stop it till we die of it, sometimes. You who are enlisting for this work, do you know we'll have to drop in our tracks, many of us, and just plain die? We're to face that. It comes to me to say one other thing and then I'll promise to stop talking. It's this: If this goes, the spirit in which the suffragists carry it through is going to mean more to suffrage than fifty years of agitation. We've got to be not only as brave, as self-forgetting, as devoted, as other nurses; we've got to be more so, because we're labelled as unwomanly, and this is our chance to prove that hearts and heads are no enemies. Every woman going into this crusade should vow herself to it like a knight of old; she should make up her mind that no fatigue, no danger, shall weigh against service; that every service is to count as a joy, and that the hardest and most repulsive duty must be so flooded with that word on Mrs. Erskine's banner that every suffering man shall be our brother and we shall love them all."

In the street, as she came out of the hall, stood a tall man whose carriage instantly affected one with a sense of incongruity that he was not in uniform.

"Aileen!" He stepped forward.

Lady Whitcomb, she who had subscribed five thousand pounds, who was going to drive the girl home, swept on to her car.

"Walk," he begged. "I'm ordered off to-morrow. It's my last chance."

And Lady Whitcomb nodded to the girl's half-dozen words and understood. The girl was excited.

"I've been at it again, as you say," she threw at the man as they swung down the dim street. "Why don't you scold? Why don't you tell me I'm unfeminine, and men dislike strong-minded females." A loose lock of her hair blew against his shoulder as she smiled up at him, so close, on the narrow walk, that his pulse quickened.

He answered gloomily: "You know how I hate you to do it."

"Were you in there?" inquired Aileen.

"No. I've never heard you speak. I couldn't stand it."

"The audience stood it well, I'd have you know. If you please, Captain MacLeod, I had applause to-night and the audience did exactly as I wished. They did that." She nodded her head exultantly. "There was a big idea which came to me from"— she waved her hand cheerfully toward the stars—"from somewhere. I don't know where. Witches, angels—something beyond me put it into my head. And it went, Duncan, it went like wildfire. They're going to do it. And it's a big scheme——"

The man interrupted. "Aileen, you don't know what you're doing. You're using your charm and your—your brains to light fires that you can't put out. Here's the country in the grip of a war, with her hands full of danger to the limit, and you're seizing this time for a mad scheme to make more trouble."

The girl watched him as he talked, ad-

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miring, amused, buoyant. "It's that, is it?" she said. "And is there a war? Oh! Well, maybe you'll know better some day what I've done to-night."

The man turned suddenly under a dark arcade and caught her in his arms. "Never mind what you've done to-night," he said. "My regiment's off to-morrow; there's no telling—Will you do this? Will you say that if I come back you'll marry me and give up this suffrage nonsense? What will you want of a vote when you're my dear wife? I'll never let rough things come near you—I'll guard you like a queen. Our home shall be your kingdom. You will have such love, such honor, that you will remember these days with wonder. Won't you, my darling—won't you? Come with me to-night—now—to my uncle the bishop—and be married. Will you?"

The girl, quiet in his arms, listened. When the deep, whispering voice had stopped she looked at him with her face brimful of sudden laughter but brimful of another look as well. "The old song of the serpent," she said. "The song that has charmed the birds all these thousands of years. And it *is* sweet. Because—because you're you. That seems to be such a reason. But the birds somehow are changing a little, Duncan darling. They—they can't flutter into your grasp and be satisfied nowadays. They—we're getting to be human beings, dear, and you'll like us much better when we're done. We're not going to be like men—don't worry. Am I a ruffian?" and the eyes, soft with strong feeling, danced at him. "We're the old eternal feminine, and we'll never lose it, and we never want to. But oh, Duncan—would you honor me if I gave up what I believe, if I deserted my flag to be happy?"

"I don't ask you to do a thing except marry me," the man said.

"No. But if I married you and every fibre of you revolted every time I made a speech—wouldn't I have to desert my flag or desert you? You'd drive me quite mad, Duncan, in a week."

"Then you won't marry me unless I come over to your flag? Is that it?"

The girl's little fists beat on his coat as she faced him. "Duncan! I'd not have you at any price if you gave up your principles for love of me. I wouldn't have it."

"Well, what in Heaven's name would you have, Aileen? I only want you. But you're confusing me with split hairs till—till I'm desperate."

She broke into laughter; then, swiftly, her voice was all sadness. "My dear," she said, "that's the tragedy. It's a deadlock. I won't have you under my colors unless you believe in them. I can't come under yours. And if I married you as things are I couldn't bear it. You'd resent it that I couldn't be influenced; I'd resent it that you should try to influence the most vital thing in me. We couldn't be happy. Some people are. It's only a difference of political creed. But we take it too hard, we two. We can't—can we?"

"I can," the man persisted doggedly. "Once you're my wife I'd make you so happy you wouldn't need——"

"Oh!" the girl flew at him. "Do you think I want to be that kind—a doll, a chicken? Don't you see? Wouldn't you despise me if I gave up the burden and heat of the day, left it to my comrades—turned to the easy ways to be happy? Please say you'd despise me, Duncan! I can't stand it to have you treat me—like a toy kitten!"

"I see how you feel," the man admitted reluctantly, honestly. And then: "So it's hopeless!"

The bright face flashed to him. "The whole world seems full of hope," she said. "Somehow it's going to come right. Will you let me tell you what happened to-night?"

"No," he answered roughly. "I can't. I'm going to the front. I may not come back. You won't marry me. How can I listen quietly to a tale about what's keeping you from me?"

They were at her door. He stood in the shadowy entrance, holding her two hands in a desperate grip, staring at her, miserable, helpless.

"At least give me a word to go off with. Tell me once that you love me."

As she gazed up at him in the half-light she looked suddenly very pale and tired. "I'm going off, too," she said. And then: "Go. Fight for England and—for me."

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The door opened and shut; he stood alone on the dark steps, dazed, somehow happy.

Beyond the hollow where the first-aid station stood sheltered, a mile away across level fields, a straight canal glittered. The sunset shone back from its quiet surface. Two rows of poplars shivered above it, blurring the reflection; a road ran near the water. It was like a peaceful picture by Hobbema.

"I'd forgotten there was anything green and quiet," the girl said to the woman next her.

The woman caught her arm, stared up. "Look!"

Two or three miles distant an object like a gigantic cigar crossing the clouds swam, high above village spire and windmills, toward the intrenchments behind whose far-extended lines the group of nurses stood.

"A dirigible," the girl spoke. "How bold they are getting to come so close to the advance! There's another—see!"

Behind each regiment of the brigade to which these women were assigned was a small first-aid station—as close as might be—four stations, for the brigade was a full one. Back of these, farther from the fighting, were again four hospital tents, equipped with all completeness possible. Still more to the rear, at the junction of two roads, was the large field-hospital. To the nearest of these islands of hope came orderlies with stretchers, running out of the hopelessness and horror, carrying things that had been men an hour before. And there nurses in glowing orange-red uniforms, the "Coals of Fire," as they called themselves, as they had come to be known through the armies, waited to do their grisly work, which was yet work of angels.

There had been battle upon battle—many battles in one; lines of armed men stretched for more than two hundred miles along a peaceful countryside. Blazing villages marked the advance of a nation of soldiers; dazed peasants, who wondered what the war was about, suffered and died along that red line; starved cattle, ruined fields, horrible heaps of bodies lay across it, ghastly, indecent; old, quiet cities, which had long ago lived through fiery baptisms, agonized innocently in a new horror; modern civilization had brought a power to make war titanic. Yet it had brought also something which was good. Those stations back of a brigade stood for a spirit, not strong enough yet, it seemed, to prevent bloodshed, but yet eager, if bloodshed must be, to soften its cruelty. It seemed a core of gentleness and hope which the large band of women known as "Coals of Fire" had established in the centre of the grimness called battle. Many a time a wounded man, lifting his head above groaning heaps, gazed about eagerly for a glimpse of the conspicuous, flame-colored, rough dresses, and when he saw them fell back relieved.

"They'll find us," many and many a time such a man cried, out of his pain. "The 'Coals of Fire' don't miss anybody."

"And they'll follow a chap in trouble to the gates of hell," a comrade on the bloody field would add. For the nurses there was no spot too dangerous and they stretched their orders to the breaking-point in search for "chaps in trouble." Their courage was a proverb. Over and over the wounded under their hands, looking up to their faces, had said:

"What makes you so good to us? I thought suffrage women were cold-blooded and masculine"—for over England, over the world, it was known who the "Coals of Fire" were and what they had done. There had come to be a formula for answering this sort of speech, so often was it made. "We're just the old-time women," they said cheerfully, "and you're all our brothers, and we love you all."

So that not the least seed of controversy was allowed in their new work, and, as old Evelyn Erskine had said: "The banner over them was" still "love." There was no talk of their cause. Yet again and again a wounded soldier smiled as they toiled over him and said: "Sister, if the 'Coals of Fire' want to vote when we get back to old England, we'll help. We know now."

There were a few slips from their war bibles which soldiers found lying about where they had been. "Never talk about your cause and never forget it," was one. And "Anybody you can help is your best-beloved." And "Plant gentleness and

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grow justice." And over and over "Coals of Fire—Coals of Fire. Heap them higher and higher."

Some, of course, broke down under the stress, but more developed an unguessed force. The out-of-doors air, the joy of pouring out all the time healing and hope to those desperately needing it, the necessity of strength, seemed to strengthen them like a miracle. It was a life of fearful strain yet of tremendous vitality.

Aileen O'Hara suddenly heard anew, off down at the front, a sullen boom, a sharp rattling of machine guns, the singing of shot, sounds which she had come to know and distinguish. She listened a moment, alert; then she groaned aloud. The fighting was on again.

"Futile; oh, so futile!" she cried. "To take those splendid boys, every one of them some woman's boy, and mangle them, and send them back to us to help a little if we can—so often just to make us watch them die."

For the thousandth time in her three months of service she was seized with a desperate revolt against the pitiful unreasonableness of the great shambles. "When women help rule, women who know the price of a life, there will be no wars"; the thought had formed in her mind over and over, but she had not spoken it, even to the other women—now was not a time for discussion; now was the time for action.

And with that here were orderlies coming up to the dressing-station, with a stretcher and something quiet lying on it, something whose brown khaki was stained and wet and dark. The hospital-corps tag, affixed on the line of battle, told her trained eye that this patient was unable to walk; that he was also wounded in the head. Swiftly she was at work; the surgeon flung at her, as she handled the now familiar tools of the trade, brief syllables. She obeyed, turned with things needed to where the surgeon stood. The cap was over the face of the wounded man; the surgeon lifted it and the girl's pulse gave a leap and stopped. She had thought of this possibility; she had tried to be prepared; all that was nothing; the end of the world had come. He was lying before her, wounded, perhaps dead. She rocked a bit on her feet; everything seemed a long way off; it stabbed at her that now, now at this test moment, she was going to faint. Then, all at once, the strength that is not in us or of us, which has come at time of need in the experience of many, poured into this girl. When the surgeon, cutting away clothes, examining with swift gentleness, looked up at her from MacLeod he found her steady, quick, as always.

The bearers were coming in with more litters; the surgeons were all at work; there were patients waiting. "You can finish this; it's not likely to be fatal; get him to the ambulance station as soon as you can."

The surgeon was gone to the next case, and it was her fingers that were giving the vital first help to Duncan MacLeod. Steadily she worked, holding down emotion with a grip, using hands and eyes and brain as tools, disconnecting them from her personality. Only so might she do her absolute best, and no weakness must prevent that best from being done. The wound in the head, where a bit of bursting shell had stunned him, was dressed, and she was bending by the torn knee left by the surgeon ready to bandage when suddenly her eyes were drawn from her work, drawn as if by physical force to gray eyes that opened wide.

"You," he whispered. And then: "Is it you?"

The skilful fingers stopped a second. She looked at him, gasped, stared, and swiftly fell to bandaging again.

"Won't you—speak to me?"

The fingers with the white following bandage flew back and forth, back and forth.

"I don't give a hang to get well, if you don't care," the deep voice went on, a bit breathless. It was hard to talk. And then: "You don't care—or you'd speak. I'm just—one of the procession. You don't care."

The bandaging was finished. The big, war-blackened fingers, limp along the battered leg, were suddenly aware that they were held close. In the swinging half-light of the station no one of the busy gruesome scene saw or cared. "I didn't—dare speak—till I'd done the bandage. I might have g-gone to pieces. Duncan—quick—listen. I'm caring this way: if I could empty my life into a cup and give it to you I'd pour it out this minute. I'm

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

"I didn't—dare speak—till I'd done the bandage."—Page 60.

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caring that way." In a flash she bent, and the kiss that she had never given him was on his lips. Then she was gone, and he was being carried again by men in hospital uniform back to the ambulance which would take him to the field-hospital.

An hour later the great battle-field was quiet. But across its length and breadth went another army, an army of mercy. Everywhere one saw through velvet darkness a flash of little electric torches, as hospital corps and nurses searched for the wounded.

"It's thim angels," a sorely hurt Irishman cried out as he saw Aileen O'Hara bending over him, signalling to the bearers to bring a litter. "The saints bless ye, sister"; and then, lifted gently to the stretcher, "It's like a baby I'm feelin', wishin' I'd me mother to hold me hand," and a sob broke from the exhausted body and soul.

A warm hand folded around his. "Let me be your mother, dear man," little Aileen O'Hara's voice spoke out of the darkness. "I'll hold your hand all the way, and all the way you're to be thinking how soon you'll be well again and going to the real mother in old Ireland."

The man was quiet as they made their way through the grisly place, but just before they got to the dressing-station his head turned and the girl felt hot tears on her hand that held his, and he put his lips to it as he might to the hem of the Virgin's dress.

"Somebody must be lovin' ye hard, ye little angel of a 'Coal of Fire,'" the Irishman spoke.

And the girl whispered back out of the night. "I'm thinking somebody is," she said.

It was almost to the day a year from the date of the meeting now known as "Coals-of-Fire night," when there was a meeting again in London. The war was over. The army was not all home yet, but the nurses were back; yet not all, for some had gone down in the storm, as Aileen O'Hara had prophesied. They wore, those home again, the marks of that year of life given out by handfuls; many young heads had gone gray, many fresh faces lost their color; yet they had lived and helped. Is there anything yet discovered better to do with a life than to give it away? No regret had been heard from any one of those who had enlisted in the extraordinary movement called the "Coals of Fire," only thankfulness to have been of a great experience. And now that they were disbanded as nurses they gathered to the reorganization of the old cause.

The entire great hall engaged for their first public meeting had been sold out long before the date. There was an overflow meeting in a hall near by; there were speakers in the streets; everywhere a crowd appeared if it was only said that a "Coals-of-Fire" nurse was to be heard. And everywhere, everywhere, they were heard with respectful silence, which held itself in leash till it might break in mad enthusiasm, for what these women had done had pierced to the heart of the nation. The old jeers were quiet; the jeerers, the rowdies who had once howled down the women's voices, led the applause. There was no question now that, whatever the heads of the government might believe, the hearts of the populace were with the women.

Aileen O'Hara felt this, as every good speaker must feel the temper of an audience, and it exhilarated her as she walked down the platform. She stood there a second, facing the people massed to the walls; she was still fair-haired and little, but her face was worn and thin, and the vivid blue eyes had a look not there a year ago, the look of one who has gone through deep waters.

"Ladies and gentlemen," she said, and at the three words the place was pandemonium. Her voice, the memory of what she had done and endured, was a match to a powder magazine. They stood up, the thousands and thousands of them, and waved their hats and their handkerchiefs, and shouted her name over and over, "Miss O'Hara—Aileen O'Hara," and "Coals of Fire—Coals of Fire," and sent up cheer upon cheer. And little Aileen O'Hara, astonished, in the sight of all of them, suddenly began to cry. She felt it coming; she tried hard to stop it, but it was as inevitable as taxes.

"Golf balls," she whispered to herself; "Stilton cheese; hairpins." It was

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a formula she had known to be efficient in stopping tears.

But it was of no use now. Everybody, everybody saw her eyes fill and tears roll down the pale cheeks. Then, suddenly, her face was in her hands and she had turned and fled precipitately. And with that half the auditorium, men as well as women, were crying, too. The hearts of the people were soft; almost every one there was in mourning; this little girl who had gone through ice and flame to nurse their soldier boys came close to them; they all knew what memories had broken down her self-control at the sound of their applause; no words could have spoken as eloquently as those unwelcome tears and that sudden retreat.

In two minutes she was back, laughing, apologetic. "You'll have to forgive me," she cried with the old air of sure friendliness. "I wasn't dreaming I could be such a—such a baby. But you came right into my heart, and it wasn't—big enough." Her voice faltered; she went on quickly. "I'm not going to talk now—I can't. I'll wait till afterward and—get steady. But I'm thanking you for that welcome—" She wheeled and hurried back and sat down.

A practical speech followed from a well-known leader, proposing plans for a campaign. There was discussion, there were questions from the audience, and a few words of warm praise from a man about the work of the nurses and the changed status it had given suffragists throughout the country. Then Mrs. Illingworth, sitting on the platform, rose and came forward.

"I want to point out," she said in her deliberate tones, "that practical questions are now our affair. A large experiment has been tried. Our resources are exhausted. I was against the experiment; I believe now that no permanent good will come of it. I don't deny that there is a wide-spread emotional excitement in our favor. We are for the moment a fad. But it is emotional; it will prove temporary. The plain facts are that we have come out of this war with treasuries emptied, organizations broken up, many of our best workers dead or incapacitated, and, on the other side—what? An irresponsible sentiment which will last till the next sensation. I have no trust in a feeling aroused by the play of actors in the lime-light of war; I have no belief in the gratitude of men; as through the ages they will take our heart's blood and push us back into the harness; they will talk of guarding sacred womanhood, while the mother of a month-old baby scrubs their floors and cleans their shoes. Yes, and they will dismiss her mercilessly too, if she does it ill. Wait and see; wait till this wave of cheap enthusiasm is past; see if the men at the helm do not tell us that while the 'Coals-of-Fire' movement was a beautiful conception it had nothing to do with giving women the vote. They will be quite right; it had nothing to do with it. We've given all and gained nothing. Now we must begin at the beginning again, and the sooner we put aside sentiment and hope of result from a side issue, the sooner we get to work on the foundations of our wasted efforts, the better it will be."

As always, the seething volcano within had burned through the icy crust of Ellen Illingworth's manner long before she finished. As always, when she stopped she was shaking and trembling with the violence of her feeling. As she walked slowly back to her chair the audience was still; one remembered that this woman had been six times in prison; one realized that she, if any one on earth, had an excuse for resentment; pity was the first response to this soul in the torment of a relentless hatred.

With that the light figure of Aileen O'Hara sprang forward again and she was talking eagerly. Instantly the buoyant, brave personality caught the audience into a brighter atmosphere. There was that about her flashing, friendly manner, her unexpected inflections, her mischief and her intensity and her beauty and the charm of her Irish speech, which few listeners could resist.

"I'm looking to be stood in the corner with my face to the wall," she began gayly, "because I'm going to contradict Mrs. Illingworth. I've got to contradict her."

And the audience, for something in the voice and manner, laughed consumedly.

"Much that she said was only too true—we all know it. But—" She paused and the delicate face seemed slowly to

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flame like a transparent flower with a lighted lantern back of it. "What if we haven't any money and everything's broken up and"—the clear voice lowered—"and if some of us have laid down our lives as we knew some of us must? What of that? We bought something with that price. We've given—that's the big thing. We've given that to the country which can't be forgotten; nobody can take the joy of it from us. I'm believing it's we that can

'Watch the thing we gave our lives to, broken
And stoop and build it up with worn-out tools.'

We're big enough—the thing is big enough for that. Is there any one here who can't feel in his pulses what it would be to lead a forlorn hope—the glory and the sure destruction—for an ideal? It was something like that with the 'Coals of Fire.' We did it not so much hoping to get anything as to vindicate the greatness, the unselfishness of our cause. We did it not as Englishwomen, or as mere human women, but in a body as the women who believe in women's freedom. And everybody recognized it. Not a poor, wounded soldier who chaffed us in his friendly, rough way but showed by that chaffing that he knew us for soldiers, too, under our flag of freedom. And they loved us; we conquered their affection. I'm not believing it's temporary and emotional. Those men whose lives we had the joy of saving, they're home, or coming home, and they're going to tell their families, and all"—her arms spread out to take in tens of thousands—"all those families of soldiers are going to be our friends. Why—they said so."

She wheeled and went back to her place. When people got their breath from the sudden stop they began to laugh first and then to applaud. This was certainly the spoiled child of audiences. Then "Come back," they cried, and "Hear, hear!" and "Come back and finish." With that one was gradually aware of a tall young officer in the uniform of a cavalry colonel who, standing in the pit, was patiently insisting on speaking. By degrees, as it quieted, the entire place was facing toward the big, soldierly figure with its determined air of something that must be said.

"I'm just back to-night from the front," the deep voice began.

Instantly there was a roar, and the officer's brown face went two shades darker up to his forehead.

"I—I wasn't bidding for that," he explained, as they quieted again. "I was explaining my uniform. I came straight from Paddington Station, don't you see?" He went on: "I'm no talker, but I can't hear this question as to the feeling in the army about the 'Coals of Fire' and not give evidence. Miss O'Hara's right. There's never been anything seen like the devotion to the red angels, as the men call them. Every ignorant private knows what they did—gave over the great fight they were putting up against the government, and in the hour of need threw their whole strength to help the government. That's patriotism, don't you know? It's more; it's Christianity. And the army realized it. I've heard my men talking and I've heard what other officers had to say—it's all the same story. It was quite understood that they were acting as a body, and it made their flag, as Miss O'Hara calls it, conspicuous at a moment when the men had time to think about it, when they were lying wounded. Many came to the long days of the hospital straight from the hands of the nurses; they naturally got thinking about those women—I did. I"—he hesitated, went on with an effort—"I got back to my command later, but I thank God for the shell that wounded me."

He stopped, and only one of those who heard him knew why.

Then he went on: "While I was laid up I thought. I'd been a keen anti-feminist, I suppose you'd call it. But it came to me, lying there, that three-fourths of my opposition was because it was pleasant to believe that, in some mysterious way, I was better fitted than a woman to choose between Jones, Liberal, and Smith, Conservative. I realized that I'd pooh-poohed the whole thing and that it wasn't fair play.

"I hadn't thought of applying fair play to women. Chivalry and devotion, of course, but it was rather a shock to have it come to me that men didn't give their dearest—as a rule—a common chance to their own say. It came to me that if wom-

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en are fitted to be prime ministers they ought to have the chance. If they're not, they won't make good. Wouldn't I be indignant to be limited to a fixed set of things on the women's say-so? Well, rather. Why shouldn't a high-spirited woman feel the same? I've got to think, now, that to everything living is due the chance to develop in every way it is capable of developing. That's justice. The best sort, men or women, prefer justice to indulgence. And women get too much of the second and too little of the first. Look at the war nurses! They risk their lives; you all know that. Often they're under fire; always they're overworked; plenty of them drop in their tracks; they face death every day. In spite of limitations, the 'Coals of Fire' managed to distinguish themselves for conspicuous bravery. Also there's one precious thing which they inevitably gave up in going to the front—no nurse who has been through that is ever young again. But did they have the spur of military pageantry which means so much with an army? Not at all. No drum or fife or brass band or bagpipes, no splendid marching in battle array. No help of that sort to keep up their spirits. Just the dead and dying to tend; the hardship and the drudgery. That's unjust. Too often it's been that way through history; it's really wonderful that a couple of thousand years hasn't taken all initiative out of women. Why, it seems to me that the fact that many are anti-suffragists is one of the most pathetic facts in the affair. It's like prisoners we've heard of who, released after twenty or thirty years, wander back next day to their prisons and beg to be put in. They're frightened at daylight; they don't know how to move without their chains."

The tall officer seemed suddenly aware that a large audience was listening to him rather breathlessly.

"I'm talking too long," he said, and flushed as cries of "No, no," answered him. "I meant only to put in my testimony about the 'Coals of Fire.' I believe that their war action has swung much of the nation into sympathy with their political ideals; I do not believe it will be temporary; the government will be forced to recognize a popular demand. In fact, there are rumors now that the government is impressed. For my own part, I gave serious attention for the first time to the question of suffrage on account of this movement, with the result that I am a convert. I know that the same thing happened to other men. I believe that it happened to thousands. It seems to me that, serious attention being granted, it's got to happen to everybody."

The strong, candid young face, lit by the fire of a generous sentiment, became in a flash all shocked surprise. The man had his watch in his hand.

"Oh! I beg a thousand pardons," he said. "I didn't know I was talking a bookful. You must be bored. Thanks awfully for listening. So sorry." He sat down.

Half an hour later, as the car slid away down the dim street—"Not for me?" she demanded. "It wasn't for me?"

"Not one word," he threw back. "I'd have had to say it if you'd never lived."

She gave a sigh of contentment.

"But," the man went on, and his arm was around her and her two hands close in one of his, "but I did know that—it would make a difference. I've come under your colors; I'm beaten; I give you my sword. What are you going to give me?"

In the darkness of the car, with the flash-lights of London streets coming and going, she put a hand up and drew his face down to the face that was on his shoulder. "Everything," she whispered. "Everything."

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ON THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

THE original manuscript of this essay lay for years in a bundle of old papers, and was always assumed to be the "Letter to a Young Gentleman Who Proposes to Embrace the Career of Art." Recently, however, a closer examination revealed it to be a hitherto unpublished piece of work, and for a while I was greatly mystified as to its origin and the reason for its suppression. Its general character, the peculiar quality of the paper, even the handwriting itself—all went to show it was composed in Saranac in the winter of 1887–88. But why had it been suppressed?

Then in the dim, halting way things recur to one, I began to recall its history. It had been adjudged too cynical, too sombre, in tone, too out of keeping with the helpful philosophy always associated with R. L. S. Instead of assisting the Young Gentleman it was thought to be only too likely to discourage and depress him. Thus it was laid aside in favor of the other essay on the Career of Art. Whether we are right in publishing it now is for the public to decide. We seem to be going against the wishes of the author, who had evidently been content to leave it in oblivion; yet on the other hand it appears wrong to keep so fine an effort, and one so brilliant and grimly humorous from the many who would find pleasure in it. After all, there are others to be considered besides Young Gentlemen; and perhaps with these warned away we shall incur no reproach from the general lovers of literature, but on the contrary gain their support and commendation in the course we have taken.

LLOYD OSBOURNE.

YOU write to me, my dear sir, requesting advice at one of the most momentous epochs in a young man's life. You are about to choose a profession; and with a diffidence highly pleasing at your age, you would be glad, you say, of some guidance in the choice. There is nothing more becoming than for youth to seek counsel; nothing more becoming to age than to be able to give it; and in a civilisation, old and complicated like ours, where practical persons boast a kind of practical philosophy superior to all others, you would very naturally expect to find all such questions systematically answered. For the dicta of the Practical Philosophy, you come to me. What, you ask, are the principles usually followed by the wise in the like critical junctures? There, I confess, you pose me on the threshold. I have examined my own recollections; I have interrogated others; and with all the will in the world to serve you better, I fear I can only tell you that the wise, in these circumstances, act upon no principles whatever. This is disappointing to you; it was painful to myself; but if I am to declare the truth as I see it, I must repeat that wisdom has nothing to do with the choice of a profession.

We all know what people say, and very foolish it usually is. The question is to get inside of these flourishes, and discover what it is they think and ought to say: to perform, in short, the Socratic Operation.—The more ready-made answers there are to any question, the more abstruse it becomes; for those of whom we make the enquiry have the less need of consideration before they reply. The world being more or less beset with Anxious Enquirers of the Socratic persuasion, it is the object of a Liberal Education to equip people with a proper number of these answers by way of passport; so they can pass swimmingly to and fro on their affairs without the trouble of thinking. How should a banker know his own mind? It takes him all his time to manage his bank. If you saw a company of pilgrims, walking as if for a wager, each with his teeth set; and if you happened to ask

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them one after another: Whither they were going? and from each you were to receive the same answer: that positively they were all in such a hurry, they had never found leisure to enquire into the nature of their errand:—confess, my dear sir, you would be startled at the indifference they exhibited. Am I going too far, if I say that this is the condition of the large majority of our fellow men and almost all our fellow women?

I stop a banker.

"My good fellow," I say, "give me a moment."

"I have not a moment to spare," says he.

"Why?" I enquire.

"I must be banking," he replies. "I am so busily engaged in banking all day long that I have hardly leisure for my meals."

"And what," I continue my interrogatory, "is banking?"

"Sir," says he, "it is my business."

"Your business?" I repeat. "And what is a man's business?"

"Why," cries the banker, "a man's business is his duty." And with that he breaks away from me, and I see him skimming to his avocations.

But this is a sort of answer that provokes reflection. Is a man's business his duty? Or perhaps should not his duty be his business? If it is not my duty to conduct a bank (and I contend that it is not) is it the duty of my friend the banker? Who told him it was? Is it in the Bible? Is he sure that banks are a good thing? Might it not have been his duty to stand aside, and let some one else conduct the bank? Or perhaps ought he not to have been a ship-captain instead? All these perplexing queries may be summed up under one head: the grave problem which my friend offers to the world: Why is he a Banker?

Well, why is it? There is one principal reason, I conceive: that the man was trapped. Education, as practised, is a form of harnessing with the friendliest intentions. The fellow was hardly in trousers before they whipped him into school; hardly done with school before they smuggled him into an office; it is ten to one they have had him married into the bargain; and all this before he has had time so much as to imagine that there may be any other practicable course. Drum, drum, drum; you must be in time for school; you must do your Cornelius Nepos; you must keep your hands clean; you must go to parties—a young man should make friends; and, finally—you must take this opening in a bank. He has been used to caper to this sort of piping from the first; and he joins the regiment of bank clerks for precisely the same reason as he used to go to the nursery at the stroke of eight. Then at last, rubbing his hands with a complacent smile, the parent lays his conjuring pipe aside. The trick is performed, ladies and gentlemen; the wild ass's colt is broken in; and now sits diligently scribing. Thus it is, that, out of men, we make bankers.

You have doubtless been present at the washing of sheep, which is a brisk, high-handed piece of manœuvring, in its way; but what is it, as a subject of contemplation, to the case of the poor young animal, Man, turned loose into this roaring world, herded by robustious guardians, taken with the panic before he has wit enough to apprehend its cause, and soon flying with all his heels in the van of the general stampede? It may be that in after years, he shall fall upon a train of reflection, and begin narrowly to scrutinize the reasons that decided his path and his continued mad activity in that direction. And perhaps he may be very well pleased at the retrospect, and see fifty things that might have been worse, for one that would have been better; and even supposing him to take the other cue, bitterly to deplore the circumstances in which he is placed and bitterly to reprobate the jockeying that got him into them, the fact is, it is too late to indulge such whims. It is too late, after the train has started, to debate the needfulness of this particular journey: the door is locked, the express goes tearing overland at sixty miles an hour; he had better betake himself to sleep or the daily paper, and discourage unavailing thought. He sees many pleasant places out of the window: cottages in a garden, angles by the riverside, balloons voyaging the sky; but as for him, he is booked for all his natural days, and must remain a banker to the end.

If the juggling only began with school-

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time, if even the domineering friends and counsellors had made a choice of their own, there might still be some pretension to philosophy in the affair. But no. They too were trapped; they are but tame elephants unwittingly ensnaring others, and were themselves ensnared by tame elephants of an older domestication. We have all learned our tricks in captivity, to the spiriting of Mrs. Grundy and a system of rewards and punishments. The crack of the whip and the trough of fodder: the cut direct and an invitation to dinner: the gallows and the Shorter Catechism: a pat upon the head and a stinging lash on the reverse: these are the elements of education and the principles of the Practical Philosophy. Sir Thomas Browne, in the earlier part of the Seventeenth Century, had already apprehended the staggering fact that geography is a considerable part of orthodoxy; and that a man who, when born in London, makes a conscientious Protestant, would have made an equally conscientious Hindu if he had first seen daylight in Benares. This is but a small part, however important, of the things that are settled for us by our place of birth. An Englishman drinks beer and tastes his liquor in the throat; a Frenchman drinks wine and tastes it in the front of the mouth. Hence, a single beverage lasts the Frenchman all afternoon; and the Englishman cannot spend above a very short time in a café, but he must swallow half a bucket. The Englishman takes a cold tub every morning in his bedroom; the Frenchman has an occasional hot bath. The Englishman has an unlimited family and will die in harness; the Frenchman retires upon a competency with three children at the outside. So this imperative national tendency follows us through all the privacies of life, dictates our thoughts and attends us to the grave. We do nothing, we say nothing, we wear nothing, but it is stamped with the Queen's Arms. We are English down to our boots and into our digestions. There is not a dogma of all those by which we lead young men, but we get it ourselves, between sleep and waking, between death and life, in a complete abeyance of the reasoning part.

"But how, sir," (you will ask) "is there then no wisdom in the world? And when my admirable father was this day urging me, with the most affecting expressions, to decide on an industrious, honest and lucrative employment—?" Enough, sir; I follow your thoughts, and will answer them to the utmost of my ability. Your father, for whom I entertain a singular esteem, is I am proud to believe a professing Christian: the Gospel, therefore, is or ought to be his rule of conduct. Now, I am of course ignorant of the terms employed by your father; but I quote here from a very urgent letter, written by another parent, who was a man of sense, integrity, great energy and a Christian persuasion, and who has perhaps set forth the common view with a certain innocent openness of his own:

"You are now come to that time of life," he writes to his son, "and have reason within yourself to consider the absolute necessity of making provision for the time when it will be asked Who is this man? Is he doing any good in the world? Has he the means of being 'One of us'? I beseech you," he goes on, rising in emotion, and appealing to his son by name, "I beseech you do not trifle with this till it actually comes upon you. Bethink yourself and bestir yourself as a man. This is the time—" and so forth. This gentleman has candor; he is perspicacious, and has to deal apparently with a perspicacious pick-logic of a son; and hence the startling perspicacity of the document. But, my dear sir, what a principle of life! To "do good in the world" is to be received into a society, apart from personal affection. I could name many forms of evil vastly more exhilarating whether in prospect or enjoyment. If I scraped money, believe me, it should be for some more cordial purpose. And then, scraping money? It seems to me as if he had forgotten the Gospel. This is a view of life not quite the same as the Christian, which the old gentleman professed and sincerely studied to practise. But upon this point, I dare dilate no further. Suffice it to say, that looking round me on the manifestations of this Christian society of ours, I have been often tempted to exclaim: What, then, is Antichrist?

A wisdom, at least, which professes one set of propositions and yet acts upon another, can be no very entire or rational ground of conduct. Doubtless, there is

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much in this question of money; and for my part, I believe no young man ought to be at peace till he is self-supporting, and has an open, clear life of it on his own foundation. But here a consideration occurs to me of, as I must consider, startling originality. It is this: That there are two sides to this question as well as to so many others. Make more?—Aye, or spend less? There is no absolute call upon a man to make any specific income, unless, indeed, he has set his immortal soul on being "One of us."

A thoroughly respectable income is as much as a man spends. A luxurious income, or true opulence, is something more than a man spends. Raise the income, lower the expenditure, and, my dear sir, surprising as it seems, we have the same result. But I hear you remind me, with pursed lips, of privations—of hardships. Alas! sir, there are privations upon either side; the banker has to sit all day in his bank, a serious privation; can you not conceive that the landscape painter, whom I take to be the meanest and most lost among contemporary men, truly and deliberately *prefers* the privations upon his side—to wear no gloves, to drink beer, to live on chops or even on potatoes, and lastly, not to be "One of us"—truly and deliberately prefers his privations to those of the banker? I can. Yes, sir, I repeat the words; I can. Believe me, there are Rivers in Bohemia!—but there is nothing so hard to get people to understand as this: That they *pay for their money;* and nothing so difficult to make them remember as this: That money, when they have it, is, for most of them at least, only a cheque to purchase pleasure with. How then if a man gets pleasure in following an art? He might gain more cheques by following another; but then, although there is a difference in cheques, the amount of pleasure is the same. He gets some of his directly; unlike the bank clerk, he is having his fortnight's holiday, and doing what delights him, all the year.

All these patent truisms have a very strange air, when written down. But that, my dear sir, is no fault of mine or of the truisms. There they are. I beseech you do not trifle with them. Bethink yourself like a man. This is the time.

But, you say, all this is very well; it does not help me to a choice. Once more, sir, you have me; it does not. What shall I say? A choice, let us remember, is almost more of a negative than a positive. You embrace one thing; but you refuse a thousand. The most liberal profession imprisons many energies and starves many affections. If you are in a bank, you cannot be much upon the sea. You cannot be both a firstrate violinist and a firstrate painter: you must lose in the one art if you persist in following both. If you are sure of your preference, follow it. If not—nay, my dear sir, it is not for me or any man, to go beyond this point. God made you; not I. I cannot even make you over again. I have heard of a schoolmaster, whose specialty it was to elicit the bent of each pupil: poor schoolmaster, poor pupils! As for me, if you have nothing indigenous in your own heart, no living preference, no fine, human scorn, I leave you to the tide; it will sweep you somewhere. Have you but a grain of inclination, I will help you. If you wish to be a costermonger, be it, shame the devil; and I will stand the donkey. If you wish to be nothing, once more I leave you to the tide.

I regret profoundly, my dear young sir, not only for you, in whom I see such a lively promise of the future, but for the sake of your admirable and truly worthy father and your no less excellent mamma, that my remarks should seem no more conclusive. I can give myself this praise, that I have kept back nothing; but this, alas! is a subject on which there is little to put forward. It will probably not much matter what you decide upon doing; for most men seem to sink at length to the degree of stupor necessary for contentment in their different estates. Yes, sir, this is what I have observed. Most men are happy, and most men dishonest. Their mind sinks to the proper level; their honour easily accepts the custom of the trade. I wish you may find degeneration no more painful than your neighbours, soon sink into apathy, and be long spared in a state of respectable somnambulism, from the grave to which we haste.

R. L. S.

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RHEIMS DURING THE BOMBARDMENT

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

WE left Paris with the idea of watching from a point south of Soissons the battle then in progress on the Aisne. Our going to Rheims was an afterthought. Ashmead-Bartlett, of the *London Daily Telegraph*, Captain Granville Fortescue, of the Hearst newspapers, Gerald Morgan, of the same syndicate, and I shared the automobile. To Morgan any map is an open book; so we had left it to him to plan our route. He arranged one which, while apparently not intended to lead us to any particular place, would keep us away from Villers-Cotterets.

"Veal cutlets," as the Tommies had christened it, was our dead-line. The officers of the English General Staff had made it their headquarters, and had they been afflicted with leprosy, smallpox, and bubonic plague, we could not have feared them more. Against war correspondents they had declared war to the death. Unless the setting sun did not show a line of correspondents in chains, they considered that day wasted. During that week they had "bagged" thirteen, and the day before we had seen John Reed and Robert Dunn, who had ventured hat in hand into the presence of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, fast in his net, and on their way to the prison at Tours. So, with the English army, although we much desired to follow it, we were taking no chances. Any man in khaki filled us with terror. If we met even a stray Tommie, trying to find his way back to his regiment, the chauffeur turned the car and fled.

So, in avoiding Villers-Cotterets, we found ourselves on the hills above the Vesle River, and below us, mounting from the plain like a great fortress, the cathedral of Rheims. From what I had seen of the destruction of Louvain, I did not believe the Germans could for two weeks occupy Rheims and leave the cathedral intact; and I urged that in America there would be more interest in any affront put upon Rheims cathedral than in the result of that day's battle. The others disagreed, but as in the automobile I was a fourth owner, it was arranged that that fourth should go to Rheims and later accompany the other three-fourths to Soissons. What we saw in the cathedral kept us in Rheims. This was on the 18th of September, before the roof caught fire, when the greatest damage the cathedral had suffered was the destruction of her windows, and when it was being used as a hospital for German wounded. On the two towers Red Cross flags were flying.

The wounded lay in the western end of the building, which opens on the square. The praying-chairs that once had filled the nave had been pushed aside and the stone floor was piled knee-deep with loose straw. On this lay the men to the number of sixty. With them was a young lieutenant who was shot through the eyes, and an elderly major, a reservist, who looked less a soldier than a professor. With his back to a stone pillar he sat half-buried in the straw with one hand pressing tight a shattered arm. To protect the privacy of the wounded all the doors had been closed, and the light came only from the windows; and as they are high above the floor, the lower half of the cathedral was in twilight.

To the east were the carved screens, the chapels, tapestries, altars, the brass and silver candlesticks, the statues of the holy family, of saints and angels, of Joan of Arc. To the west was the yellow straw in which lay the gray ghosts nursing bloody bandages. Impartially upon the sacred symbols of the church, and upon the dirt and blood-stained men battered near to death by their fellow men, the famous windows of Rheims shone like vast jewels. For, in spite of the shells, parts of the stained glass still remained, and into the gray shadows cast pointing rays of blue and crimson. But the perfect glory of the glass was gone. Shrapnel and flying bits of masonry had cut through the expanses of deep blue, a blue which is as pure and

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cold as the blue of a winter sky by moonlight, and in them torn great gashes. Through these wounds you saw the dull sky and the falling rain. In one place in the wall a shell had made a breach so large that through it might have passed a taxicab. In spite of the nature of the building, in spite of the Red Cross flags, the shell had come shrieking into this by-path of the war, and aimed by Germans had killed two of the German wounded. With their toes pointing stiffly, they lay under little mounds of straw, their gray, wax-like hands folded in peace.

We were escorted through the cathedral by the curé doyen of the church of Saint Jacques, Chanoine A. Frézet. His own church up to that time had not greatly suffered; nor was he one of the staff of the cathedral, but, like every other man, woman, and child in Rheims, he felt as though the stained-glass windows belonged to him. He spoke of the loss of them as of the dead.

"Except at Chartres and at Burgos, in Spain," he said, "there was in all the world no glass so beautiful. It was seven hundred years old; and the glass is gone, and the secret of it is gone."

When we saw the havoc caused by the howitzers we had planned at once to carry the story of the desecration of the cathedral back to Paris. But while we still were in the cathedral two French batteries of field-guns from the outskirts of Rheims opened on the German positions across the river, and the Germans again began to bombard the city. As this still further threatened the cathedral, we decided, until we knew the result of the bombardment, to wait. We told our chauffeur to make his headquarters in the square in front of the cathedral. We chose that spot because from every part of Rheims the two towers were visible, and to find our way back appeared easy. We did not then suppose the Germans would make the cathedral their chief target. We walked to the outskirts of the town to watch the French artillery, but the end of each street was blocked with barricades, and through these the French officers would not allow us to pass. To view the work of the German batteries it was not necessary to leave the city. In it the six-inch howitzer shells were now falling fast. They followed each other with the regularity of trolley-cars, and the people were closing the shutters and taking refuge in their cellars, or in the caves of the champagne companies, or through the streets were flying toward the road to Paris. When the shells struck in the street, the heavy stones gave them greater power.

At the battle of Soissons we had watched them fall in the fields, where they had thrown out black fumes and ploughed up the turnips. In the soft soil they were less destructive than picturesque. But, just as it is easier to "line out" a swift ball than a slow one, so, in Rheims, when the shells struck the stone pavements and the brick and stucco houses, their resistance aided the explosive power of the shells and the result was great excavations in the streets and the wiping out of entire buildings. These latter in one second the shells lifted, shook, and deposited in rubbish in the cellar. In other bombardments I have watched a house lose its roof much as a hat is snatched off by the wind, a cornice carried away, windows punched out, and finally the whole structure battered to its knees.

It took time, and you saw the wall, or fort, or house disintegrate. But these six-inch German howitzer shells do not dismember; they destroy. It was like a gigantic conjuring trick. Over your head an invisible express train swept through space; in front of you a house disappeared. Except for those who were escaping, and the infantry who guarded the town, the streets were empty. The infantry told us they had just returned from Belgium. They were lean, tanned, clear-eyed. In spite of their long "hike" they were neither footsore nor weary. Instead, they were extremely fit and cheerful. They disregarded the shells entirely; and were moving from house to house inquiring anxiously for any cigarettes the Germans might have overlooked.

The shells had been falling near the cathedral; and when we returned to the square we did not expect to find our chauffeur. And, as it turned out, save for the statue of Joan of Arc, the square was empty. A sentry ran from one of the portals of the church and told us the chauffeur had arranged with himself to meet us outside the gate to Paris. He had waited, the sentry explained, until two houses within a hundred yards of

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him had vanished, then he, too, had vanished. In the rue de Vesle we joined the stream of people making toward the city gate. They formed only a small part of the population. The rest of Rheims was standing in the doors, or on the sidewalk, watching those who fled. Those who had elected to remain did not appear disturbed. Young people, arm in arm, were parading the street, searching the sky for air-ships, pointing eagerly when a column of black smoke or powdered cement marked where a shell had burst.

At the gate of the city we asked if any one had seen our car. A man in a blouse had not seen it; but he knew how we could find it. We had only to accompany him to the general staff, who were occupying the gendarmerie. If there were any people we were less anxious to meet than the general staff it was the gendarmes. We tried to escape from the man in the blouse.

Whether he was a secret agent who thought we were spies, or the village pest, we could not tell; but he would not leave us. We whispered to each other and in the crowd lost ourselves. But the man in the blouse, accompanied by a policeman, pursued. The captain of gendarmes desired to speak with us. We knew what *that* meant. It meant showing our papers, which would disclose the damning fact that we were correspondents, and that meant Tours.

And Tours is a "long, long way from Tipperary. It's a long way to go."

The captain of gendarmes regarded us sternly.

"Is your car a limousine with a gray body?" he asked. We admitted that it was. "You will find it a mile farther up this road," he said. He will never know why we thanked him so extravagantly. Probably he still thinks, so anxious were we to escape, that only a car could take us away fast enough. The chauffeur was sure he could sleep just as well outside of Rheims as in it, and on foot we returned to the city. It had now grown dark, and, as though eager to make use of the light still remaining, the salvos from the French artillery and the return fire of the Germans had quickened. Many of those we met were now panic-stricken, and, as they ran, stumbled and tripped. Women were weeping, praying aloud, and crossing themselves, and, when the shells burst, screaming in terror.

The streets and sidewalks were strewn an inch deep with the broken glass of the window-panes, and under the hurrying feet of the refugees this carpet gave out sharp, metallic echoes. With the whistling and grinding of the shells, and the crash of the falling masonry, is always associated in my mind this tinkling, musical accompaniment. Seeking a lodging for the night, and pounding on the closed doors, we walked over half the city. But no one invited us, and we were preparing to sleep in the car when we stumbled upon the Hôtel du Nord.

We found it running smoothly, and except for one man who made the beds, run by a staff composed entirely of women. That French women are capable is a bromide, but these women, under trying conditions, were especially so. They were acting as clerks, cooks, butlers, waiters, and, when their duties permitted, were industriously knitting. Their guests also were women. But they were refugees, and having no responsibility they were not capable. They sat in the pretty garden, their poodle-dogs and handbags on their knees; and each time the guns spoke, each would duck. At eight o'clock the firing had sunk to a low growl like the passing of a summer thunder-storm; and until four in the morning, when the bombardment again shook the city, there was silence. We thought what we had seen of the destruction of the cathedral required us to get our story at once on the wire; and we returned to Paris. But our judgment was at fault; we should have remained where we were. The next morning in Paris the eleven-o'clock communiqué told that the cathedral was in flames, and again we started toward Rheims. It was a most difficult, and, with constantly before us the chance of arrest, a most anxious journey. A turning movement on a big scale was going forward and every foot of the way was blocked with troops. The roads could not hold them and across country they were making short cuts, the wheels of the artillery and of the motor-trucks ploughing deep furrows in the wheat-fields. We were smothered with soldiers; they clung to the running-boards of the car, were silhouetted against the sky-line, like lakes of blue they spread across the val-

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The sculptor's studio on top of the south tower.

Reading from right to left: French aviators, Abbé Chinot, Gerald Morgan, E. Ashmead-Bartlett, Richard Harding Davis. At the time Captain Granville Fortescue made this photograph the cathedral was being shelled.

leys, and, as though performing a gigantic snake dance, across the hills their red trousers in columns a mile long twisted and turned. Whence they came, or where they were going, we did not know. Certainly we did not ask. Into the secrets of the General Staff we had no desire to pry. We wanted only to reach Rheims and the cathedral that was in flames. For hours, purring with displeasure, the car crept through miles of infantry, cavalry, artillery, mounted gendarmes, zouaves, Turcos' ambulances, Algerian tirailleurs. In the villages they swamped the narrow streets; against the shadows of the forests their camp-fires twinkled; in the grass-gutters

From a photograph, copyright by International News Service.

The chapel of the cathedral and robing-room of the kings.

On the right is the Palace of the Archbishop, completely gutted. Stretching beyond the chapel, the city for one square half-mile was destroyed. The photograph was taken by E. Ashmead-Bartlett from the tower of the cathedral. The ledge of the tower shows in the foreground.

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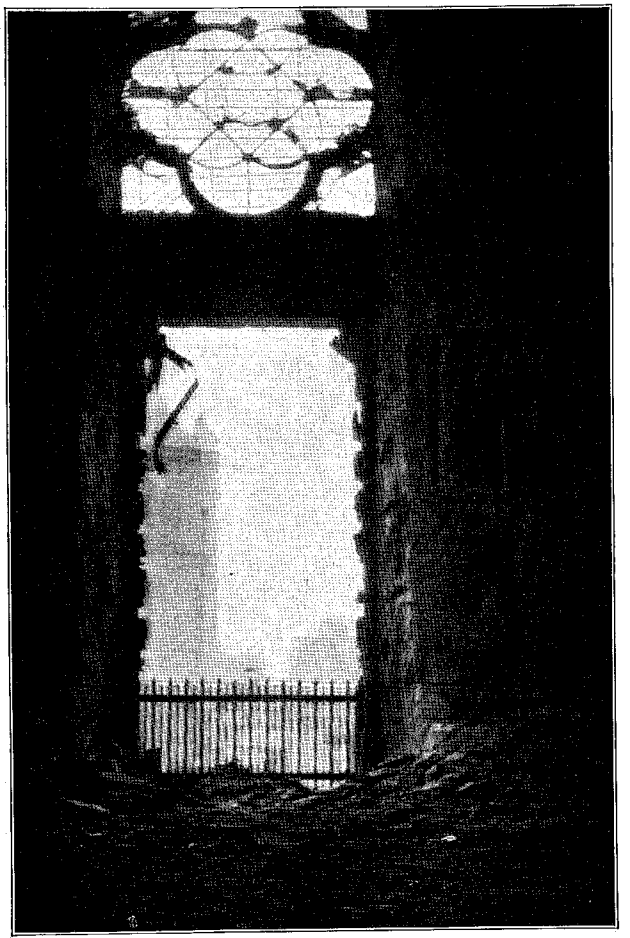
by the side of the road, in the fields around the stacks of grain, doubled forward or lying heavily upon their backs, they stole a moment's sleep. From a hilltop, distant six miles from Rheims, we saw the cathedral. For seven hundred years, just as for several years the flatiron building dominated New York City, it had dominated the countryside, and like a rock of Gibraltar it still rose above the plain; but now, in a heavy pall, smoke rose above it; the roof was gone, part of the left tower had disappeared.



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Left portal, looking out from nave of cathedral.

The statues surrounding this door were not placed in the niches they occupied, but were a part of the stone arch. Only one other such door exists.

With the goal in sight those last six miles of our journey tried our souls. We now knew that the official communiqué had told only the truth; and in pressing forward we had no more evil intent than to tell newspaper readers in the United States and Great Britain of one of the gravest crimes in history. In doing this we thought we were serving France, and by reporting the facts might possibly help in preventing further outrages. But the General Staff did not look at it in that way. To the General Staff we were potential spies; and among the thousands of soldiers we passed any one of them was justified in arresting us and in aiding in sending us to Tours. In all France there were no other six miles so long.

The cathedral had been one of the most magnificent examples of early Gothic architecture. Fergusson called it "perhaps the most beautiful structure produced in the Middle Ages." It was a structure noble in its proportions, beautiful in its exquisite detail. We found the structure still standing, still noble, but the beauty was destroyed. It was like the carved statue of a saint from which some one in a drunken frenzy, with a mallet and chisel, had chopped away the features. The west façade had held five hundred and thirty statues; they were figures of the Virgin, saints, confessors, martyrs, apostles, angels. They were all mutilated, chipped, battered, dismembered. Where, the day before, pieces of the precious glass were missing, now whole windows, glass, lead, sash, and frame of carved stone, had been torn out, and in the wall was a ragged hole. We picked our way among the broken arms, hands, wings, halos of statues that for hundreds of years, to the glory of God, had faced the elements; our feet trod upon bits of glass more beautiful than jewels. What the shells had failed to batter down, the heat of the fire, started by the shells, had des-

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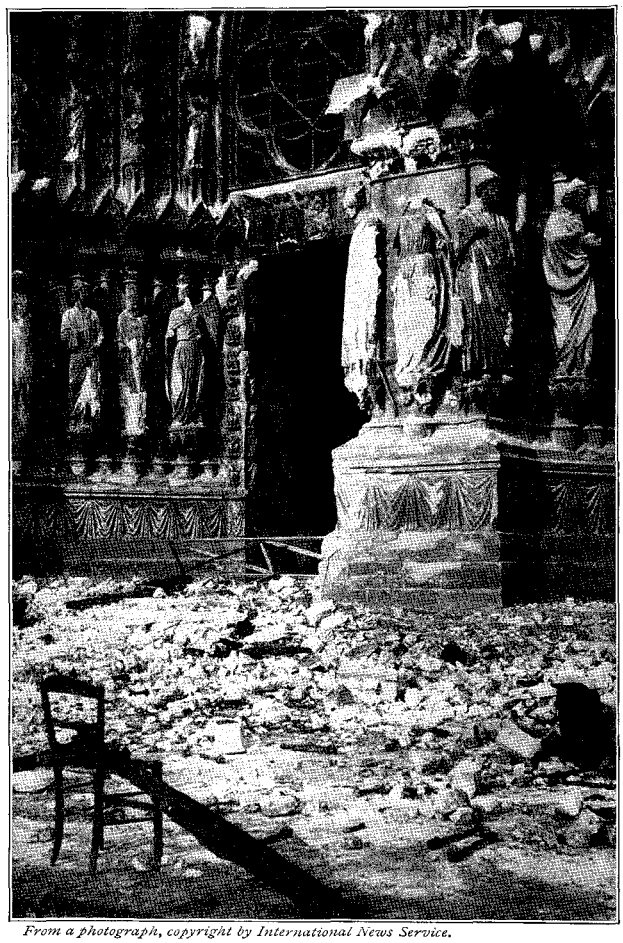
troyed. With your hands you could crumble a statue into powder; when we walked on the upper galleries above the flying buttresses, and a piece of masonry seemed unsafe, a kick would send it crashing into the street below.

The origin of the fire is now well known. Lit by a shell, it started among the scaffolding that surrounded the left tower. From the scaffolding it spread to the arched roof of oak and lead that surmounted the lower curved roof of stone. The sparks and the molten lead fell on the straw in the nave where lay the wounded.

The abbé Chinot, a young, athletic, manly priest, and the venerable Archbishop Landreux called for volunteers, and aided by the Red Cross nurses and doctors dragged the unhappy wounded out of the burning building and through the north door. There a new danger threatened them. They were confronted by a mob. Maddened by the sight of their beloved church in flames, by the bombardment of their homes, by the death from the shells of five hundred of their townsmen, the gray uniforms drove the people of Rheims to a frenzy. They called for the death of the "barbarians." What followed cannot be too often told. The aged archbishop and the young abbé Chinot placed themselves between the mob and the wounded. With splendid indignation, with perfect courage, they faced the raised rifles. "If you kill them," they cried, "you must first kill us." And the mob, recognizing their bravery and the self-sacrifice, permitted the wounded to be carried to a place of safety. We are told that greater love hath no man than that for another he should lay down his life. If that other be his enemy, his sacrifice leads him very near to the company of the saints. The story of the young priest and the venerable archbishop, with their cathedral burning behind them, with the Germans they hated clinging to them for safety while they protected them and, in their behalf, from their own people invited death, will always live in the records of this war and of the church. It will be told in histories and in songs, and each spring will be reproduced upon the walls of the salon. With their shells the Germans hammered the nave where Joan of Arc once stood, where the monarchs of France were crowned, and destroyed the palace of the archbishop. But the spirit of the church, which is the spirit of Christ, the shells could not destroy. The two French priests proved that. With such men to keep alive the spirit, France is



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The middle portal in west façade, showing effects of the fire.

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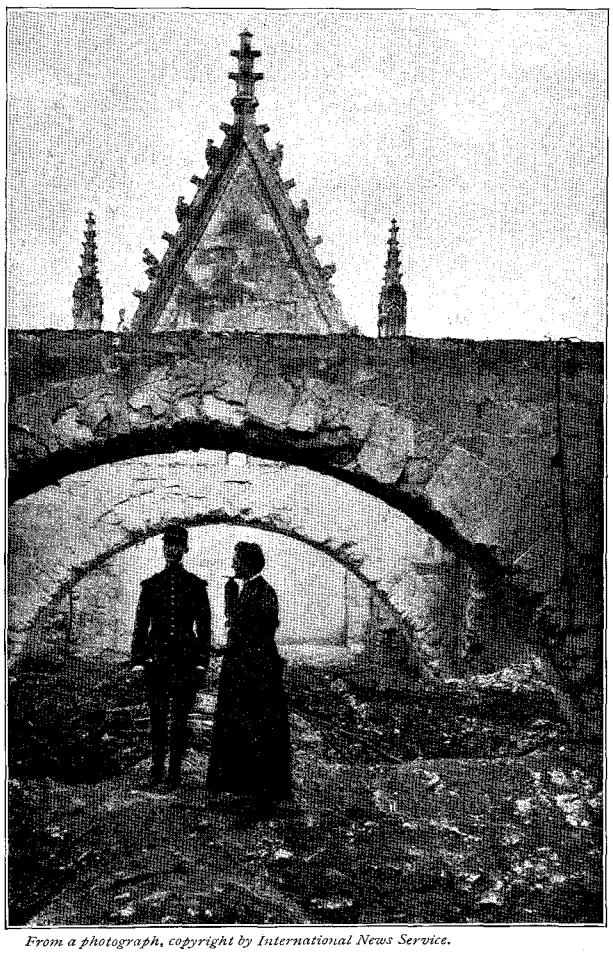
consoled for the loss of carved statues and rose windows.

The Germans say they fired on the cathedral because it was being used by the French for purposes of observation. I thought that would be their excuse, and the first question I asked the abbé Chinot was whether he had permitted the French officers to occupy the towers. I explained why the question was important, and why the facts were important. He told me most vehemently and earnestly that at no time had any officers been permitted to make use of the church for military purposes. For two nights, to protect the non-combatants of the city from air-ships, he had permitted the soldiers to place a search-light in the tower. But, fearing this would be construed by the Germans as a hostile act, he had ordered the search-light removed. And it was not until five nights after it had been removed that the Germans began to bombard. Abbé Chinot pointed out that had it been the search-light to which the Germans took exception they would have shelled the tower while the light was shining, not five days after it had disappeared. During the absence of the archbishop Landreux at Rome the abbé Chinot had been in complete authority. And, as a priest, he gave me his solemn assurance that without his permission and knowledge no one could have entered or left the cathedral, and that by no officer or soldier had it been occupied. The other excuse of the Germans, that the French artillery was so placed that to fire at it without striking the cathedral was impossible, is so trifling as to be insolent. The cathedral was not in the line of fire between the French battery and the German battery. It was between the two French batteries.



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Abbé Chinot and French officer standing on stone roof of cathedral.

The outer roof of lead and oak that was destroyed by shells and fire rested on the arches and rose to the peak shown in the background.

I was in the cathedral while the Germans were shelling it. Some of their shells burst within twenty-five yards of us, and at the exact time those shells were falling I could hear the French guns to the north and south; one, a mile from us, the other, two miles. The Germans claim they were firing at those guns. To accept that, we must believe that continuously for four days they aimed at a battery and, two miles from it, hit the cathedral of Rheims.

[Note.—While returning from Rheims Mr. Davis and his fellow correspondents were arrested by General Asibert, and by gendarmes taken to Paris, where they were placed in the Cherche-Midi prison. Through the good offices of the American ambassador and on their giving their parole that for eight days they would not write of what they had seen along the Aisne, they were given their liberty.]

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BREWSTER BLOOD

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

A VERY little boy, dressed in long, tight, flounced trousers of yellow nankeen, and a skin-tight, brass-buttoned jacket of deep and lurid blue, sat stiffly on a tall chair in Grandsir Adoniram Brewster's front parlor. His tow hair was brushed high in a shiny roach, after the fashion, at once naïve and ferocious, of the year of our Lord 1833; his blue eyes snapped; his chubby face was so flushed with anger and chagrin that the cinnamon freckles on his plump little nose fairly stood out in relief.

Grandsir Brewster's parlor, high-ceiled, white-panelled, dim with a mortuary gloom, was crowded like Aladdin's cave with dusk strange splendors. At little Henry's elbow stood an ebony cabinet, inlaid with swarms of bees in mother-o'-pearl, crammed to its iridescent doors with ivory elephants and lumps of amber, and squat grinning gods in malachite and chrysoprase. That cabinet Great-grandsir Brewster had snatched from a Barbary pirate's sybarite cruiser in the roaring days of 1810. Close by, a pedestal of teak upheld the *Belisarius*, the stately Indiaman which three Brewsters had sailed as captain, her hull and masts cut from a solid wedge of ivory, her ropes of fraying silk, her blocks of jade. Swung high in his perch of beaten silver, a great sulphur cockatoo glared down with fiery orange eyes. But none of these things moved Henry. Fat fists clenched, plucky blue eyes ablaze, he sat like a spunky little martyr before the grave inquisitorial council of his kin.

Seven years before, Cap'n Richard Brewster, Henry's bold, handsome young father, had been lost at sea. Till to-day Henry and his girl-mother had lived in Scotland with her own people, the Carmichaels of Balgonie. Well enough folk, the Carmichaels, great landowners and lordly gentlemen; but in Grandsir Adoniram's eyes a blustering, hard-riding crew, ill stock for a sober Salem Brewster to choose. At length Grandsir had summoned his son's wife and his son's child to Salem, their proper home. To-day all Henry's relatives were gathered to meet him and his pretty scared mother for the first time. And with the fine unwitting savagery of grown-ups, they were talking over little Henry, right before his scorching little face.

"He has no Brewster look." Second-cousin Levina stroked her puce flounces and gazed solemnly down her long yellow nose. Under its beetling turban, her gaunt yellow face looked like a big cross bird's face, thought Henry. He had a sacrilegious longing to feel her large nose and make sure whether it was flesh or beak. "No Brewster was ever linty-headed. 'Black as a Brewster,' that was the saying in my day."

"There may ha' been linty-head Brewsters before your day, Levina." Uncle Lysander snorted and flourished his ear-trumpet. "But the child is no Brewster. Short-legged men the Brewsters were. Short, swinging steps they took, a true sailor's gait. But Henry, he straddles it off like a grenadier. And never a Brewster but narrowed his eyes against the sun. Squint they all did, from old Brimstone Brewster down. But little Henry stares against the sun, like he's got the eyes of a sea-gull."

Little Henry blinked miserably, and turned to peep past the great brocade curtains. Then he sighed for delight. Under the window lay a deep sunny garden. Beyond, a wide white beach, a tossing blue harbor. Straight out across the low-tide shoals stretched a narrow white causeway, perhaps half a mile long, linking a tiny sugar-loaf island to the mainland. On the island stood a columnar pile of gray rock: a ruined lighthouse. And

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back and forth on the causeway raced and frolicked a handful of children. Little Henry's mouth grew dry with yearning. Would the relations never let him go?

Then he jumped and turned back. For Grandsir Adoniram himself, exalted patriarch of all the Brewsters, was speaking now.

"I don't hold with you, Levina. Nor you neither, Lysander. You cannot judge Henry by looks or actions. A Brewster is a Brewster, be his hair what color it pleases the Lord to make it. But what plagues me"—his harsh old jaw thrust suddenly; his grizzled brows lowered over gray hawk eyes: "What plagues me—Harkee, Henry. What do ye aim to do when ye're man-grown?"

Henry's heart gave a wild thump. He looked across at his pretty, pale mother, shrouded in her rigid crape. He stood up and drew a resolute breath.

"I aim to be a laird, sir. Like my grandfather."

There fell a curious hush. The ranks of Brewsters stared, bewildered. Above, the ranks of dead-and-gone Brewsters on the high, dim walls stared down with level scornful eyes.

"A laird, hey? Like your grandfather?" Grandsir's bristling head thrust forward. His deep voice rasped. "But I am your grandfather. And I was a sea-captain all my days."

"I mean a laird like my Scotch grandfather. Grandfather Carmichael."

"Your grandfather Carmichael, hey? H'm-m-m."

The hush deepened. It was an outraged hush now.

"But you are a Brewster. You are the only son of the Brewsters." Grandsir's voice rang, challenging. "Of course you will follow the sea. Your father was captain of a grand ship. So was I. So was your great-grandsir, and his father before him. You will be the ablest captain of us all."

Henry's spine stiffened under that challenge.

"But I don't like the ocean, sir."

"You don't like the ocean!"

Henry glanced toward that tossing, illimitable blue.

"I like the ocean to-day. But I don't like it when it's stormy. So I'm going to be a laird like grandfather, and have lots of dogs and horses, and be a soldier and fight. But I don't want to go to sea. Because it makes me afraid."

"Afraid!"

The word dropped like a plummet through that well of silence.

"Afraid! But then you are no Brewster. Never yet was there a Brewster that was a coward. *Afraid!*"

Henry did not flinch. But his mother sprang to her feet.

"Coward is not a word to use to my son, Grandsir!" Her cheeks flamed, her little fair hands shook. "My Henry is, as he says, a Carmichael. No braver clan you'll find in all braid Scotland!" Her gentle voice rose shrill.

"There, my daughter." The old man put her courteously back in her chair. His rugged old face was rather pale. "Be sure I would not miscall our son——"

"But Henry is my son, my own! And I've always been terrified of the sea, and all my folk before me. They tell it of Derek Carmichael, the first earl—" she stopped short. How could she tell that tale of roistering old Derek, with its black, unearthly climax, to this hard-lipped, cold-eyed Puritan? She wilted back in her chair.

"Do not stir yourself so, Diana." Very gently Grandsir laid his big, gaunt hand on her arm. "But—" his shrewd old face grew dulled with heavy question: "But there's never yet Brewster born that did not love the sea. Afraid of the sea!" His hand shook on her arm. "He can't be a Brewster. It—it's not believable!"

The great room echoed with that iron clang of verdict. Cold, hostile eyes stared at the wretched pair. Diana's fair head drooped. Henry set his solid little jaws. His blue eyes focussed on his brand-new morocco boots, and there clung.

Now, out of all that assembly, one Brewster had not yet spoken judgment.

Throned in a great carved blackwood chair before the fire sat Great-grandaunt Joanna Billings Brewster, a tiny, brittle old lady in a plum-colored satin gown. Her small hickory-nut face, crisscrossed by the million wrinkles of ninety years, was framed in a high daunting helmet of frilled Mechlin. Her veiny little hands grasped her tortoise-shell snuff-box as if it were a sceptre. Thin eyelids half-closed, small satin foot meditatively tap-

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He had a sacrilegious longing to feel her large nose and make sure whether it was flesh or beak.—Page 77.

ping the cross-stitch cat, she had listened in silence. But now she raised her voice. And her household, even to Grandsir Adoniram himself, gave ear as to an oracle.

"I've sat by and harked to your gibble-gabble quite long enough." Her little cracked voice cheeped high like the last katydid of fall. "And I wash my hands of the whole blethering troop of you. You, Levina, and you, Lysander, and you, too, Adoniram!" She levelled her snuff-box at Grandsir with a menacing click. "Coward, indeed! Brewster blood is Brewster blood. Not one drop ever turned coward, nor ever will. So do ye all stop picking on little Henry. Let me hear no more of this folderol. Brewster blood is Brewster blood, I say. Mind my words. When his time comes, little Henry will not fail."

Uncle Lysander fiddled with his ear-trumpet. Cousin Levina sat back, quenched. Grandsir's iron mouth twitched; his grim eyes smouldered. But Aunt Joanna's word was law and gospel. Not another word did he speak.

The Brewster clan not only ceased their blether, but proceeded to treat Henry and his mother most kindly and hospitably—from a Brewster standpoint. None the less, that first year with his father's people spelled for little Henry misery long drawn out. Eight years old is quite old enough to know torments of self-consciousness, hours of lonely shame. Cousin Levina forever stopped him on the stairs to rap his linty head with a commiserating knuckle. Uncle Lysander growled unceasingly to see him stride down the pebbled walk, his steady blue eyes unwinking against the sun. With impish divination, even his small mates at Miss Chandler's school took up the cry. "Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!" they yelped after him. And little Henry, who feared noth-

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ing against which he could raise his fists, came home time and again with soundly blacked eyes and disgracefully torn trousers. But Grandsir Adoniram made life harder still. The harsh, silent old man, bereaved of the young captain, his idolized only son, was hungry to his soul for the comradeship of his son's child. Always he longed to wake the sea-love and the sea-lore that must lie hid in the nature of every true Brewster. Clumsy, patient, he made endless overtures. Of Saturday half-holidays he would lead him down Derby Street, stopping into quaint dark shops full of coils of tarry rope and cases of hardtack and heaped sou'-westers and murderous whaling gear; then on to India Wharf, to watch an imperial three-master make port, and hear the ancient mariners assembled pass judgment on her lines and speed. Later, he would march him through the great crowded warehouses, fragrant with casks of wine and oils and bales of spices and heaps of rich-scented woods, the very stuff and incense of magic. Shrewdly he would stop a bronzed, keen sailing-master and draw out curt enthralling references to white squalls, and water-spouts, and strange, gay ports where scarlet domes rose above sands yellow as the thick gold of Grandsir's watch-chain. Else he would stop into the warm gloom of the East India Marine Society, and read aloud from musty old log-books, and tell Henry long, tangled stories. Stories of mutinies, of gray typhoons that lifted the face of the sea round the *Belisarius* in a green solid wall, of flying pirate raids, of riot and blood and treasure. Henry, pugnacious little tyke, gave eager ear to fight and broil. But to tales of the sea he listened in a terror that chilled his little bones. The sea-fear of all the Carmichaels ran in his veins. No magic and mystery of the sea for Henry! Past even those glorious blood-stained decks he saw all the old eerie pictures of kelpie and blind sea-snake and demon painted from babyhood on his little brain. And, always smiting his memory, the tale of Derek Carmichael, the old earl, flown with insolence and wine, who, standing at the head of his table on a wild March night, had laid a wager to drink a toast with the de'il himself at midnight, off Craggie Reef. And the shuddering legend told how, all night long, his men-at-arms had gathered on the cliff and watched Craggie Reef, far out to sea, blaze with a still and awful fire. There, standing on the topmost steep, old Derek, arm in arm with a black flickering Shape, drank and drank at his impious toast, then would have stepped into his coble and rowed ashore. But that up from the sea rose spectre hands uncounted and dragged him down, down into fathomless deeps, without a sound or cry. But Henry could not tell his fears to Grandsir. And Grandsir could never have understood. To old Adoniram the sea was the sea, comrade, servant, friend. To his great anxious love, it was past enduring that his son's child should be cut off from an ocean life. Life ashore was no life at all, merely an ignoble crawling on the edge of things. Little Henry must learn that. Unhappily, little Henry seemed doomed never to learn.

"Coward is not a word to use to my son, Grandsir!"
—Page 78.

"How any Brewster can be such a

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landlubber! Such a—a coward!" Grandsir spoke the hateful word between shut teeth. He watched Henry trudge down the path to meet Persis Stedman and carry her books. "If he had half that child's spirit! But the Stedmans are seafarers, all. No cringing Scotch blood in them."

Henry's friendship with Persis was approved by all the Brewsters. To grown-up eyes, Persis was as saintly a damsel as ever trotted by in pantalets. But, in truth, no more merciless little tease ever breathed. Henry, poor little pig-headed male, tagged her like a fat adoring puppy, and the more he tagged the more the little witch led him on, only to torment him at the end. "Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!" From the other children that taunting streel cut deep. But from Persis's rosy mouth it stabbed.

The year wore on to Indian summer, then hung in that golden balance week on week. Thanksgiving passed without a touch of frost. No such fall was ever known on Cape Ann, declared the wise elders. "A weather-breeder," Grandsir called each luminous morning. But now it was late December, and still the sun shone pale as through tinted glass, the marshes over Lynn way were veiled in smoky blue, the silver sky hung close above a dim and silver sea.

"Come, let's us and Davy run down the causeway and play shipwreck," sang out Persis, skipping down the path, just too

Cousin Levina forever stopped him on the stairs to rap his linty head with a commiserating knuckle.—Page 79.

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far ahead for Henry to catch up with dignity. In furry gray pelisse and squirrel cap Persis was elfin; and elfin mischief snapped in her hazel eyes.

"Naw. I got to go home. 'Sides, it's high tide at sunset." Henry scowled. He did not like to play on the causeway. It was round a flooded causeway that old Derek had rowed to meet his doom.

"Phoo, we could run clear to the lighthouse and back before the tide catches us. Scare-cat!"

Henry reddened to his ears. He stalked dumbly ahead.

"We're going to have a Christmas-tree to our house," Persis chanted on.

"Huh, so are we. Bigger'n yours, too. See if it ain't."

"*You* have a Christmas-tree!" Persis's voice pealed with mockery. "*Your* folkses won't never give you a tree. Nor presents neither."

"Will, too!" bragged Henry hotly. "Wait an' see!"

"Won't neither. 'Cause you aren't a real Brewster. 'Cause you're afraid to go to sea. Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!"

Henry swallowed hard. A red mist flared before his eyes. His fists shot out, but Persis, an adept in what a later generation would call footwork, flashed past reach. Laughing like a silver chime, she seized her little brother Davy's pudgy paw. The two romped defiantly away down the causeway.

Henry stamped up Grandsir's front steps. If Persis were only a boy, wouldn't he trounce her, though! He banged down the long hall and pushed furiously into the shadowy parlor.

"Mother, I am *too* going to have a Christmas-tree! Ain't I?"

He stopped, startled. Round the fireplace sat the entire Brewster clan. Scarlet-eared, he hastened to make his manners. Uncle Lysander grunted. Cousin Levina tapped his head with a bony finger.

"What's all this touse about a Christmas-tree? We never heard of such trumpery in my day."

"Hey? What? A Christmas-tree?" Uncle Lysander brought his ear-trumpet to bear. "Hoity-toity! Popery. Rank popery. Come New Year's, mebby, I'll have a fire-new shilling for ye. But Christmas—tut, tut!"

"B-but—" Henry swallowed hard again. His small chest swelled.

"Here, in your own country, it is not the custom to observe Christmas, my son." Grandsir Adoniram spoke the final austere decree. "Your own people have never sanctioned such light-minded pastimes."

Henry's mother drooped her fair head. But Henry was past all bounds.

"In my own country we always keep Christmas. My own grandfather always gives a great dinner to everybody, and he gives me presents, and money, and a tree, too. We Carmichaels——"

"Henry!"

At that panic-stricken whisper Henry stopped. But the mischief was done.

"Pray listen, Henry." Grandsir leaned forward on his cane. Under thatched brows his eyes gleamed like live coals. "Understand now, once for all, that you are no longer a Scotsman. Neither are you a Carmichael, save by accident of birth. You are a Brewster. We expect you to comport yourself as Brewsters have always done. Now you may go."

Choking, blistered with mortification, Henry blundered out. It was a pity that he did not pause outside the door. Stiffly erect in her tall chair, needles snapping, beady eyes glittering, Aunt Joanna spoke out her candid mind.

"Passel of hypocrites you are! Pretending to Henry that he dassen't even hope for a stick of Christmas candy! When you, Levina, have been knitting him a silk nuby for Sabbath-school; and you, Lysander, ha' got him the finest Barlow knife that money can buy; and you, Adoniram! you've hid away a pair of skates and a double-eagle, days ago!"

Had Henry seen those crestfallen faces he would have forgotten both resentment and awe, and hugged them every one on the spot. Instead, he stood on the doorstep and ground both fat fists into his eyes. Away to the east, a thickening skein of mist dulled the blue of the sky. Up from the headlands came a faint, low moan; the warning call of the bell-buoy. Down the causeway raced Persis, four-year-old David bumping at her heels. She waved a derisive red-mittened hand.

"Come along! Dare you! Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!"

Henry's fists balled hard as pebbles.

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He wheeled on the great lion knocker with a menacing glare. It was as if he hurled his small anathema against all the ranks of Brewsters, past, present, and to come.

sea more leaden. Soon a black wall piled looming to the zenith. Then the north wind awoke. Shrieking, it whipped the slow incoming tide into white-topped

Shrewdly he would stop a bronzed, keen sailing-master and draw out curt enthralling references to white squalls.—Page 80.

"Doggone 'em!" choked Henry's filling throat. "First I'll show Persis. Then I'll show *you!*"

And setting his teeth against the terror that always shook him when he ventured near the sea, he raced off down the causeway.

Grandsir was right at last. This golden autumn was just a weather-breeder. Minute by minute that silken skein of fog crept closer, closer inshore. Minute by minute the sky grew more overcast, the rollers that leaped and raced and thundered. And night and storm shut down on Salem together.

Henry had been given leave to play with his small neighbors till supper-time. Consequently no one missed him till past dusk. The elder Brewsters were just filing out to their sombre tea, when there came a clang at the knocker, then a sharp, anxious voice. Mrs. Stedman's voice.

"Samuel! Ask your master— Oh, my little daughter, Persis! Is she here,

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playing with your Henry, captain? And David, my baby! But of course they are here. Although they had no permission to come."

"Persis? David? But Henry is upstairs with his mother, I believe. Learning his catechism."

A flying young step on the stairs. A quick, startled reply.

"No, Grandsir. Henry is not with me. I thought him playing with Persis—Henry!" The scared mother-voice rose piercingly. "Henry, my little son! Hark to the wind! Grandsir! Where can the little fellow be?"

Blandly amused at Henry's unreasoning parent, Grandsir condescended to send his black man servant in search. A few minutes after, still blandly, he himself put on greatcoat and clogs, took a lantern, and set forth. An hour later, very wet and cold, with both blandness and condescension thoroughly drenched and pounded out of him, he stumbled up the steps and into the hall.

"We—we will have the boy back shortly, Diana, my dear," he announced in a rather uneven voice. "The town is being carefully searched. Diana, my dear daughter! Where are you, child?"

"Diana rushed from the house directly you were gone." Cousin Levina put her hand on his arm. In the candle-light her long yellow face showed a curious ashy pallor. "Most foolish! But we could not stop her. She fled away like a mad woman, crying that the sea had stolen little Henry—that the sea had always hated the Carmichaels, and now the storm had come to snatch away her little son—" Cousin Levina stopped, panting.

"Folly!" Grandsir shrugged off his dripping coat. His hard, wind-beaten face was paler than Cousin Levina's. "As if the boy had not wits to stay out of the surf!"

"But where is he, Adoniram?"

Grandsir looked at her.

"God knows!" he cried in a loud, strange, tearing voice. And coatless, his white head bare, he plunged away into the night.

Eighty years ago. Yet up Salem way you will find more than one aged man who has heard tell of the great storm of '33. No more fearful nor'easter ever swept the New England coast. Hour after hour the wind went screaming, rain and sleet beat down like whips, the great waves crashed and thundered along the shore. The seas swept every boat in the harbor away. Anchors, ropes, ballast—so many playthings in that tempest's clutch. Three great schooners went ashore at Burkesson Reef, pounded to splinters against those cruel rocks. Not even Salem men—and none braver nor more sea-wise—dared go to their rescue. In that hell of smother, a life-boat could not live a moment. All night long men and women worked side by side to keep great signal fires ablaze along the shore. All night long all Salem, gentlefolk and factory hands, servants and fishermen, searched for the three lost children. Dour and capable, old Jotham Coleman, mayor of Salem, took the lead. He divided the searchers into squads, and gave each a district of the town. For all the wild night, the confusion, the terror, that search was conducted with grim New England gumption. But two seekers refused to obey orders, and went instead their own stubborn way. One was a white-faced girl, in torn and trailing black. Up and down the narrow dark streets she sped, never once hearing the pitying calls that begged her to stop and wait under shelter, that cried to her assuringly that her boy would surely be found. Always her voice rang high above the storm, piteous, imploring: "Henry! Henry, my precious! Come back to mother, darling! Come back to mother, little son!"

The other searcher was an old man, by far too aged and frail to face that battering wind. But not a man dared question him. Not one dared urge him cease his search. Back and forth on the beach he paced, hour on hour, bare-headed, the unlit lantern swinging in his numbed hands. Never once did he glance toward town. Always he stared out to the black tumult that was the sea.

Lamps burned in every room in the Brewster mansion that night. Down in the kitchen the servants gathered, an awed huddle. In the long hall Uncle Lysander paced stumbling up and down. His bony old knees shook under him. His face was chalky and drawn. Now and then he opened the front door and put his trumpet to his dull old ear, as if through the roaring wind he would catch a beloved

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Henry, pugnacious little tyke, gave eager ear to fight and broil.—Page 80.

little voice. Before the parlor fire crouched Cousin Levina. Sternly practical, Cousin Levina had made all ready: blankets, brandy, camphor, hot sand-bags. Now there was nothing left for her hands to do. So she crouched on the tiger-skin before the hearth, her lean hands locked on her lean old breast. And she tried to pray for little Henry's life. But her lips could only whisper, over and over: "Richard's son! Richard's son! Oh, poor Adoniram! Oh, his poor mother! His poor mother!"

In all the great house only one person sat silent and unmoved. Throned in her carved chair, her hands locked on her snuff-box, her small face shut up tight as a sandalwood puzzle, Aunt Joanna sat staring into the fire. Never once did she move. Even when, at midnight, the storm tore the solid oak shutters from the window and sent the whole sash crashing on the floor, she did not stir.

Just before dawn Cousin Levina, creeping restlessly down the hall, saw a gleam of light away at the end of the garden.

"Lysander! Who can be down at the carriage-house?"

No reply. Puzzled, a weak pulse of hope in her veins, she threw on Grandsir's coat and started out. The wind nearly took her off her feet, but she struggled on. At the cedar windbreak, she stopped, appalled. There stood Uncle Lysander, axe in hand, hacking away at a tiny evergreen with all his might.

"Lysander! Have you gone clean cracked? What in time are you doing?"

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Lysander grunted. In the gray icy light he turned a sheepish red.

"Needn't come spyin' on me, Levina. Struck me that if—if little Henry comes back—we might's well have a Christmas-tree for him. Seeing he's so set on it——"

"To be sure," Levina choked. Then, sternly capable, she grasped the top of the tree. "Hoist the other end, Lysander. I'll help you carry it in."

An hour later the daylight had gained and the tide was out, although great seas still foamed over the causeway. A burly sailor stood sighting out toward the ruined lighthouse. Then he held brief confab with the mayor. After which he hailed two of his mates. The three lashed themselves together and started for the lighthouse. Sliding, lunging, step by step, they pushed on through icy knee-deep water till the spindrift blotted them from sight.

The searchers gathered, staring. Wind and hail lashed their faces. The hard spray stung their eyeballs like flakes of fire.

"It is all madness," the mayor shouted in Grandsir's ear. "The children would never run out there to play. But we have searched every hole and corner in Salem. There is no other place left to search."

"Madness indeed," agreed Grandsir. His gray head sagged on his breast. His bloodshot old eyes quivered shut. No, the children would never have gone to play on the causeway. At least, not Henry. For Henry—once more that barbed thought struck deep into Grandsir's sore heart—for little Henry was afraid of the sea.

The minutes dragged on. Not even the keenest sight could make out the lighthouse. For the tide was turning now. Great currents were beating in. Wave on wave broke across the causeway in a blinding wall of foam. Yet, peering against the welter, the weary crowd waited, waited on.

Suddenly the mayor's hand grasped Grandsir's arm.

"They are coming back, captain. Look!"

A roaring wave broke over the causeway, flinging high a curtain of spray. As it fell they glimpsed the foremost sailor, a reeling, stumbling wraith. On swept another great wave. But not until Grandsir had seen.

"Yes, they are coming back. Coleman! In God's name tell me! I can see no longer. They are carrying—what are they carrying?"

They laid little Henry on the deep settle before the fire, and wrapped his stiff, clay-cold little body in roasting-hot blankets, and forced hot spirits drop by drop between his rigid little jaws. Cousin Levina, gray-lipped, her breath coming in gasps, scurried about with hot bottles and flannel-wrapped flatirons. Uncle Lysander squatted on his creaky old knees and rubbed Henry's icy hands. Grandsir Adoniram tried to help; but, pushed aside by the others, he dragged himself to a corner and huddled there, his hands clenched, his stern mouth set, his eyes bent imploringly on Henry's mother, as if he put all his trust in her frail might. But little Henry's mother never looked his way. Whiter than the little unconscious face on the pillow, she crouched by the settle, holding his small cold feet tight against her breast. Her blue eyes stared straight ahead, blank as blue ice; her beautiful mouth was wrenched awry. Not once in that endless hour, while all the others worked and wailed and clamored, did she speak one word. Only she pressed the little feet closer, closer, as if her burning heart of anguish could warm them back to life.

Now, in the year of our Lord 1833, even as to-day, a small boy was a being compact of steel wire and whipcord. After a long hideous eternity, a faint red began to warm little Henry's ash-white cheeks. Half an hour more and he could sit up weakly, his head on his mother's shoulder. And blessedly soon he was sipping hot mulled wine, and answering proud, tearful questions with true Brewster unconcern.

"And so our little Henry saved Persis's life. And Davy's, too," wept Cousin Levina behind her hand-screen. "But the sailors say that they found you all high in the tower, clean above the waves. How could you climb the lighthouse rock? 'Tis smooth as glass."

"I shinned up, marm."

"But how could you drag the other children up, sonny?" quavered Uncle Lysander. "'Tis steep as a wall!"

"First I h'isted Persis. Then we pulled Davy up between us."

"I dare say. But harkee, Henry."

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"Cowardy, cowardy Carmichael!" From the other children that taunting streel cut deep. But from Persis's rosy mouth it stabbed.—Page 81.

Grandsir Adoniram laid his hand on the little boy's shoulder. His voice was rather hoarse. "First, you put the other children into a safe corner; then you dragged two heavy doors over your hiding-place, so that you were sheltered from the great wind. How were you able to do that?"

"I'd just got to," said Henry patiently. His tired eyes dropped shut. The vain repetitions of his elders were almost past enduring. But Answer up Polite and Speak When You're Spoken To.

However, at that moment Uncle Lysander hobbled importantly from the room, then limped beaming back, dragging the little tree. And with a sharp breath of delight little Henry suddenly sat up.

"It isn't a Christmas-tree, uncle?"

Indeed it was a Christmas-tree, all hastened to assure him. In a trembling fluster Cousin Levina and Uncle Lysander propped the little pine in a great Chinese jar.

"And I've knit you a nuby, and Grandsir's bought you a pair of skates, and you have a parcel of other presents, too. We'll hang them on to-night. And I'll string cranberries and pop-corn, and make rock-candy ropes, and you shall have candles on it, besides!"

Little Henry leaned back with ineffable calm. He was too tired to say much. But such is the unsanctified nature of man that deep in his heart there kindled a warm triumphant glow. A whole tree, all to himself! Wouldn't he crow over Persis to-morrow, though! He smiled gratefully on his assembled serfs. But the three old people hardly dared to look at him. Their old mouths trembled on the words they spoke. Their old hearts were thrashing in their breasts. For this their son, their darling, this treasure unspeakable which was lost to them, was found. This, the hope of their hearts, their one precious torch of life, was lit anew, that they might warm their weary old souls at its dear fire.

Then Henry glanced across the room.

Prim and sedate in her tall chair, moveless as a little ivory empress, sat his great-grandaunt, silent as she had sat the long night through. Her leaf-brown hands were folded. Her tiny face was inscrutable. But, as she looked across at her small kinsman, in her beady eyes there lit a queer keen flame.

Grandsir Adoniram turned again to Henry. His arm shut covetously round the child.

"You deserve your tree, my son. You have always been afraid of the sea. You did a noble act in risking your life to save a little girl."

Henry eyed him straight and fair. Brewster blood plus Carmichael blood makes for brutal truth.

"No, sir, I never. I didn't run down the causey to save Persis."

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"But you knew she was in peril."

"No, sir, I never. But she'd called me names. And I went after her to slap her face for her, good. But she said she was just funning, so I—I didn't. I stayed, and we played pirate. And then the tide came in so quick we didn't dare cross the causey. And that's all."

There was a murmur of disappointment. But out spoke Cousin Levina.

"No matter why you went, Henry, 'twas a brave act. You, so afraid of the sea——"

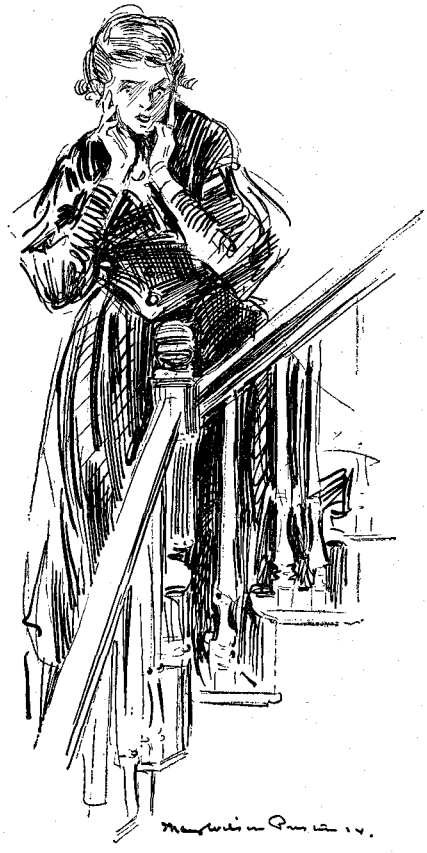
"*Levina!*"

Cousin Levina jumped as if a bomb had exploded under her chair.

On her high throne Grandaunt Joanna sat rigid. But two tiny red spots glowed on her nutcracker cheeks, and her beady eyes were ablaze. She shook a contemptuous finger at Cousin Levina. Clear, scornful, her piercing voice chirped high.

"Hark, you children. Let us have no more of this gabble. Such a palaver over Henry! Brewster blood, I tell you. Brewster blood did it all. Not a drop of our blood ever turned traitor. Nor ever will. Hear that?"

A sigh of agreement breezed through the room. Aunt Joanna was right, of course. Aunt Joanna, their oracle, was always right. What a superb tribute to little Henry! Proudly their eyes sought his face. Proudly Grandsir patted the small roached head. But, inexplicably, Henry was not responding to that tribute with the respectful gratitude which would become a Brewster. Instead, an angry light kindled in his blue eyes; his face reddened to his hair. He drew a little closer to his mother, that ignoble alien. Then—incredible! Out spoke little Henry, arrogant, unabashed, and sassed Aunt Joanna to her reverend face!



A flying young step on the stairs. A quick, startled reply.—Page 84.

"Brewster blood, nothin'," said blasphemous little Henry. "If I done anything brave, it's 'cause I had Carmichael blood in me. 'Cause I'm my mother's folks, not because I'm a Brewster. There, now!"

There fell the hush that follows cataclysm. Staring, dumb, the Brewsters confronted each other, shocked and wan. But Aunt Joanna did not turn an eyelash. A long minute she looked at Henry. Then, very deliberately, snuff-box in hand, she teetered across the room, her silken gown whispering behind. She bent above the settle and looked hard into that stern, hot, belligerent little face. Then, with a smart click, she brought her snuff-box down on his obstinate little shoulder. And over her wrinkled face came a gleam of purest proud delight.

"So Carmichael blood helped you face the sea all night, little Henry? Um. Mebby. Mebby so. But mark my words, Henry, mark my words. *'Twas only Brewster blood that gave you the pluck to tell me so!*"

And so did Henry Carmichael Brewster receive his accolade.

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THIS WAR

By Olive Tilford Dargan

I

Now seres the planet like a leaf
  On burnt and shaken Ygsdrasil.
  What voice have we for this wide ill?
How shall we mourn when God in grief
  Bows for a world he made and lost
    At love's eternal cost?

'Tis not that brides shall turn to stone,
  And mothers bend with bitter cry
  Cursing the day they did not die
When daring death they bore a son,
  And waifs shall lift their thin hands up
    For famine's empty cup;

'Tis not that piled in bleeding mounds
  These fathers, sons, and brothers moan,
  Or torn upon the seas go down
Glad that the waves may hide their wounds;
  Not that the lips that knew our kiss
    Are parched and black, but this:

That thou must pause, O vaulting Mind,
  Untrammelled leaper in the sun;
  Pause, stricken by the spear of one,
The savage thou hadst left behind;
  Fall, gibber, fade, and final pass,
    Less than returning grass:

That Hate shall end what Love began,
  And strip from Life her human boast,—
  The Maker's whitest dream be lost,
The dream he trusted to the Man,
  The Man who upright rose and stared
    Farther than eagle dared:

That now the red lust blinds the eye
  That bore the vision, held the star;
  And where Life's fossil recreants are
Another bone and skull shall lie,
  While she to dust must stoop again
    To build her more than men.

II

But as the blackest marble 's lit
  With struggle of a birthless dawn,—
  Nay, as behind her door undrawn

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Hell forges key that opens it,
And souls that troop to light and breath
Cast habit then of death;

Our dark, this dark, wears still a gleam.
O God, thou wilt not turn thine eyes
For comfort to thine other skies,—
Some other star that saved thy dream,—
Until, her gory fiends fordone,
Night wrestles to the sun!

Canst find no cheer in this, that o'er
Our moaning, reeking battle dews,
And redder than the blood we lose,
More hot and swift, in surge before
War's shriek and smoke, goes up as flame
The scarlet of our shame?

Stripped and unchristianed in a day,
Made naked by one blast of war,
Bare as the beast we know we are,
Not less shame marks the man, and they
Who wear with blush the fang and claw
May yet make love their law.

For "honor" lift we dripping hands.
For "home" we loose the storm of steel
Till over earth Thy homeless reel.
For "country!"—Thine are all the lands.
We pray, but thou hast seen our dead
Who knew not why they bled.

So warm were they, with destinies
Like straining stars that lustrously
Bore Goethes, Newtons not to be.
("Long live the king!") So warm were these
That dropped, and the cold moon alone
May count them, stone by stone.

Ah, Courage, what slain dreams of men
Thy blind, brave eyes here shut upon!
Let reckoners to come outrun
This unstanched loss. Dumb until then,
We wet Eternity with tears;
The aching score is hers.

III

O, BROTHERS of the lyre and reed,
Lend not a note to this wild fray,
Where Christ still cries in agony
"They know not, Father, *thou* dost bleed!"
Cast here no song, like flower prest
To Slaughter's seething breast.

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But be the minstrel breath of Peace;
For her alone lift up your lyre,
Mad with the old celestial fire,
Or on our earth let music cease,
While keep we day and night the long
Dumb funeral of song.

And if among ye one should rise,
Blind garlander of armored crime,
Trailing the jungle in a rhyme,
Let him be set 'neath blackened skies
By mourning doors, and there begin
The last chant of our sin.

Long gone the warrior's dancing plume
That played o'er battle's early day;
Now must his song be laid away,
Child-relic, that was glory's bloom;
And Man who cannot sing his scars,
Is he not done with wars?

Ay, hearts deny the feet of haste,
And as they muster, oh, they break!
Hate's loudest fife no more can wake
In them the lust to kill and waste,
And madly perish, fool on fool,
That Might, the brute, may rule.

We hope! Love walks thee yet, O Earth!
Through thy untunable days she glows
A bowed but yet untrampled rose,
Wearing the fearless flush of birth,—
Yea, in our songless shame doth see
Thyself her harp to be!

Ye ages turning men to mould,
The past be thine, the future ours!
God hear us! There are infant powers
Stronger than giant sins of old!
To all the hells that are and were
Man rises challenger.

Tho' now at final Autumn seem
Our world with blood and ashes wound,
Unfaltering Spring shall choose her ground;
Man shall rebuild with bolder dream,
The god astir in every limb,
And earth be green for him.

And Peace shall cast afar her seed,
Shall set the fields where skulls have lain
With altar herb for every pain,
With myrtle and with tunèd reed,
Till stars that watch have sign to sing
A sister's flowering.

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THE TAKING OF ANTWERP

BY E. ALEXANDER POWELL, F.R.G.S.

Author of "The Last Frontier," "The End of the Trail," etc.; war correspondent of the New York *World* with the Belgian forces.

THINGS were looking very black for Antwerp on the afternoon of the 2d of October. The forts comprising the Lierre-Waelhem sector of the outer line of defences had been hammered to pieces by the German siege-guns; pushing through the breach thus made, a German army corps had forced a passage across the Néthe in the face of desperate opposition; after a fortnight of continuous fighting the Belgian troops were in a state of complete exhaustion; the already overcrowded hospitals were swamped by the stream of wounded which was pouring in; a cloud of despondency overhung the city, for the people, though unaware of the extreme gravity of the situation, were oppressed with a sense of impending disaster.

When I returned that evening to the Hôtel St. Antoine from the battle-front, which was then barely a dozen miles outside the city, the manager stopped me as I was entering the elevator.

"Are you leaving with the others, Mr. Powell?" he whispered.

"Leaving for where? With what others?" I asked sharply.

"Hadn't you heard?" he answered in some confusion. "The members of the government and the diplomatic corps are leaving for Ostend by special steamer at seven in the morning. It has just been decided at a cabinet meeting. But for heaven's sake don't mention it to a soul. No one is to know of it until they are gone."

I remember that as I continued to my room the corridors smelled of smoke, and upon inquiring its cause I learned that Sir Francis Villiers, the British minister, and his secretaries were burning papers in the rooms occupied by the British legation. The Russian minister, who was standing in the hall superintending the packing of his trunks, stopped me to say good-by. So I was considerably astonished upon going down to breakfast the following morning, to meet Count Goblet d'Alviella, vice-president of the Senate and a minister of state, leaving the dining-room.

"Why, count!" I exclaimed, "I had thought of you as being well on your way to Ostend by this time!"

"We had expected to be," explained the venerable statesman, "but at four o'clock this morning the British minister sent us word that Winston Churchill had left London for Antwerp, and begged us to wait and hear what he had to say."

At one o'clock that afternoon (October 3) a big gray motor-car filled with British naval officers tore up to the hotel. Before the car had stopped the door was thrown violently open and out sprang a smooth-shaven, sandy-haired, stoop-shouldered, youthful-looking man in the undress uniform of a lord of the admiralty. It was Winston Churchill. As he darted into the lobby, which was crowded with Belgian, French, and British officers, diplomatists, and cabinet ministers, it reminded me for all the world of that scene in the melodrama where, at the eleventh hour and fifty-ninth minute, the hero dashes up, dust-covered and bareheaded, on a foam-flecked horse, and saves the heroine, or the old homestead, or the beleaguered garrison, as the case might be.

While Churchill was lunching with Sir Francis Villiers and the staff of the British legation, two English correspondents approached and asked him for an interview.

"I will not talk to you," he almost shouted, smashing his fist down upon the table. "You have no business to be in Belgium at this time. Get out of here at once!"

My table was so near that I could not help but overhear the request and the response, and I remember remarking to

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the friends who were lunching with me: "Had Mr. Churchill said that to me, I should have answered him: 'I have as much business in Belgium at this time, sir, as you had in Cuba during the Spanish-American War!'"

Half an hour later I was standing in the lobby chatting with M. de Vos, the burgomaster of Antwerp, M. Louis Franck, the Antwerp representative in the Chamber of Deputies, and the American consul-general, Mr. Diederich, when Churchill rushed past us on his way to his room. Intercepting him, the burgomaster introduced himself and expressed his anxiety as to the fate of the city. Before he had finished Churchill was half-way up the stairs.

"I think everything will be all right now, Mr. Burgomaster," he called, in a voice which could be heard throughout the lobby. "You needn't worry. We're going to save the city."

Whereupon most of the civilians present drew a sigh of relief. They felt that a real sailor had taken the wheel. Yet for some reason the words of this energetic, impetuous young man did not entirely reassure me. Perhaps it was because from the windows of my room I could hear the grumble of the German guns quite plainly. Since morning they had come appreciably nearer.

That afternoon and the three succeeding days Mr. Churchill spent in inspecting the Belgian position. He repeatedly exposed himself upon the firing-line, and on one occasion, near Waelhem, had a rather narrow escape, a shell bursting in his immediate vicinity. Perhaps it was because his high spirits were in such marked contrast to the gloom which prevailed among those around him, but he gave me the impression of having, in the words of that distinguished American whose mannerisms he seems to have taken for his own, a perfectly bully time.

Had it not been for the promise of reinforcements which Mr. Churchill gave to the King and cabinet, there is no doubt that the government would have moved immediately to Ostend, as had been planned, and that the inhabitants of Antwerp, thus warned of the extreme gravity of the situation, would have been enabled to leave the city with a semblance of comfort and order, for the railways to Ghent and to the Dutch frontier were still in operation.

The first of the promised reinforcements arrived on Sunday evening, October 4, by special train from Ostend. They consisted of a brigade of marines, about two thousand strong, seasoned and well-equipped men. They were rushed to the southern front and immediately sent into the trenches to relieve the worn-out Belgians. On Monday and Tuesday the balance of the British expeditionary force, consisting of six thousand volunteer naval reservists, arrived from the coast, their supplies and ammunition being brought by road in fifty or more London motor-buses. When this procession of lumbering vehicles, bearing the signs "Bank," "Holborn," "Piccadilly," "Shepherd's Bush," "Strand," and placarded with advertisements of teas, soaps, tobaccoes, whiskeys, and current theatrical attractions, rumbled through the streets of Antwerp, the inhabitants went mad. The British had come at last! The city was saved! *Vive les Anglais! Vive Tommy Atkins!*

I witnessed the detrainment of the naval brigades at Vieux Dieu, and accompanied them to the trenches north of Lierre. As they tramped down the tree-bordered, cobble-paved highroad we heard, for the first time in Belgium, the lilting refrain of that music-hall ballad which has become the British soldier's fighting-song:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary—
To the sweetest girl I know!
Good-by, Piccadilly!
Farewell, Leicester Square!
It's a long, long way to Tipperary;
But my heart's right there!"

And many and many a one of the light-hearted lads with whom I marched down the Lierre road on that October afternoon was destined never again to feel beneath his feet the flags of Piccadilly, was never more to lounge in Leicester Square.

They were a body of as clean-limbed, frank-faced, wholesome-looking young Englishmen as you would find anywhere, but to any one with military experience it was evident that they were not "first-class fighting men." By this I do not

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mean to imply that they were wanting in courage and determination, but rather that they were lacking in training and experience. Moreover, their equipment left much to be desired, only a very small proportion, for example, having pouches to carry the regulation one hundred and fifty rounds. They were, in fact, equipped about as haphazardly as some of our militia regiments in the days before the reorganization of the National Guard. Even their officers—those, at least, with whom I talked—seemed to be as lacking in field experience as their men. That these naval reservists were insufficiently drilled and improperly equipped for the task in hand has since been admitted by the British Admiralty. Yet these raw troops were rushed to Antwerp on an almost hopeless hope, were placed in open trenches, and, though unsupported by effective artillery and raked by a terrific shrapnel fire, held those trenches for three days and then fell back in perfect order. What the losses of the naval division were in this mad adventure I do not know. In Antwerp their casualties were reported and generally believed to be in the neighborhood of two thousand, upward of three hundred wounded being treated in one hospital alone, while it was officially announced by the admiralty that four thousand were forced across the frontier and interned in Holland.

By Tuesday night a boy scout could have seen that the position of Antwerp was hopeless. The Austrian forty-two-centimetre siege-guns, from their concrete emplacements behind the Malines-Louvain railway-embankment, had smashed and silenced the chain of supposedly impregnable forts to the south of the city with the same businesslike despatch with which they had smashed and silenced those other supposedly impregnable forts at Liège and Namur. Through this opening a German army corps had been hurled against the second line of defence. This second line of defence was formed by the Rupel and the Néthe, which, together with the Scheldt, form a great natural moat sweeping in a huge semicircle around three sides of the city. Across the Néthe, under cover of a terrific artillery fire, the Germans threw their pontoon bridges and when the first bridge was swept away by the Belgian guns they built others, and when these were destroyed in turn they tried again, and at the third attempt they got across. With the spiked helmets across the Néthe, it was all over but the shouting. Yet the Belgians, reinforced by the little handful of English, battled on. Their forts pounded to pieces by guns which they could not answer, their trenches raked by shell fire, the men heavy-eyed and heavy-footed from lack of sleep, their ammunition almost gone, the horses staggering from exhaustion, the hospitals and surgeons unable to cope with the flood of wounded, the fields and ditches strewn with dead and dying, their line, though slowly pressed back by sheer weight of numbers, held unbroken against the onset of the German legions.

On Tuesday evening General de Guise, the military governor, informed the government that the position of the garrison was fast becoming untenable, and on Wednesday morning the capital of Belgium was transferred from Antwerp to Ostend, the members of the cabinet and the diplomatic corps leaving at daybreak by steamer, while Winston Churchill departed for the coast by automobile under convoy of an armored motor-car. Before leaving he gave orders that the condensers of the German steamers in the harbor be destroyed, in retaliation for which the Germans demanded an indemnity of twenty million francs.

As late as Wednesday morning the great majority of the inhabitants of Antwerp were still in profound ignorance of the real situation. Morning after morning the *Matin* and the *Métropole* had published official *communiqués* categorically denying that any of the forts had been silenced, and asserting in the most positive terms that the enemy was being held in check or being repulsed all along the line. As a result of this policy of denial and deception, the people of Antwerp went to sleep on Tuesday night calmly confident that in a few days the Germans would raise the siege from sheer discouragement. Imagine what happened, then, when they awoke on Wednesday morning, October 7, to learn that the government had fled during the night, and that the field army was in full retreat, and to find staring at them from every wall and hoard-

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ing proclamations signed by the military governor, announcing that the bombardment of the city was imminent, urging all who were able to depart immediately, and advising those who remained to shelter themselves behind sand-bags in their cellars. It was like waiting until the entire ground floor of a crowded tenement was in flames, and the means of escape almost cut off, before shouting "Fire!"

No one who witnessed the flight from Antwerp will ever be able to erase it from his memory. No words can describe its pathos, its miseries, and its horrors. It was not a flight; it was a stampede. The sober, slow-thinking, slow-moving Flemish townspeople were suddenly transformed into a herd of terror-stricken cattle. So complete was the German enveloping movement that only three avenues of escape remained open: westward, by the St. Nicholas-Lokeren road, to Ghent and Bruges; northeastward into Holland; and down the Scheldt toward Flushing. Of the four hundred thousand fugitives—for the exodus was not confined to the people of Antwerp, but included the entire population of the countryside for thirty miles around—probably a quarter of a million escaped by river. Everything that could float was pressed into service: merchant steamers, dredgers, ferry-boats, barges, canal-boats, tugs, fishing-smacks, yachts, scows, row-boats, launches, even extemporized rafts. There was no attempt at maintaining discipline or order. The fear-frantic people piled aboard until there was not even standing-room upon the vessels' decks. They were as packed with humanity as are the New York subway trains on a Saturday noon. Of all the thousands who fled by river, but an insignificant proportion were supplied with food, or with warm clothing, or had space in which to lie down. Yet through two nights and two days they huddled together on the open decks, while the great guns tore to pieces the city they had left behind them. As my launch threaded its way up the crowded river after the first night's bombardment, we seemed to pass through a wave of sound—a great moan of mingled anguish and misery and fatigue and hunger from the homeless thousands adrift upon the waters.

The scenes along the highways leading toward Ghent and to the Dutch frontier were even more appalling, for here the soldiers of the retreating field army and the fugitive civilians were mixed in inextricable confusion. By mid-afternoon on Wednesday the main highway from Antwerp to Ghent was jammed from ditch to ditch with a solid stream of hastening humanity, and the same was true of every road, every lane, every foot-path leading away from the advancing Germans.

I doubt if the world has ever seen so pathetic, so heart-breaking, so terrible, a procession. It seemed as though no wheeled vehicle had been left in Antwerp. There were people in motor-cars, with others standing on the running-boards and clinging to the hoods and mud-guards; there were people in carriages, in delivery-wagons, in moving-vans, in farm-carts, in omnibuses, in carts drawn by dogs, on bicycles, on horseback, and thousands upon tens of thousands afoot. I saw men pushing their wives and children in wheelbarrows piled high with bedding. I saw sturdy young peasants carrying their aged parents in their arms. I saw monks in woollen robes and sandals bearing wounded men on stretchers. I saw white-faced nuns urging forward groups of war-orphaned children who had been confided to their care. I saw mothers, so weak and ill that they could scarcely totter forward, with week-old babies in their arms. I saw priests assisting the feeble and the wounded. I saw women of fashion, in fur coats and high-heeled shoes, staggering under the weight of the belongings they were carrying in sheet-wrapped bundles upon their backs. I saw white-haired men and women grasping the harness of the gun-teams or the stirrup-leathers of the troopers, who, themselves exhausted from days of fighting, slept in their saddles as they rode. I saw springless farm-wagons filled with wounded soldiers, with bandaged heads and arms, and with piteous white faces, and through the straw beneath them the blood dripped . . . dripped . . . dripped, leaving a crimson trail along the road.

The confusion was beyond all imagination, the clamor deafening: the rattle and clank of batteries, the trample of hoofs, the cracking of whips, the throb of motor-cars, the curses of the drivers, the moans

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of the wounded, the cries of women, the whimpering of frightened children, threats, pleadings, oaths, screams, imprecations—and the shuffle, shuffle, shuffle of countless feet. And the fields and ditches between which these processions of disaster passed were strewn with the prostrate forms of those who, from sheer exhaustion, could go no farther. Within a few hours after the exodus began, the countryside for miles around was as bare of food as the Sahara is of grass. By this I do not mean that there was a scarcity of food; I mean that there was literally *nothing* to eat. Near Capellen a well-to-do resident of Antwerp eagerly exchanged his five-thousand-dollar motor-car for food for his starving family. Time after time I saw famished fugitives pause at farmhouses and offer all of their pitifully few possessions for a loaf of bread, and the country people, with tears streaming down their cheeks, could only shake their heads. I saw prosperous-looking men and smartly gowned women, and wounded soldiers, pull up turnips from the fields, and devour them raw—for there was nothing else. It will probably never be known how many people perished during that awful flight from hunger and exposure and exhaustion; many more, certainly, than lost their lives during the bombardment. Near one small town on the Dutch frontier twenty children were born during the night, in the open fields, the mothers being without beds, without shelter, and without medical attendance.

The bombardment of Antwerp began about ten o'clock on Wednesday evening. The first shell to fall within the city struck a house in the Berchem district, killing a fourteen-year-old boy and wounding his mother and his little sister. The second decapitated a street-sweeper as he was running for shelter. Throughout the night the rain of death continued, the shells falling at the rate of five a minute. The streets were absolutely deserted. Not a living being was to be seen. The few who had remained in the city were cowering in their cellars. Though the gas and the electric lights were out, the streets were illuminated by the glare from the blazing oil-tanks at Hoboken, which had been set on fire by the Belgians. The racket was deafening. The pavements trembled. The buildings seemed to rock and sway. The very air vibrated to the incessant concussions. It was indeed a City of Dreadful Night. There would come the whistling shriek of a shell passing low over the housetops, followed, an instant later, by a shattering, rending crash, and the whole façade of the house where it had struck would come toppling into the street in a cascade of brick and plaster. It was not until Thursday night, however, that the Germans brought their famous forty-two-centimetre guns into action. The destruction wrought by these monster cannon was appalling. The projectiles they rained upon the city weighed a ton apiece, and had the destructive properties of that much nitroglycerine. So terrific was the noise of their discharge that it seemed at first as though the German batteries were firing salvos. We heard them as they came. We heard the roar in the air which they caused, sounding at first like an approaching express-train, but rapidly increasing in volume until the atmosphere quivered as before a howling cyclone. Then came an explosion which seemed to split the very earth. Huge geysers of dust and smoke shot high into the air above the shivering city. When one of these projectiles struck a building it did not merely tear away its upper stories or blow a gaping aperture in its walls: the whole building collapsed in utter ruin as though flattened by a mighty hand. When they exploded in the open streets, they tore out yawning pits as large as the cellar of a good-sized house and wrecked every building within a radius of two hundred yards. The preceding shell-fire seemed insignificant and harmless. It seemed as though in another moment the whole city would come down about our ears. The thickest masonry was crumpled up like so much cardboard. Buildings of solid stone were levelled as a child levels the structure which it erects with building-blocks. It was hell with the lid off—and I am not using the expression lightly, either. By Thursday noon there was scarcely a street in the southern portion of the city which was not obstructed by heaps of fallen masonry; the only quarter which escaped being that containing the handsome residences of wealthy Germans. The side-

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walks were slippery with glass. The streets were littered with tangled telephone and lighting wires, with shattered poles and lamp-posts and with fallen trees. Upward of two thousand houses were struck by shells and of these more than three hundred were totally destroyed. By Friday morning Antwerp looked as though it had been visited by an earthquake, a cyclone, and a conflagration.

The evacuation of Antwerp by the garrison began on Thursday and, everything considered, was carried out in excellent order, the troops being gradually withdrawn from the outer line of defences, marched through the city and across the pontoon bridge which the Belgian engineers had thrown across the Scheldt at the beginning of the war, and thence down the road to Saint Nicholas to join the retreating field-army. Early on Friday morning General de Guise ordered the destruction of the pontoon bridge, so that when, a few hours later, the last Belgian troops came pouring down to the water-front they discovered that this avenue of escape was no longer open. When it was found that the bridge had been destroyed, scenes of the wildest confusion ensued, the soldiers, suddenly falling victims to a blind, unreasoning panic, rushing frantically aboard such few vessels as still remained at the wharves, or opening fire with their rifles on those already in mid-stream which failed to obey their signals to return. I wish to emphasize the fact, however, that these were but isolated incidents; that these men were exhausted in mind and body from many days of continuous fighting; and that, as a whole, the Belgian troops bore themselves, in this desperate situation, with a courage and coolness deserving of the highest admiration. I have heard it said by British officers that the naval division was sent to Antwerp "to stiffen the Belgians." The Belgians needed no stiffening. They did everything that any other troops could have done under the same circumstances—and then some. Nor did the men of the naval division, as has been frequently asserted in England, cover the Belgian retreat. The last troops to leave the trenches were Belgians, the last shots were fired by Belgians, and the Belgians were the last to cross the river.

On Monday morning all telegraphic communication with Antwerp abruptly ended. Now, a war correspondent who is unable to get his despatches on the wire is as valueless to the newspaper he represents as a soldier who has been taken prisoner is to his country, so I started in my car for Ghent, where the telegraph was still uninterrupted, at noon on Wednesday. I had filed my despatches and was on the point of starting back to Antwerp when Mr. Johnson, the American consul, who was at Ostend, called me by telephone. He informed me that the Belgian Government had turned over to him the keys of the stores and dwellings in Antwerp belonging to German residents who had been expelled at the beginning of the war, with the request that they be forwarded immediately to the German military authorities in order to obviate the breaking of doors, which might quite conceivably lead to a sacking of the city by the German soldiery. Mr. Johnson asked if I would wait until he could bring the keys through by automobile from Ostend, and if I would undertake to deliver them to the German commander, to which I, of course, assented. Owing to the crowded condition of the roads it was early on Thursday morning before Mr. Johnson, who had travelled through a greater portion of the night, reached Ghent and handed me the bulky package bearing the red seals of the Bureau des Réquisitions. By this time the main road from Ghent to Antwerp was literally choked with the troops of the retiring field-army and with demoralized fugitives, and to have driven a car through that panic-stricken mob would have been as impossible as to paddle a canoe up the rapids at Niagara. By taking a roundabout course to the north, however, I succeeded in reaching Doel, which is a fishing-village on the Scheldt ten miles or so below Antwerp, by noon. By means of alternate bribes and threats, Roos, my soldier-driver—before the war he had been one of the *jeunesse dorée* of Brussels—succeeded in persuading a boatman to take us up to Antwerp in a small launch. The river was as crowded with vessels of every description, their decks black with refugees, as Fifth Avenue is with vehicles on a pleasant afternoon in winter. Our little

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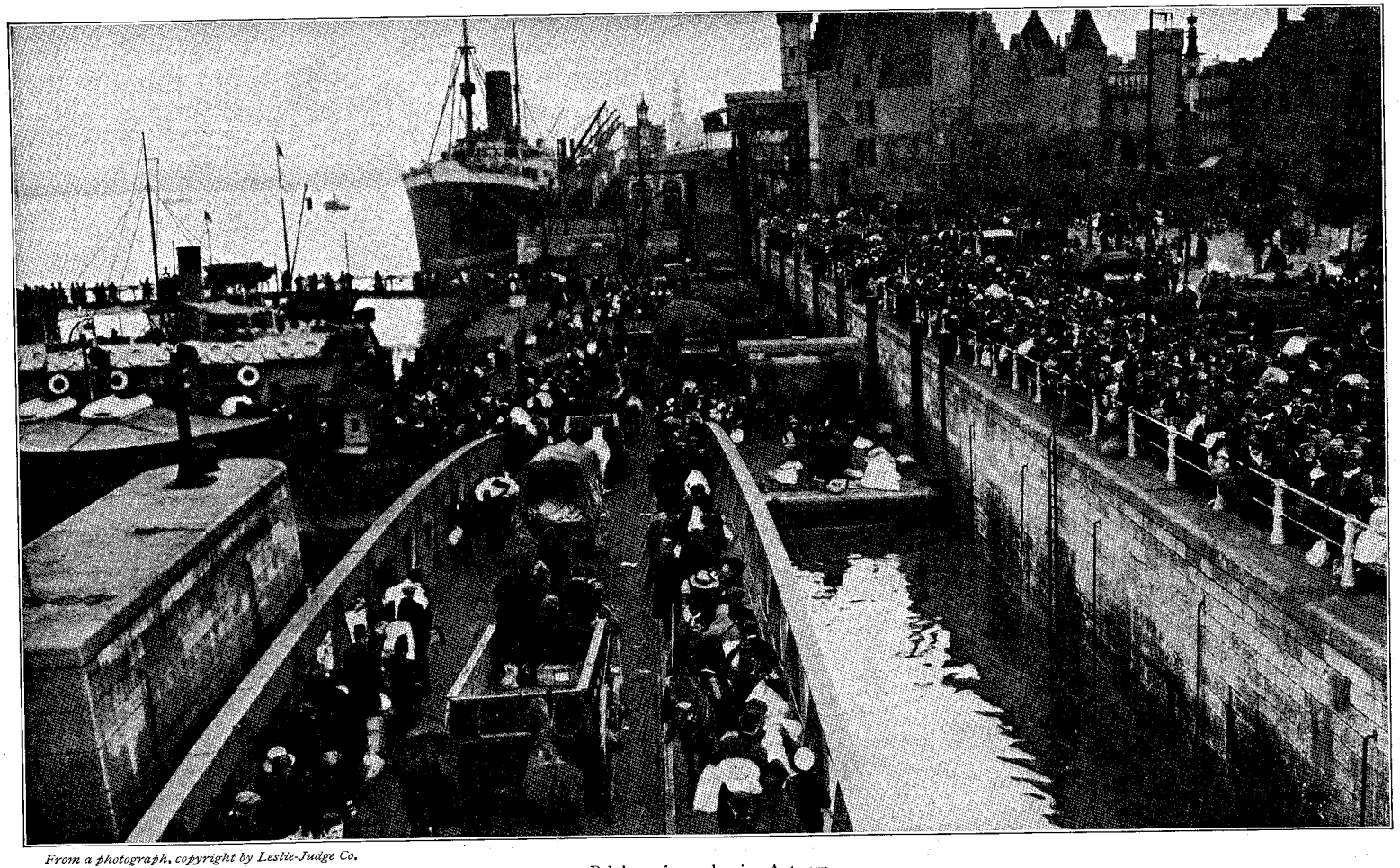

From a photograph, copyright by Leslie-Judge Co.

Belgian refugees leaving Antwerp.

The Steen can be seen in the background of this and the plate on opposite page.

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From a photograph, copyright by Donald Thompson.

German artillery on the water-front soon after their arrival in Antwerp.

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craft, with a small American flag flying from its stern, was the only one going upstream. As we picked our way through the refugee flotilla we were greeted with a chorus of shouted warnings: "Go back! You'll be captured by the Germans! The city is burning! Shells are falling in the river! The Germans will shoot you!" which, well-meant though they were, were scarcely calculated to have a reassuring effect upon our already quaking boatman. It was well into the afternoon, and the bombardment was at its height, when, swinging around a bend in the river, the gray-blue spire of the cathedral rose, in all its lace-like beauty, before us. From its highest pinnacle the red, yellow, and black banner of Belgium still defiantly floated. The city was overhung by an ominous pall of smoke from the burning oil-tanks at Hoboken, shells were bursting with ear-splitting crashes every few seconds; the air reverberated as to a continuous roll of thunder. As we ran alongside the deserted Red Star quays, over which floated the Stars and Stripes, a shell burst with a terrific explosion in an adjacent street. That was all that was needed to complete the boatman's panic and, before I realized what he was doing, he had reversed his engine and was backing into the middle of the river. Roos drew his automatic and covered the terrified man.

"Go ahead!" he commanded. "Run up to the quay and let us land." Before the grim menace of the pistol the man sullenly obeyed.

"I've a wife and family at Doel," he muttered. "If I'm killed there'll be no one to look after them."

"I've a wife and family in America," I retorted. "You're taking no more chances than I am."

I am perfectly willing to confess, however, that as we ran alongside the wharf and clambered up the iron ladder, I would quite willingly have been back on Broadway again. In the first place, a great city which has been suddenly deserted is the most depressing place one can well imagine. Not a living human being was to be seen anywhere, though a few yards down the street the body of a man was sprawling, face down, in a pool of crimson. Shells yowled overhead, and, falling in the river, threw up hundred-foot-high jets of water. Every now and then there would come a shattering explosion from somewhere behind the line of buildings that screened the water-front, followed by the crash of falling masonry. Just about that time I would quite willingly have given all I possessed for a convenient cellar—but it did not seem to be a propitious moment to go out and hunt for one. After all, as I tried to argue to myself, there was really an exceedingly small chance of a shell picking out the particular spot on which I happened to be standing, and even if it did it seemed more dignified, as it were, to be blown to pieces in the open than to be killed in a cellar like a cornered rat. Nevertheless, I wouldn't have disdained the cellar had I known where to find one.

About ten in the evening the bombardment slackened for a time, and the denizens of Antwerp's underworld began to creep out from their hiding-places and slip like ghosts along the quays in search of food. The great supplies of provisions, which had been taken from the German vessels which were in port at the outbreak of the war, had been stored in temporary warehouses upon the quays, and it was not long before the rabble had forced an entrance and was looting. As a man staggered past under a load of wine-bottles and tinned provisions, our boatman, who by this time had become reconciled to remaining, approached and inquired wistfully if he might do a little looting, too. "We've no food to eat down the river," he explained, "for the refugees have eaten everything, and I might just as well get some of these provisions for my family as to let the Germans have them." I agreed with him, whereupon he disappeared into the darkness of the warehouse with a hand-truck. He was not the sort who did his stealing by halves, was that boatman. By midnight Roos and I were shivering as though with fever, for the autumn nights on the Scheldt are damp and chilly, and we had had nothing to eat, save chocolate, since early morning.

"I'm going to do a little looting on my own account," I announced, finally. "We're almost frozen, and I haven't the least doubt that over in that warehouse there is something that would warm us up. I'm going to have a look." Roos declined

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to accompany me, because, as he explained, being a soldier and in uniform, it was not etiquette for him to engage in looting. "But you might see if you could find a bottle of whiskey," he added, with a shiver. Groping my way into the pitch-black warehouse, I struck a match. The first thing I saw by its flickering light was a case filled with bottles packed in straw. Just as my fingers closed around one a shell burst directly overhead. At least it seemed as though it had burst overhead, the concussion was so deafening, though, as I learned afterward, it had exploded fully a hundred yards away. I thought for a moment that the roof was coming down on top of me. Clinging to the bottle, I sprinted down the quay for my life. "At any rate, I've found something to drink," I remarked to Roos when my heart had ceased its pounding, and, slipping off the straw casing, I struck a match to see the result of my maiden effort at looting. It was a bottle of pepsin bitters!

From a photograph, copyright by Donald Thompson.

Ruins in Antwerp showing the effect of the German bombardment.

At daybreak we started down the river again for Doel, where we had left the car, it being my plan to motor to La Clinge, a Dutch frontier hamlet, where I had been told that there was a telegraph-station, file my despatches, race back to Doel, and return in the launch to Antwerp. But at La Clinge I found that the nearest telegraph-station was at Hulst, eight miles away, and the Dutch frontier-patrol refused to let me enter Holland with the car, which bore a military number. Fortune continued to be kind, however, for a Belgian priest volunteered to walk the eight miles to Hulst and file the despatches. Thanks to that little man, in his black cassock and shovel-hat, the American people were enabled to read the story of the bombardment of Antwerp at their breakfast-tables the next morning. But when we got back to Doel the launch was gone. The boatman had decamped without even waiting for the money which was still due him. For a time it looked as though I might as well attempt to get to the moon as to get back to Antwerp. The stories told by the thousands of refugees who were pouring in had so terrified the boatmen that they would not even listen to the offers I made them. Then I remembered the keys, which were still in my possession, as I had been unable to deliver

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them. It was a fortunate inspiration. Hunting up the *commandant de place,* who was an energetic young infantry officer, I explained the situation and the necessity of my getting back to Antwerp, and, as a conclusive argument, displayed the package, with its impressive seals and the imprint of the Belgian War Office. That was all that was needed. "I will place the quarantine-launch at your disposal," said the commandant, and began shouting orders like the captain of a Jersey City ferry-boat in a fog. Ten minutes later I was sitting in lonely state on the after-deck of a trim black launch—for I had ordered Roos to make his way to Ostend with the car while there was still a chance of getting through—and we were streaking it up the river at twenty miles an hour. By way of precaution, in case the Germans should already be in possession of the city and should open fire upon us, I had taken the two American flags from the car and had hoisted them on the launch, one at the masthead and the other at the taffrail. It is a certain satisfaction to know that the only craft that went the wrong way of the river during the bombardment of Antwerp flew the Stars and Stripes. As we came within sight of the city, the bombardment, which had become desultory, broke out afresh, and it required alternate threats and bribes to induce the crew to run in and land me at the quay. An hour after I landed the city surrendered.

At half past two on the afternoon of Friday, October 9, half a dozen motor-cars filled with armed men in gray uniforms and spiked helmets entered Antwerp through the Porte de Malines, sped down the broad, tree-shaded boulevards which led to the centre of the city, and drew up before the Hôtel de Ville. In response to the repeated knocks of a young officer in a voluminous gray cloak, the door was cautiously opened by a servant in the blue-and-silver livery of the municipality.

"I have a message to deliver to the communal council," said the young man pleasantly.

"The communal councillors are at dinner and cannot be disturbed," was the firm reply. "But perhaps monsieur will have the kindness to take a seat and wait until they have finished."

So the young man in the spiked helmet seated himself on a wooden bench, and the other men in spiked helmets ranged themselves in a row along the wall and leaned stolidly upon their rifles.

After a quarter of an hour's delay the door of the dining-room opened and a portly councillor appeared, wiping his mustache.

"You have a message you wish to deliver?" he inquired, pompously. "Well, what is it?"

"The message I am instructed to give you, sir," said the young man, clicking his heels together and bowing from the waist, "is that Antwerp is now a German city, and you are requested by the general commanding his Imperial Majesty's forces so to inform your townspeople, and to assure them that they will not be molested so long as they display no hostility toward our troops."

While this dramatic little scene was being enacted in the Hôtel de Ville, the burgomaster, unaware that the enemy was already within the city gates, had motored out under a flag of truce for a conference with the German commander, who informed him that if the outlying forts immediately surrendered no money indemnity would be demanded from the city, though all merchandise in its warehouses would be considered as legitimate spoils of war. The burgomaster was accompanied on his mission by Deputy Louis Franck, Councillor Ryckmans, and the Spanish consul. It was expected that the American consul-general, Henry Diederich, to whom had been turned over the British interests in Antwerp, would also accompany the delegation, but upon inquiring for him, it was learned that he had left the city with the entire consular staff on Thursday morning. He did not return until four days later.

The first troops to enter were a few score cyclists, who, advancing cautiously from street to street and from square to square, quickly formed a network of scouts spreading over all the city. After them came a brigade of infantry, and hard on the heels of the infantry clattered half a dozen batteries of horse-artillery. These passed through the city to the water-front at a spanking trot, unlimbered on the quays, and opened fire with shrapnel on

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the last of the retreating Belgians, who had already reached the opposite side of the river. Meanwhile a company of infantry started at the double across the pontoon bridge, only to find that the middle spans had been destroyed. Without an instant's hesitation two soldiers plunged into the river, swam across the gap, clambered up onto the other portion of the bridge, and dashed forward to reconnoitre. It is for such deeds that the Iron Cross is bestowed. Within an hour after reaching the water-front the Germans had brought up their engineers, the bridge had been repaired, and troops were pouring across it in a steady stream in an effort to overtake the Belgian rear-guard. The grumble of field-guns, which continued throughout the night, told us that they had succeeded.

Though the bombardment ended early on Friday afternoon, Friday night was by no means lacking in horrors, for early in the evening fires, owing their origin to shells, broke out in various portions of the city. By far the most serious one was in the narrow, winding thoroughfare known as the Marche aux Souliers, which runs from the Place Verte to the Place de Meir. By eight o'clock the entire western side of this street was a roaring furnace. The only spectators were scattered groups of German soldiers, who watched the threatened destruction of the city with complete indifference, and a few companies of firemen, who stood helplessly beside their lines of empty hose, for there was no water. I firmly believe that the saving of a large part of Antwerp, including the cathedral, was due to an American resident, Mr. Charles Whithoff, who, recognizing the extreme peril in which the city stood, hurried to the Hôtel de Ville and suggested to the German military authorities that prompt steps be taken to check the spread of the flames by dynamiting the adjacent buildings. Acting on this suggestion, a telephone message was sent to Brussels, and four hours later several automobiles loaded with hand-grenades came tearing into Antwerp. A squad of soldiers was placed under Mr. Whithoff's orders and, following his directions, a cordon of buildings was blown up and the flames effectually arrested. I shall not soon forget the picture of this young American, in bedroom slippers and smoking-jacket, coolly instructing German soldiers in the most approved methods of fire-fighting.

Nearly a week before the surrender of the city the municipal water-works, near Lierre, had been destroyed by shells, so that when the Germans entered the sanitary conditions had become intolerable and an epidemic was impending. It was evident, however, that the Germans were by no means blind to this peril, for before they had been in Antwerp an hour their medical corps was at work cleaning and disinfecting. Every contingency, in fact, seemed to have been anticipated and provided for. Every phase of the occupation was characterized by the German passion for method and order. The machinery of the health department was promptly set in motion. The police were ordered to take up their duties as though no change in government had occurred. At the post-office, stamps bearing the portrait of King Albert were replaced by German stamps surcharged *Für Belgien*. The train service to Brussels and Holland was resumed. The electric-lighting system was repaired, and on Saturday night, for the first time since the German Zeppelin paid the city its memorable visit in August, Antwerp's streets were lighted.

Though a very large number of German troops passed through the city during Friday night in pursuit of the retreating Belgians, the triumphal entry of the victors did not begin until Saturday afternoon, when sixty thousand men passed in review before the military governor, Admiral von Schroeder, who, surrounded by a glittering staff, sat his horse in front of the royal palace. Donald Thompson, the war photographer, and I, standing at the windows of the deserted American consulate, were the only spectators in the entire length of the mile-long Place de Meir —which is the Broadway of Antwerp—of the great military pageant. Not a soul was in the streets; with the exception of the consulate, every window was dark, every shop-front shuttered. As Thompson dryly remarked: "It reminds me of a circus that's come to town the day before it's expected." For five hours that mighty host poured through the canyons of brick and stone. Company after com-

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pany, regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade swept past, until our eyes grew weary watching the rise and fall of the brown boots, the swing of the gray-clad shoulders, and the rows of linen-covered helmets under the slanting lines of steel. As they marched the soldiers sang, the high buildings along the Place de Meir and the Avenue de Keyser echoing to the thunder of their voices in "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," "*Deutschland, Deutschland, über Alles*," and "*Ein' Feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" Each regiment was headed by its band and colors, and when darkness fell and the street lights were turned on, the shrill music of the fifes and the rattle of the drums and the rhythmic tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet reminded me of a torchlight election-parade at home. The chief difference was that these men stood for the bullet instead of the ballot.

Heading the column rode a half-squadron of gendarmes—the policemen of the army—grizzled, fierce-mustached fellows, in uniforms of bottle-green and silver, mounted on sleek and shining horses. After them came the infantry: solid columns of gray-clad figures, with the cloaked forms of the mounted officers rising at intervals above the forest of spike-crowned helmets. Then the field-artillery, the big guns rattling and rumbling over the uneven cobblestones. These were the same guns that had been in almost constant action for the preceding fortnight, and that for forty hours past had been raining death and destruction into the city, yet everything about them—the blankets, the intrenching tools, the buckets, the brown leather harness—was in as perfect order as though they had just come from an inspection on the Tempelhof Field instead of from the field of battle. After the field-batteries came the horse-artillery, and after the horse-batteries the quick-firers—each drawn by a pair of horses driven with web reins by a soldier seated on the limber—and after the quick-firers an interminable line of lean-barrelled machine-guns, until one wondered where Krupp's found the time and the steel to make them all. Then, heralded by a blare of trumpets and the crash of kettle-drums, came the cavalry: cuirassiers in helmets and breastplates of burnished steel, hussars in befrogged gray jackets and linen-covered busbies, and finally the Uhlans, riding amid a forest of lances under a cloud of fluttering pennons. But this was not all, nor nearly all, for after the Uhlans came the sailors of the naval divisions, brown-faced, bewhiskered fellows, with their round, flat caps tilted rakishly, and the roll of the sea in their gait; then the Bavarians in dark blue, the Saxons in light blue, and the Austrians—the same who had handled the big guns so effectively—in uniforms of a beautiful silver-gray. Accompanying one of the Bavarian regiments was a victoria, drawn by a fat white horse, with two soldiers on the box. Horse and carriage were decorated with flowers and ferns as though for a floral parade on the Riviera; even the soldiers had nosegays pinned to their tunics and flowers stuck in their caps. As for the carriage, it was evidently a sort of triumphal chariot dedicated to the celebration of the victory, for it was loaded with hampers of champagne and violins!

The army which captured Antwerp was first, last, and all the time a fighting army. Despite the assertions in the British press, it contained neither *Landsturm* nor *Landwehr*. The soldiers were as pink-cheeked as athletes, they marched with the elastic step of men in perfect health, and as they marched they sang. They struck me, in fact, as being as keen as razors and as hard as nails. As that great fighting machine swung past, efficient as a trip-hammer, remorseless as a steam-roller, I could not but marvel how the gallant, chivalrous, and heroic but ill-prepared little army of Belgium had held it back as long as it had.

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THE LADY WHO COULDN'T GROW UP AND THE MAN WHO HAD NEVER BEEN YOUNG

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

Illustrations by W. M. Berger

"AUNT DOOLY," said Temple, reprovingly, "why do you skip? Mother never skips!"

Aunt Dooly repressed her dancing step, but made a weak attempt at self-defence. "Well, you know, Tempy, I'm two years younger than your mother," she reminded him.

"That's so." Temple admitted the point with his usual fairness, then looked up keenly. "But mother didn't skip two years ago!" he cornered her. Aunt Dooly tried to turn the issue by a personal attack.

"Perhaps she would be skipping if she hadn't four children to bring up," she reminded him. "That's enough to sober anybody's walk."

She thought she had him, for Temple had turned his intelligent gaze upon his mother, seated on the veranda above, a mending-basket at her side, sober responsibility written large on her fair face and busy movements. But——

"No," he said at last. "I don't believe that mother would have skipped, anyway, when she got as old as this. I read the family Bible, so I know everybody's age. Mother is forty-thr——"

"Oh, no; that is your age," Dooly interrupted. It disconcerted her to have the number of her years taken literally—they lied about her so absurdly. "You ought to do more skipping yourself—grandfather! Bet I beat you to the gate."

She didn't, however, and Temple was not too mature to crow over her; but, after the first hoot, he broke off, wagging a disgusted head toward the highroad.

"There!" he arraigned her. "There! He saw you, Aunt Dooly!"

The horseman evidently had seen, for he smiled benignly, as though under the roof of June all might count themselves introduced. He was dressed in old, rough, right clothes, and his face had the same look of wear and distinction. Dooly, leaning on the gate-post, broke into protesting laughter.

"You!" she said.

His genial kindness had quickened into recognition. "I might have known it was you!" The low road left them nearly level, so he kept his seat, shaking her hand over the gate. The hair he uncovered was graying, and down either cheek ran a deep crease suited to a grandfather, but the voice had unexpected resonance. It took off ten years at once. "Let me see

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—the last time was when the *Nausicaa* fished you out of the sound, wasn't it?" By the twinkle in his eyes he remembered too much.

"Oh, well, say it!" Dooly commanded. "But you would have been that way, too, if it was the first time you had sailed a boat in ten years. Shoes and things might have drowned me."

"And the time before——"

He had to be checked. "Remember, Mr. Ormerod, that I am an aunt," Dooly put in. He looked down very pleasantly into Temple's alert face.

"I should have supposed you too young to be an aunt," he said. Temple, of course, spoke up for the truth.

"She isn't really young," he explained. "She's for——"

There was nothing for it but a hand over his mouth. "Temple, in good society we don't tell either our ages or our incomes," Dooly apologized. The check had left him rather red.

"Yes, we do, too," he declared. "Every lady who comes to our house asks me how old I am."

Mr. Ormerod laughed out, but Dooly tried feebly to keep her position. "You don't turn round and ask them," she reminded him.

"No, because I don't care how old they are. It doesn't int'rust me," said Temple, kicking the gate.

The moment had come to ignore him. It came rather soon with Temple. "I wish you would explain your extraordinary power of turning up," she said to the horseman. "In whatever corner of the earth I—unbend, shall we say?"

"There!" he arraigned her. "There! He saw you, Aunt Dooly!"
—Page 105.

"Yes; 'unbend' is a good word for an aunt," he assented.

"Unbend, then—I look up, and there you are. Who are you, really—Mr. Grundy?"

"Not at all. I am just a tired old gentleman who has worked very hard all his life, and is trying to get a little rested."

"Did you begin very young?" She was hoping for some date that would fix his age, which did int'rust her, for his voice kept contradicting his face, and his eyes smiled to themselves as if they had a little joke of their own.

"I was never very young," he said, "but I began officially at fourteen."

Temple's eyes were bulging. "Do you mean you were born at fourteen?" he burst in. He would know better in a moment; but he still had lapses into babyhood.

Mr. Ormerod didn't laugh. "Oh, no; I was born at the usual age," he explained, as one man to another. "But I was rather done out of my childhood." He would have stopped there, but Temple could not bear it.

"Oh, would you mind very much telling me how?" he implored.

"Not at all, my dear fellow. It was like this." Mr. Ormerod leaned down comfortably on the saddle. "When I was small, grown people were always saying over my head: 'What shall we do? How shall we manage?' and that kept me anxious, so that I didn't play much. First it was: 'How can we do without the gardener?' and then: '—the horses?' and finally: '—bread and butter?' And it

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might have come to plain '—bread?' if I hadn't reached fourteen, and proved a very careful and earnest office boy. And now, you see, I am trying to have some of the youth I missed."

The boy was so absorbed that the two grown people could safely smile at each other. "If it was winter," said Temple, "you could come on the bob-sled with us. We're up here every Christmas."

"That's good of you. But I think I know something even better." Mr. Ormerod's gaze shifted to the northerly chain of hills, dipping up to one noble peak. "I am told that if one climbs Soaring Mountain to the very top, it is a sign one is young."

Temple was bursting with denial. "Why, Aunt Dooly climbs it every year," he shouted.

There was another stolen smile. "Well, if I can be as young as your Aunt Dooly, I shall be perfectly satisfied," Mr. Ormerod explained. "Perhaps that is how you manage it," he added to Dooly. "Is there a magic spring at the top?"

"I do magic springs all the way up," said Dooly.

"He means a spring you drink out of," Temple told her. "There's one nearly at the top, where we lunch. But it isn't magic, you know."

"I am not so sure"—he spoke soberly; "I am going to drink it and see, anyway."

"We'll show it to you, if you get that high," Temple offered. "And you can wait there for us if you are tired out. We have to put our hands on the flagpole."

His genial kindness had quickened into recognition.—Page 105.

"Temple, dear," his aunt interposed, "perhaps Mr. Ormerod would rather go up by himself, the first time."

Mr. Ormerod's eyes rested on her with unconscious intentness. "I wish you could take me with you," he said, and sighed.

"My mountaineering costume—" Dooly threw out, with a note of warning.

"But, after the *Nausicaa* meeting—really, need we mind?"

"If you're coming," Temple broke in, "you'd better go home now and rest. We've got to start at six in the morning."

The hour did daunt him. "Six!" he exclaimed.

"But there's the darned old walk first, you know," Temple reminded him. "It takes over an hour to get to the foot."

He brightened enormously. "Suppose

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I came at seven, and we did the darned old walk in a motor?" he suggested.

Temple careered with joy, but Dooly's expression commented in various keys as she opened the gate. "Under the circumstances, I think you'd better come in and meet Temple's mother," she said dryly.

Mr. Ormerod was punctual in the morning, and very polite, but plainly not enthusiastic. If he had been less polite, he would probably have been very gloomy. Why he was climbing this ridiculous mountain at this impossible hour was clearly a mystery to him. Dooly, with one foot on the car-step, paused. The freshness of the morning shone from her as palpably as from the grass.

"One can go half-way up," she said, softly, comfortingly. "Only young things like Temple and me really need to touch the flagpole."

He tried to rally. "I have an important engagement at the flagpole; I shall keep it, dead or alive."

"Another cup of coffee, then?"

"Thanks; I have had three," he said simply, and was quite unconscious that he sighed.

In the beauty of the morning, with the motor skimming silently toward Soaring Mountain, with packages of lunch in their pockets, and a drinking-cup hung by a strap over his shoulder—Temple also had his trouble. It came on him gradually, hushing his lively voice. His eyes became fixed on his aunt's costume, as her open cloak revealed it: a canvas blouse, such as middies wear, with a red silk handkerchief at the neck, a khaki skirt and leggings, buckskin shoes. It seemed entirely appropriate and right, and yet Temple plainly saw grave cause for anxiety. At last he had to speak.

"Would you mind very much, Mr. Ormerod, if I whispered to my aunt?" he begged.

"Not at all," and Mr. Ormerod honorably drew farther toward his own side. Temple sat between them.

The whisper was delivered into her very ear: "Aunt Dooly, you aren't going to take off your skirt?"

She looked troubled. "But, dearest, I can't have any fun climbing in it!"

His voice rose a little in his dismay. "But, Aunt Dooly, they're——"

"But they're baggy, Tempy," she pleaded, also a little louder. Mr. Ormerod was absorbed in the sky-line. "And my jumper is very long."

Temple hopped after her like a happy frog.—Page 110.

All the reluctance of conservative man was looking up at her. "If you were to pin your skirt——"

She had an inspiration. "Suppose we ask him, generally, what the ladies he knows climb in? You know he has been all over the world; I met him first in Switzerland."

Temple considered, then nodded assent. "All right; you ask him," he whispered, settling back.

"Mr. Ormerod," she began, in formal and polished tones, "the ladies you know—what do they wear when they go mountain-climbing?"

"Knickerbockers," was the instant reply. His gravity had taken

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on a faintly cheerful tinge. Temple and Dooly exchanged relieved and gleaming looks. "Leather ones, sometimes," he went on; that brought no response. "Or

"Oh, I'm old, I'm old!" he muttered.—Page 110.

canvas. Or corduroy." Temple and Dooly laughed secretly together.

"Even when they aren't little girls?" Temple asked.

"Grandmothers," said Mr. Ormerod. Temple and Dooly privately embraced. "I shouldn't think much of a woman's sense if I saw her climbing in a skirt," he went on, sitting up now and looking quite animated.

"My aunt always leaves her skirt in some bushes at the foot," Temple explained in an off-hand manner. He was very lively after that.

Dooly came out of the bushes as composedly as she went in, looking no less delightful, though rather different. They crossed a small swamp on tussocks of grass, and, diving through a pine thicket, stood suddenly at the mouth of a long green tunnel. Straight up the side of the mountain it ran, the bed of a headlong brook its floor, the walls of living, translucent emerald; for the sun outside tried to get in, and the trees met overhead to keep it out. Long golden shafts slipped through, to gleam on fat green cushions of moss, or to set tiny brown pools quivering, but the breath of cool, mysterious caverns was on their faces.

"By George, this *is* rather nice," Mr. Ormerod exclaimed. He wanted to sit down there and admire, but when Dooly did a thing she did it. A climb to her was primarily and absorbingly a climb. She led the way, light, quick, silent; her eyes sometimes overhead, sometimes on small wonders underfoot; taking down every breath as a bumper to the good earth. Her glance measured distances, and she jumped, or went round, or scrambled over without comment, leaving them to follow as they chose. Once, when Temple's foot missed a stepping-stone with a

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loud splash, she looked back and smiled good-humoredly.

"It will dry," she said; she did not even stop to see how far in he had gone. It was not at all like an aunt. Mr. Ormerod had to cut out all contemplation if he wished to keep up. His hobnails were less secure on the slippery rocks than their rubber soles. After several long, damp, green slides, he grew afraid for his glasses, and took them off; but his sight was confused without them, and gnats flew into his eyes. Dooly seemed to be floating up the tunnel, Temple hopped after her like a happy frog; Mr. Ormerod plodded in their wake, behaving manfully, as he would have borne himself in shipwreck or any other unpleasant situation, giving his earnest attention to getting the business over and done with as well as could be expected. The other two grew more and more remote. He lost time rounding a fallen tree-trunk; when he looked up again, they had vanished. He stood alone in the green chute.

"Oh, I'm old, I'm old!" he muttered, and sitting down, he deliberately rested a while, letting his hands dip in the cool water. It streamed over hot wrists with a delicious shock; but the elderly must think of rheumatism. He rose and toiled on again.

Just above, the brook turned suddenly to the left, and on the right, through the opening trees, he saw a tiny, hot meadow sunk in the mountain's side. A young oak held its centre, and half under this, half in the sun, Dooly lay stretched flat, with outspread arms, staring up through the branches. A distant patch of wild strawberries explained Temple's unnatural silence. As Mr. Ormerod came out, she turned her head and smiled at him, not personally, as at an acquaintance, but with a broad, human friendliness that took no account of who he was. He sat down beside her, sunny lands spreading beneath them, small life buzzing and chittering in their ears, the sun steeping them in an aromatic bath of health. Fifteen silent minutes went by.

"You do it for pleasure, of course," said Mr. Ormerod thoughtfully.

A laugh began in her upturned face, but did not come to anything. "And to keep from boiling over," she added, thinking it out.

"May I ask what boiling over is?"

She turned at that, surprised at first, then, after a look into his worn face, understanding. "You see, I was born at the perfect minute," she explained. "Late enough to have all the modern freedom and health, and yet too soon to be caught by the modern responsibility. A little later, and I should have had to have a profession, and a career, and the Lord knows what; a little earlier, and I should have been miserable because I am not married. There are only a few of us who came at that perfect moment; when we die out, nobody will know how wonderful it was. We can't grow up. It is so thrilling, being us, that we simply have to let off steam."

"I see"; he was smiling deeply. "But I don't see how you have escaped marriage," he added, with the impersonal frankness of the elderly.

The corners of Dooly's mouth drew down, the tip of her nose moved in ironical comment, and yet her eyes smiled contradictingly. No doubt she was expressing her period.

"I'm too young yet," she said.

"But it is the young who have the courage for it."

"Oh, courage!" Dooly shrugged. "It is the young who have the courage not to. The old begin to scramble for firesides."

He laughed, the sudden laugh of one struck by a home truth. "Firesides are pleasant," he maintained.

"At the end of the day," she admitted. "But they might not make up for freedom and health."

"And what do you do with all this wonderful freedom and health?"

She looked back over what she did, and laughed for pleasure in it. "Oh, I have bouts," she said. "Last year I had a bout with Italian. I jumped up one morning and caught a steamer, and for eight months I simply wallowed! And one year it was dancing——"

"Ah, yes"; he spoke softly. "The meeting before the *Nausicaa* one must have been a bout——"

"And another time," said Dooly firmly, even loudly, "it was violet culture. That paid, too; I sold out for an enormous sum. Oh, and once it was babies! I was going to adopt two, the sweetest twins you ever

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She smiled at him with a broad, human friendliness that took no account of who he was.—Page 110.

saw in your *life;* but my family rose up and stopped it."

"But why?" The creases in his face had become mere lines of laughter, and his resonant voice brought back her own question about him.

"Oh, they said it would be too hard on the babies!" She spoke obliviously, and hurried on: "I have got to know how old you are. I am tired of wondering."

"What do you think?" he asked, and turned grave to give her a fair inspection.

"I don't believe you are a day over fifty-six," she declared.

He threw back his head with a shout of laughter—either for her guess, or for the surprise in her tone. "What did you think before?" he asked.

"At the foot of the mountain—about seventy."

He rose to his feet. "Come on. I must get to the top," he exclaimed. "If I have gone down fourteen years already——!"

"But you haven't told me," said Dooly, rising and dusting her back with both hands.

"You have got to guess again at the flagpole."

"Guess what?" asked an interested voice. Temple's face, strawberry-painted, strawberry-breathing, was upturned expectantly.

"Temple, you are a horrid sight," interposed his aunt. "Go and wash your face in the brook." He obeyed, but presently came flying after them.

"Now what is it you are going to guess at the flagpole?" he cried.

"How many strawberries you have

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eaten," said Dooly. He knew that meant, "Small boys must not ask questions," and submitted with a sigh of aching curiosity. Of course, he could be present every moment at the flagpole; but it was a very long time to wait.

"This is the bad part that you have to just swallow," he explained to Mr. Ormerod, as they started up the hot and stony mountainside. "You're doing better than you did in the brook," he added presently. Mr. Ormerod, indeed, was taking the trail with a very creditable swing. His spirit must have found its second wind, for he kept up easily. Dooly led with the same light, untiring ease, the same absorbed intentness. For a while neither noticed that Temple's conversation was drooping. Presently his legs drooped also, his purpling face was lifted anxiously toward his aunt's mounting back. Mr. Ormerod, seeing, gave him a casual hand up a perilous slide.

"I must rest a moment," he announced loudly. "I am not so young as you two —yet."

"Perhaps you'd better, then," Temple gasped. "I'll—wait—with you."

Dooly looked down, at first vaguely, then with awakening conscience. She came back to slip a finger into Temple's neck.

"It has never been so hot before," she said in apology. Mr. Ormerod's smile said everything that was generous and understanding, and she sat down by him impulsively, as though she liked him, making Temple sit in her shadow. "There is only a little more of this," she added.

"'Only a little more of this.'" He repeated it thoughtfully. "I said that to myself—yesterday. It seemed then a consoling thought."

She shivered. "I say it to myself sometimes —but in terror and warning."

He straightened up as though the shadow on her face was intolerable to him. "It is a stupid phrase, either way! You don't need it—perhaps even I don't need it. Shall we leave it here?" He pulled up a stone, holding it suspended. Dooly hesitated.

Dooly sat on a rock, serenely contemplating the beauty about her.—Page 113.

"May we come back for it if we want it too much?"

"You are not going to want it. Trust me."

Their eyes held them, asking and answering. "One would trust you," she assented, and placed an invisible something in the hole. The stone came down sharply into place.

"Was it a worm?" asked Temple, who had been absorbed in an ant colony.

"A gnawing worm," said Dooly, rising. "Shall we go on?"

"Yes; let us go on." Mr. Ormerod had risen, but he was not looking toward the ascent. "Whenever your path has crossed mine, I have always wished we could go on."

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"But you never tried to," said Dooly, in surprised candor.

"No. I was old, then, and passive. Now I am in the prime of life, it seems—not a day over fifty-six. Let us go on!"

"I guess Mr. Ormerod feels better," said Temple, who was inclined to frisk again. "We're coming to the best part of all now," he added, as the trail left the hot steeps and led through woods toward a sound of running water.

"Lunch?" asked Mr. Ormerod.

The boy, strawberry-filled, was contemptuous of lunch. "Did you bring the —you know, Aunt Dooly?" he whispered.

She nodded, and he plunged ahead, whooping. A moment later they stood beside him on the bank of a pool, wide as a room and two feet deep with the living water that poured through it. Temple already had his shoes off.

"Hurry up, Aunt Dooly," he shouted. "Father does it, too, Mr. Ormerod."

Dooly produced squares of cheese-cloth. "They are better than no towel," she explained. "Temple goes in here—you can do what you please. I will wait a little above, round the bend."

"There's another pool up there," Temple was explaining as she went on. "She can wash her face there and do up her hair. And when we're ready to join her, I give three calls, like this: Hoo, hoo, hoo! Then we don't startle her. If we came suddenly out of the bushes, you know, she might think it was a—" and so on, till the joyous stream ended in squeal and splash.

Both men had wet hair, dripping towels, and glowing faces when the authorized signal was duly given, and they came scrambling up the brook. Dooly sat on a rock, serenely contemplating the beauty about her. She must have washed her face very thoroughly, for her freshly arranged hair was wet at the edges, and she, too, glowed. Hers was a fairy pool, hollowed out of a granite slab, with a fringe of ferns at the edge, and a play of sunbeams on the still surface. Ormerod gazed at first with wonder for its loveliness, then with a questioning concentration. He moved this way and that, to get a better light. Then, taking a slender branch, he began to bring something out of the very centre of the pool. Temple watched breathlessly till it came to the edge. Then he pounced.

"Why, it's Aunt Dooly's side-comb!" he shouted.

"Why, so it is," said Dooly composedly. Mr. Ormerod dried it without comment, and she put it back into her hair. "I thought I had lost it on the way up," she said.

"But how in the world did it get there?" Temple wondered. Mr. Ormerod's eyes were considerately turned to the scenery.

"It is queer," said Dooly. "Now shall we go on and lunch? We have lunch up here at the spring, Mr. Ormerod, and then we mount to the flagpole."

"I'll tell you how it was," Temple said. "You see, she knelt here and put her face down so, to wash it. And the comb fell out and hit that rock, and so bounced out into the very middle—don't you see? I can show you if she'll lend me the comb." But Aunt Dooly had gone, so Temple scrambled on after her and lunch. Mr. Ormerod lingered, staring at the lovely pool, with the sun-dappled surface and the mirrored ferns, as though it still held lost treasure. Then, at Temple's shout, he came striding.

"I never was so hungry in my life," he exclaimed. Dooly, giving him sandwiches, looked at him critically.

"You lost about five years more in that pool," she objected.

"'And Thompson soon appeared to be
A simple-minded child of three,'"

he quoted. "I have to lose them fast now, if we are going to meet at the flagpole." His voice said something, and her quick glance was like a checked question. He met it fully, deliberately. She slowly laid down her sandwich, as though some bewildering idea had taken her appetite. Temple brought the filled cup.

"You drink out of that side, Aunt Dooly," he commanded. "Mr. Ormerod can have the other side, and I'll take the middle."

Dooly lifted the cup, but Mr. Ormerod put out a protesting hand.

"Oh, are you very thirsty?" he begged.

"Not so very," and she waited with suspended cup.

"It may be the Spring of Youth, you

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know. If, just this one year, you would let me drink a quart or two, and you would leave it alone—is that too much to ask?" Their eyes met, his laughing, hers very still and veiled. "It is only giving me a chance," he insisted.

Even Temple felt the suspense. There was no sound as Dooly sat like a sibyl, holding the brimming cup. Then she stretched out her arm and poured its contents on the ground.

"Now, will she really grow old, like mother?" Temple asked. "Ho—it's just a joke," he added quickly, mortified for his momentary lapse into babyhood.

"That's all," said Dooly cheerfully; but when, after lunch, they went on to the top a shadowy gravity fell upon her. She let them climb ahead of her up the last of the trail, falling back like one grown older. Her feet seemed reluctant to reach the flagpole toward which they were racing.

The ceremony at the top was waiting for her. Temple stood grasping the flagpole; she took hold above him, and Mr. Ormerod's hand closed on it just above hers. Their eyes came together with a shock.

"Now how old am I?" he demanded.

"Ho—that was what you were going to guess," Temple commented, but neither noticed. Dooly spoke with a catch in her breath.

"You—haven't—left the forties."

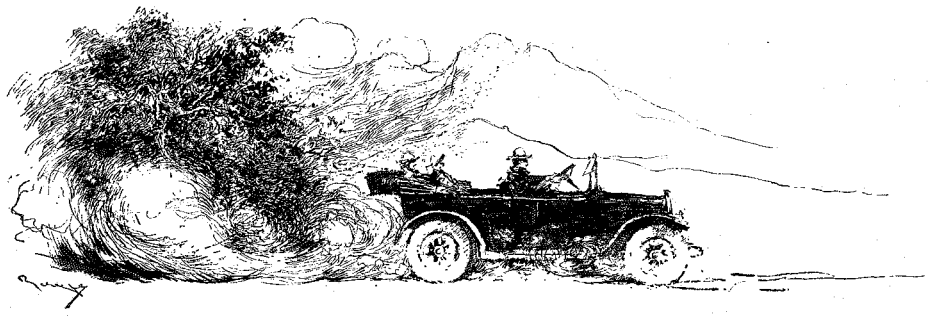
"I haven't, thank God!" said Mr. Ormerod.

She broke away from the pole, turning to the prospect. All the world lay spread before them, and the wind came to them fresh from heaven. She put her arms about the little boy.

"Temple, darling, you mustn't stand in this wind when you are so heated," she said.

He lifted his shrewd gaze to her face.

"Why, Aunt Dooly, you said that just like mother!" he cried.



THE NEST

By Florence Earle Coates

Glad is the grove with light,
And the glen is song-caressed,
But longing comes ere night
For the one, dear nest!

Far fields may seem more fair,
And distant hills more blue,—
Still claims that nest my care
In the dawn—in the dew;

For though the wild may woo
My wing to many a quest,
Sweet in the dawn and the dew
Are home and rest!

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WHITE HYACINTHS

By Mary Synon

THE Saturday afternoon crowd at the Art Institute, a swirling little river of restlessness turned in from the wider stream of passers-by out under the spring-time sunshine of Michigan Avenue, had eddied from the farther gallery, leaving only the girl on the circular mahogany settle in the centre of the high, gray room and the boy who remained before the picture in the corner.

The picture, a painting of a forest, black pines standing sharp against the blazing ochre of a Canadian sunset, seen across a dark river where silver shadows shimmered, a scene whose loneliness was not relieved but intensified by the figure of a man outlined against the blare of color, had drawn the attention of all who had come within sight of it, for it gleamed with a startling brightness of a diffusing quality of overtone, a lucent atmosphere that radiated quivering shafts of penetrative light upon the shaded dimness. But it was the daring high spirit glowing in the poise of the man in the foreground that brought the painting in brilliant relief from the primping damsels, the overstarched children, and the studious middle-aged men who gazed down from the neighboring walls. Corduroy-trousered, flannel-shirted, high-booted, arrested in his crossing of the stepping-stones as if by some suddenly heard, mystic call, his face reflecting the silver sheen of the waters at his feet, he stood a messenger from a land of promise, breathing the power of youth, of courage, of faith.

The artist had blazoned his message, the thought of freedom men win by work in the far places, to some of the saunterers who had dawdled through the institute in the course of the afternoon, compelling them to interest, but the girl on the settle, although she had come nearly a half-hour before, had given the painting no more than a passing glance. While the uneasy swish of loiterers sounded around her, she had chosen to look toward where the stern grimness of Lake Michigan broke into blue at the horizon. Now, when the farther gallery seemed to have garnered for its own the stillness of late afternoon, just as the forest scene had garnered the waning light of the place, the girl closed her eyes as if in relaxation from an overpowering mental weariness. She opened them to find that the boy had moved in front of her line of vision.

He was a big, broad-shouldered boy in blue serge, as certainly an out-of-doors worker as if he had been a sailor. As he stood, cap under his arm, there grew apparent a certain kinship between his alertness of interest and the poised grace of the pictured man whom he scanned with the focussed attention of lowered lids. He turned from the canvas with a throaty chuckle. "Isn't it the real thing?" he demanded.

His voice, young, clear, vibrant with a thrill to which it had been attuned in wider spaces than galleries, rang through the vaulted silences, clanging challenge to the girl. Startled out of reverie, she looked over her shoulder before she realized that the words had been addressed to her. She drew back almost imperceptibly, with the instinctive reserve of formality, when she glimpsed the boy's smile, eager, altogether impersonal. "Do you think so?" she asked, with more interest than her languor had promised.

"Do I think so?" His laugh awakened an echo that rose in surprise from some dim corridor. "Well, I found it last Saturday when I was wandering around this big town, and I've been here five times since then. They can keep their old masters." His muscular arm waved contempt at the shadowy vistas toward the stone stairways. "I'll take just that." He moved over to the settle and dropped to a place beside her. "I suppose that even the guard at the door knows that I'm no critic," he went on. "I don't know one thing about art or technic—is that what

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you call it?—but I do know that place." He pointed toward the scene, his eyes softening as they fell on its blazing intensity. "That's St. Mary's River, or I'm not Billy Franklin."

"No, it's the— You've been up there?"

"I lived there five years," he declared proudly. "I've been down here nearly a year now, and I'm about as crazy to go back to it as I was to get out of it. That's what the North always does to a man. But I'm chained to the mast for this run, and the best I can do is to take my North Country second-hand. Now that picture is just exactly the next best thing to taking the Cobalt Express out to-morrow night. Why, I only have to squint at it to feel the silence the way that fellow there is feeling it. It's just the time, you know, when the wind stops and there isn't a sound in between you and the sunset. And you get thinking of all kinds of things that you don't ever think about anywhere else. And you wonder—oh, say, do you know the North at all?"

The girl nodded meditatively. The boy turned on her a sudden scrutiny that appraised her age as something over twenty-five, her attractiveness as negative, and her type as tailor-made metropolitan. He laughed down at her with youthful indulgence. "The North I mean isn't the summer-resort kind," he boasted, missing the smile that wrinkled one corner of her mouth. "It's wild, and rough, and shaggy, that Bush. It's miles and miles from one settlement to another. Every little while there's a river like that, and every little while there's some fellow standing just like that chap, thinking."

"Yes?"

"You people down here don't know, but I know just the kind of day that fellow's had. I've had them. He heard his alarm-clock go off at half-past four, and he turned over to sneak ten minutes of half-sleep. Then he donned his gorgeous raiment and swore at his boot-laces. He tumbled down to his breakfast, reported at the office to the Big Chief, drafted work enough for a half-dozen youngsters to make them tired before they started, then took a dinky engine or a steel train out to the job. Perhaps it was railroad work and he found that the spikes hadn't come. Then he drove a 'spine-splitter' back to town to start trouble for some one. Or perhaps it was a bridge and he saw that the middle arch was two degrees off. Then—more trouble! Or it might have been a dam, and he found that if the concrete weren't set that day there'd have been a break. And he saw that his work was done right, that man did! He worked like a 'wop.' Now work's over for him, and he's tramping back to camp, or residency, or boarding-house where he lives. And something—maybe it's the yellow in the sky or maybe it's that streak of silver on the water—makes him think of queer things, the girl he's never seen, the music he's never heard. Say, do you mind my talking like this? I'm wound up, and I'll have to go down and talk to the guard if you won't listen."

"I don't mind," said the girl, "and I'll possibly understand better than the guard might." She unfastened from her coat a great cluster of purple-pink orchids, playing with their petals as Billy Franklin stumbled through a moment of self-conscious hesitancy back to his buoyant enthusiasm. "I almost felt as if I'd come home," he explained, "when I drifted in here last Saturday and found this corner. You see, I knew that picture awf'lly well. Do you remember seeing it in a magazine last November—in color, too? Well, one night down in New York, Dillon found it. Dillon and Ramsey and I had worked together up in the North, the way we'd worked together in four other places before we were transferred to office jobs under the white lights. We'd been having a great old time, the three of us, so good that Dillon wouldn't look cross-eyed at a construction job the contractors were shoving toward him on a silver plate. Then one night, a blustering, stormy, window-rattling night, he found that picture. He held it in front of him nearly ten minutes without saying a word, just smoking. Then he swore. You ought to hear Dillon swear—oh, I beg your pardon! Well, that night he talked in his sleep. I went into his room next to ours to close his banging window and I heard him muttering. And the next day, in the whirl of the worst storm that hit New York last winter, he went North. He left the magazine with Phil Ramsey. Phil cut out the picture and tacked it up near our

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dresser. We used to look at it every morning when the thermometer was flirting with zero, and we'd think of Dillon building fires and breaking ice in his pitcher before he could wash, and we'd rejoice at our good luck. Then what do you suppose that fool Ramsey did? Blew out to South America one morning, leaving me ten dollars he owed me and a note. Here it is." From his coat pocket he produced a miscellaneous assortment of letters, note-books, and newspaper clippings. He searched through the medley till he came on a heavily scrawled sheet that he handed to the girl. "Read it," he ordered her.

"Dear Billy," she conned it: "Me for Port au Prince, malaria and revolutions. I can't stand collars and crossing policemen. You can have my Tuxedo. And if anything happens me, write the girl in Truxton, N. J., that she was the only one I ever loved. She wasn't, but she'll get more fun out of thinking that than any of the others would. Write me some time, care of the consulate. I expect to get acquainted there after the first Number One day. And if you expect to be happy in this blooming village, turn that picture of the North to the wall—and nail it there! It's what got me going to the open. Your friend, Phil."

"Now wasn't that a trick to do me?" he bemoaned, taking back the note from her. "I'd have gone to Port au Prince with him if he'd told me the day before. And I couldn't stand it down there alone after he and Dillon were gone."

"But why come here?" The girl looked past him to the picture.

"When I could go there? Well, I couldn't, exactly. This is a bread-and-butter world, you know. Of course, I might have gone, but I'd have been a shirker if I did. You see, my mother's not as strong as she used to be and she went worrying about her darling boy. She lives with my married sister in a little town about eighty miles west of here, and so I came to Chicago and got a job in the tunnel. I can run out and see her once in a while, and she feels better about it."

"Do you like Chicago?"

Billy Franklin shook his head. "I can't get the swing of it yet," he tried to explain. "Some days it has the lift—could you call it that?—of the North or the Far West, but other times it's awf'lly depressing. That's when I need to come in and look at the picture. I've been wondering what the name of it is."

"'*Mesetonka.*'"

"'*Mese*'— Why, that's the Ojibway for— How do they say it now? Land of——?"

"Land of my dreams."

"Is that it? Say, you're the first one I've met who's known the name of it. I asked a girl here the other day and she said that it was the painting of a Norwegian fiord and that it had taken first prize in a Paris exhibition."

"It took a first prize." The girl fingered her orchids indifferently. "But it's not Norway."

"Then I suppose it's Art, with a capital A?" His tone was rueful.

"Are you disappointed?"

"I wanted to buy it," he said. "That puts it beyond me—now. But some day I'm going to be rich enough to buy it."

"You won't want it when you are," she said.

"Won't I, though?"

"If I didn't know," she told him, "that the things we don't quite have for our own are dearer than those we possess, I'd —I'd see that you'd have that picture."

Billy Franklin puzzled an instant, then turned to the girl eagerly. "Then you know the chap who painted it?" he cried. "Really know him? Isn't that great?"

"I don't know that it is," she protested.

"What's R. Channing like?" he demanded. "Big and smashing, I'll bet. Dillon said that he was an engineer who could sling paints and who was so homesick for the Bush that he had to talk it into the picture. Ramsey said that he was a dreamy chap who wore gaiters and who couldn't carry a rod two miles without getting a pain in his shoulder. Now, my guess is that Channing is just like that chap he's drawn. They say that artists paint their own types. Is he?"

For the first time since they had spoken the girl laughed. "R. Channing is a woman," she took delight in telling him.

"No! Honestly? You're not joking?" He went back to the corner, studying the scene from a new angle of vision. "Well, it doesn't change that," he admitted grudgingly. "She must be different from most

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of the women," he announced after a moment's reflection.

"Not as much now as she used to be."

"Tell me something about her. How did she come to do that? Do you know?"

"She was always—queer." She set the orchids away from her on the other side of the settle. "You know, she used to be a newspaper cartoonist."

"Go on," Billy Franklin chuckled. "That's weird enough, for a beginning. How did she ever strike that work?"

"Do you really want to hear about her?"

"Of course I do," he asserted. "She's my tramway to the North. Go back as far as you like, even to the time you made mud pies together, if you knew her then."

"Ruth Channing never made mud pies." She plucked at the flowers as she began the story. "She was half-tomboy, half-bookworm. She shinned fences with the boys, played ball with them, ran mad with them, drew caricatures of them in school, and then used to forget all about them when she found a new picture-book. She never played with girls nor understood them at all. She was her father's daughter, and her father had been a soldier of fortune of a long line of soldiers of fortune."

"I knew it," Billy Franklin declared. "I knew that whoever could paint a picture that took Dillon and Ramsey out of New York and that brings me blithering around art galleries had something of us in him—in her, I mean. I like Ruth Channing."

"You might have liked her," the girl frowned, "if you'd met her when she was painting that." A sudden enthusiasm flared in her gray eyes, then died down as suddenly as it had come. "Ruth Channing didn't have very much adventure in her own life. She lived here in Chicago just about as other people do. She stayed a tomboy even when she went to dances. Perhaps she got a better time out of her girlhood than most girls do, though, even if she didn't have their sentimental point of view. For she had her work. She loved to draw. She said once that life was to her one great big picture out of which she kept finding bits that haunted her till she had set them down. And she kept on dreaming in her picture world. But one day she woke up to find that this is, as you said, a bread-and-butter world. Her father died. Everything was tangled. She had to take care of her mother. There was one thing she could do. And so she went out and found her job. It wasn't easy finding. You'd laugh at some of the things she did. But she held on, and when everything seemed darkest she had her chance to go on the art staff of one of the newspapers. It was a real chance. The men who worked with her will tell you that she 'made good.' She had to. She couldn't have faced her mother with a tale of failure. And her reward came in time. They let her be the paper's cartoonist, but she didn't dare sign her full name. It would have been a joke to see a woman's signature under those jibes at presidents and potentates. But she could do the work, and so she held the place. Just when she was beginning to rest on her oars," the girl's voice fell low so that Billy Franklin leaned forward to hear, "her mother died. After that she worked mechanically, because stopping meant thinking, and thinking meant bitterness. And after years that dragged along she found joy in work again, in a new kind of work."

She dropped the thread of her story as a man passed through the room. Billy Franklin, waiting for her to take it up again, had time to notice how the shadows under her eyes held the velvety mauve shadings of the blossoms in her hands before she resumed: "I've left out something very important about Ruth Channing, the most important part of her, perhaps, for you. When she was a youngster she played with toy engines and machines, instead of with dolls. When she was fifteen she was mad to be an engineer. She'll probably never want anything again as much as she wanted that. But even if the R. Channings can become cartoonists, they can't be engineers, can they?"

"Hardly," said Billy Franklin.

"And so she took to drawing the sort of men she'd have been one of if she'd been a man. She had portfolios full of drawings of men poring over blue-prints, men building bridges, men standing out on shaky ledges, men riding up on steel beams. When she went into newspaper work she didn't have time for them. But some-

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times she'd go out to the firing lines where men were doing the work she'd have been doing had she been a man and not a crazy artist woman. She saw their work. She knew their desires, their hopes, their dreams."

"It's a wonder she didn't marry one of them," said Billy Franklin. "A girl like that ought to be a hit in a camp."

The girl who knew Ruth Channing laughed again. "She was an artist," she said, "and so she was looking for the One Man. She tried to make herself believe sometimes that some of the men she met might come up to specifications; but they didn't—quite. She did believe, though, that somewhere, out in the far places where men worked for the sake of dreams, there were such men. And because she believed in them, she—painted them."

"Well, she hit them all right," said the boy. "I know a dozen chaps like that one."

"You mean—in looks?" She leaned over for his answer.

"I mean in every way," he insisted. "Dillon and Ramsey wouldn't have looked twice at that picture if it hadn't gone below the surface. No, that man has something big in him, something fine. Dillon has it. Brent, the man who did the concrete work on the Hudson Bay railroad bridges, has it. I know ten other men who have the spirit that gives just that look. It's something that swings them out in the open, and drives them to big work, and keeps them straight, and honest, and square. It's—I'll tell you what it is—it's the dream."

"Yes," said the girl, "it's the dream. Ruth Channing must have seen it sometimes in the eyes of men up there." She waved her white-gloved hand toward the painting. "Once she was paddling a canoe up the Kenogami River when she saw that scene and that man. She never met him, but afterward, one night here in Chicago, she remembered that moment so vividly that she had to start the picture. A friend of hers, another artist, took it over to Paris. They say it's been an artistic triumph. Anyhow, it lifted her out of the cartoon shop."

"That was lucky."

"I'm not so sure. She thought so, too, and she called her leisure a reward. But how do you suppose she used it?" Her voice took on a hardness that had fallen from it when she had begun to talk of Ruth Channing. "She drifted in with some people who'd never had any idea of work. Oh, they're here in Chicago, too. They aren't butterflies of fashion nor social climbers, but people who use their wealth in unostentatious but luxurious enjoyment of the finer things of life, people who take the best as naturally as flowers take sunshine. Now it's very well for them, but I've wondered sometimes if it were right for Ruth Channing. She liked it, though. She revelled in their pleasures, in the easy ways of living where the wheels never showed and never slipped. And the opiate of ease got into her blood, so that she began to forget the wide, free stretches of the open, the magic of the northern lights, the glories of sunsets and starlights, the joy of camp-fires—and the man she'd once hoped to meet. But she has met another man."

"Oh, I just knew she would," said Billy Franklin. "I'm always too late." He laughed good-humoredly at his own conceit. "What's the other man like?"

"He's a man rich in more than money," she explained. "He's very charming and very devoted to her. He travels a great deal, and he has a yacht and motors. Marrying him means freedom from care and worry and responsibility for Ruth Channing. And so he's waiting and she's wondering."

"Does she love him?"

"Many people marry without love and are happy."

"Not the girls who paint '*Mesetonkas*.' Say," he pleaded earnestly, "ask her not to do it, won't you? If you're really a friend of hers, ask her not to compromise with life that way."

"Why shouldn't she?"

"It's not square," he declared, "not brave. It's not fair to the man and it's not fair to herself."

"Oh, the man understands," she told him, "and she's willing to take the risk for herself."

"Well, then it's not fair to us," he argued, "to the man in the picture, to Dillon, to Phil Ramsey, to me, to the whole crew of us who've believed in the things she's painted for us. She'll be turn-

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ing traitor to her own if she proves a coward now. She wasn't a coward when she got her first jobs, was she? She wasn't a coward when she worked on the papers, I'll bet. Then what's she afraid of now?"

"She's afraid," said the girl who knew her, "that she's been a fool who cherished a futile dream."

"Rot," said Billy Franklin. "Maybe you'll think I'm an impertinent kid," he frowned, "but I'm older than I look and I've seen some of the things that have happened to the fellows who took 'the low road.' They've all been sorry for doing it. There was one lad who would have been a great doctor if he hadn't married a rich girl he wasn't in love with. He went out last month—by the back-door way of death. I wouldn't like to see any girl who'd tried to say for us fellows the things we can't just say for ourselves go wrong that way. And Ruth Channing doesn't really have to, you know. She has her work."

"But if she's lost something in her work?"

"Go on!" he scoffed. "All she needs is a northwester. We all get soggy sometimes. Tell her to switch back to the main line, coal her engine, run straight ahead, and watch the track. She's in a rut," he continued, with pounding emphasis. "Pull her out of it. If she'd only get up on top of the first little foot-hill, she'd see that it's a great big world."

"You've made me remember the breadth of it." The girl rose from the settle, pinning the orchids on her coat. Billy Franklin gasped when he saw that her gray eyes were misty with tears, but she smiled at him and said bravely, almost lightly: "Some people come like great winds, don't they? And bring the whole sweep of the wide world with them into closed rooms? I'm very glad I've met you to-day—I think. And perhaps I shall try to make Ruth Channing see."

"If you knew how much that picture of hers means to me and my tribe," said Billy Franklin, "you'd see what I mean, although I can't say all of it." He followed the girl to the door, turning once to look toward the corner. "I'll be back next week," he promised. "Are you coming again to see it?"

"No," she answered. "Perhaps, though —who knows?—I may go North."

"Oh, the resorts aren't open," said Billy Franklin. He went beside her through the long gray galleries and down the stone stairways, flinging ludicrous comment at the towering statues, gazing with friendly interest at the aproned students who gave greeting to his companion, laughing mirthfully at the rapt gazers at dusky paintings, smiling genially at the guard near the gateway. When the great bronze door that he held open for the girl clanged behind them and they stood on the high steps of the institute, he drew her attention to the unfolded picture with outstretched arm.

Dusk had drifted in from the lake over Michigan Avenue. To the westward on a canyon-like street, above the chalet roof of an elevated railroad station, there glowed fires of gold. Northward the city loomed a gray menace. But to the south under the softened lavender shadows of a Chicago twilight the avenue flowed, a great river of wealth float ng an argosy of luxury. Against the background of towering stone walls on the other side of the broad highway gleamed the clustered lights of the pavements and the flashing lights of swift-moving motor-cars. The city's playground in the city's playtime, the panorama emanated an atmosphere of excited enjoyment of moneyed leisure, bought, paid for, and waiting for use.

The girl grasped Billy Franklin's wrist. "That's what I mean!" she cried. "That's what Ruth Channing will have to give up —for an elusive dream." Her glance went in and out among the flaring lights of the motors. "It's not just money, nor ease, nor luxury. It's the things they mean, the beauty, the music, the art, the freedom!"

"Go on!" he laughed. "You girls can't reason three minutes. Why, we all have the surface rights to those things, haven't we? And isn't that as good as any one can get? What do you suppose is the best thing in the world?"

"The best thing in the world," said the girl slowly, "is youth."

"Well, then, hold on to it," cried Billy Franklin. "Be game, and I'll race you down the steps!"

She took the challenge with daring, dashing down the wide stones with an impetus that sent her to the curb-stone with the boy at her heels. A uniformed chauf-

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feur, standing beside a long, low racer, controlled his surprise as she came up against him. "Don't wait for me, Harding," she said. "I'm going to walk." The man touched his cap and stepped to the car. "Say," asked Billy Franklin, "is that yours?" He gazed admiringly at the perfectly appointed machine, then with surprise at the girl.

"No," she said, "it's not mine. It's one of the motors Ruth Channing may have if she compromises."

"Of course," he admitted, "it's a temptation. I don't know that I'd stand out against it. It's thrilling sometimes—" his gaze brightened in enjoyment of the avenue's kaleidoscopic life—"but—" His pause lifted the picture as if it had been a theatre curtain, revealing in its stead a deeper scene of farther vistas.

"There are green hills in Thrace," she finished.

"Do you know," the boy said after they had crossed the pavement and were swinging southward with the tide of boulevardiers toward the lights of Park Row, "I've had such a gorgeous time this afternoon talking to you about the things that count most with me that I'd like awf'lly well to give you something, if you'll let me. Not for R. Channing," he laughed, "just for yourself." They were fronting a florist's shop-window where behind the glass there bloomed a glory of April flowers, jonquils, narcissi, violets, freesia, arbutus. Then his gaze found her orchids. "I'd like to give you flowers, somehow, only——"

She wrenched the velvety purple-pink blossoms from her coat and flung them ruthlessly out to the avenue pavement. Her gray eyes held the glow of far-off camp-fires in them as she smiled at him. "Buy me—" she began, then laughed whimsically, a laugh that sounded to Billy Franklin like a woodland note of northern spring-time. "If you have but two loaves of bread, sell one, and buy for your soul," she quoted, "white hyacinths."

THE POINT OF VIEW

The Hearth

AS I sit by the fire on the hearth on a cold winter night, snug in the sense of the smouldering coals inside and the high-piled snow outside, at times I wield the poker among the logs to better the blaze; at times I lean back lazily and read. Perhaps it is some great poet of an elder time, whose verses are the sweeter for the accompaniment of singing flame; perhaps a novel old or new, bringing a fresh mood of youth and joy to help one escape from the weariness of a long day's work; perhaps a contemporary journal, full of problems of to-day and anxious questioning, or full of that brimming sense of triumph wherewith time mocks the generations. The brave west door bars out the wind; the slant roof sheds the heavy snow; for a few moments of blessed truce the abstract questions of human destiny cease to perplex—

> "For I am brimful of the friendliness
> That in a little cottage I have found."

As ill luck will have it, in this charmed moment a magazine article catches my eye, in which is quoted part of an address of one of the leaders of to-day, a syndicalist, depicting the industrial system of the future, with a sense of ultimate achievement about to come to pass. "Before the poor strikers who had not received pay envelopes for weeks" he painted the paradise to be centring in "a mammoth plant conducted by the workers."

"It will be utopian. There will be a wonderful dining-room where you will enjoy the best food that can be purchased; your digestion will be aided by sweet music, which will be wafted to your ears by an unexcelled orchestra. There will be a gymnasium and a great swimming-pool and private bath-rooms of marble. One floor of this plant will be devoted to masterpieces of art, and you will have a collection even superior to that displayed in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. A first-class library will occupy another floor.

"The roof will be converted into a garden. There beautiful flowers will fill your eyes and their sweet perfume your nostrils.

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The workrooms will be superior to any ever conceived. Your work-chairs will be Morris-chairs, so that when you become fatigued you may relax in comfort."

Drowsily rocking in my grandmother's old chair that creaks a little, I meditate upon this Utopia, but, though I am one of the working people,—in a different kind of mill,—it leaves me cold, and I rub my eyes in bewilderment over an editorial comment which says that it is easy to understand the appeal of such a vision of paradise. Long may it be before my digestion is aided by sweet music wafted to my ears by the unexcelled orchestra, in that wonderful dining-room midway between the private bathrooms of marble, and that "floor of the plant" which is devoted to masterpieces of art! Here is the communal ideal concretely presented; but in the new brotherhood of man is this kind of thing obligatory? I count my years with thankfulness and trust that I shall be laid somewhere under soft green grass, far from that great swimming-pool, before the full blast of that golden age. For myself, the land of promise does not present itself in the hues and contours, the sights and sounds, of an ocean liner, a huge summer hotel, or a vast department store. Do they really dream such dreams, I wonder? How shall I ever learn to hold all things in common with people with whom I have no common dreams? My grandmother, in bequeathing to me this rocking-chair, must have bequeathed more than the chair; my land of promise is a land of gray roofs and hospitable gates; of leaves and singing birds, and honest toil—I know whereof I speak. Sometimes there is a spring smell of upturned earth in it, and a sense of unseen growing things; sometimes an autumn smell of golden, falling leaves. There is murmuring in pine branches; there are sweet sounds and sweeter silences; and the centre of it all, for each individual life, is a hearth, homely, it may be, but sheltering the seed of divine fire, a hearth on which red coals imperceptibly fade to gray ash, and glow again, in fresh enkindling.

But paradise, earthly or heavenly, is as difficult to imagine as to attain; my vision would probably not fit the fancy of many of my fellow working people, having small chance against these vast splendors. Yet, recalling the faces of the poor as I have seen them in places of large concourse, straying through steamer or hotel, lost, miserable, in a wilderness of plush and gilding, I fancy that this syndicalist dream come true would bring less joy than the dreaming—but perhaps this is true of all dreams. That tendency of humble folk to find a corner, take something out of a bag, and eat in the centre of painted magnificence is doubtless often due less to physical appetite than to a still deeper human need—that of conjuring up a sense of home, a something of one's very own. That spiritual hunger upon the countenances of munching *hoi-polloi* in great places vanishes from their homeward faces as they hurry to the shelter of their own doorways. Secure behind their little window-panes, under the protection of a low roof, they have a look that they never wear in the glittering splendor of hall or public place, and come near to suggesting, in homely fashion, a

> "Central peace, subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation."

The look of pride in a row of potted plants in the window, or a bit of garden by the flagged walk, menaces that syndicalist roof-garden of no one's making. What earthly use or comfort is a garden whose dirt you do not sometimes wash off your hands? That wonderful dining-room, where you will enjoy the best food that can be purchased, vanishes before the odor of bread newly baked at home. Does the prospect really appeal to any, I wonder, as I read the rhapsody again, this wilderness of the general, the communal, where nothing is your own?

The Individual Home

As I dig in the ashes, full of a sense of possession and of comfort, I ponder on this earliest and deepest human need, the need of man for a little place of his own. The instinct is fundamental; from nest of bird to lion's lair, and on to human threshold, it runs through all nature. Whether we approve or not, the sense of individual ownership is almost the first instinct to manifest itself; political theorists should watch childhood if they want to find upon what they may build, and learn to build wisely. In all probability the hearth was the first thing made by man; it is that to which, with all his wandering instincts, he most surely returns.

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If I were stripped to rag and crust, I should go out into the fields and pile a primitive hearth and try to strike fire from flint. I should warm my hands over a flame of my own kindling, and invite other shivering folk to share its heat, but never, in utmost need, could I accept as substitute the gas-log of the profit-sharing company, with its manufactured semblance of flame.

Is the brotherhood of man attainable, I wonder, as this and other statements which it recalls of the communal ideal drift through my mind, only through the loss of that which man has found best worth while, a spot of his own for him and his? It is true that I feel a bit guilty as I spread my hands before the flame, remembering the fingers that go cold, but I feel reassured also, remembering that I try honestly to share with other homes. Long ago, I have been told, when my grandfather's new house was built, my father, a child of six, was sent with some small vessel—infant Prometheus—to the house of the nearest neighbor to bring coals for the first fire on the hearth. In the light of that symbolic act I still live and work; in the give-and-take of individual homes I find the truest solution of our human problem. By the brightness of every coal upon the hearth, we are bound to share; and wherein we have been niggardly with our coals we are justly punished. For the suffering of those who toil and yet go hungry we are deeply guilty, and the troubles they have brought upon us we richly deserve. By all means, so far as we are able, let us succor our brother, factory-poisoned, mine-buried; but, in attempting to shoulder more manfully our individual responsibility for our individual fellow man, we should be able to find something better to offer him than this tawdry public palace of the public orator. Existence as outlined here is the legitimate outcome of the machine ideal running through all our modern civilization, our yearning for flawless mechanism, our longing for perfection without personality.

Our sense of individual ownership is not a wholly selfish instinct. Within it lies the profoundest challenge presented to us, the inscrutable problem of personality, the point of our being here. It is the key to the whole human situation, here and hereafter. Ownership even in one's self means individual responsibility; with the recognition of that our task for time and for eternity lies fairly clear. With self-possession, one has duties to perform that one may not evade; no society nor combination of mankind may take them from us. The individual life, wisely and genuinely shared, lived to its depth and its height, fulfils not only itself but the life of the state. We cannot change the basic laws in obedience to which we have wriggled from the mass, growing from homogeneousness to heterogeneousness, from common mud to individual clay. Is not part of our human failure of late years the result of living in a fashion not too individual but too little individual; are we not already suffering from too much of communal existence? The large scale of action, the trust, our mammoth enterprises, the huge hotels and apartment-houses, banishing real homes — all these interfere with our deepest sense of responsibility as well as with our deepest sense of joy.

There is too much swimming-pool in this syndicalist ideal; it means not progression but retrogression, a vast splashing about in the general, as before personality emerged —protoplasmic, inchoate, undifferentiated. What is to be done with the challenge to the individual in this generalized attempt to escape from the problems of personal existence and personal sacrifice for others? What with those primal human instincts that will not down—the need of the human being for his own hearth, his own poker, his own back door? As I warm my hands at my own coals, listening to the wind and the syndicalists howling outside, I vow to do my utmost to help my fellow human being get, not a Morris-chair belonging to the company, but a hearth of his own which it is his peculiar duty to maintain and protect. Those pagan homes whose hearths were altars—as seen under the wide sky of Greece—were unconsciously significant, prophetic. Surely the sacrifice at one's own hearth is the first to offer; surely the individual hearth is—as it has been from cave-man time—the centre and symbol of all human life.

THE jargon of health grates increasingly on my nerves. Human life may be divided into its component parts by every amateur philosopher in America, and nine out of ten of them will put the physical element first. That is the present fashion. It is reflected in the speeches of those who

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talk to colleges and schools: "The foundation of all usefulness is good health; physical welfare must be our first aim." If it were the formula of fifty years ago we should recognize it for the cant it is. True, no doubt—truth of a sort is essential to cant. But this is a truth that in receiving the mark of respectability has hardened and given up its heat. Truth cannot endure circulation beyond the limits of those who feel its dignity and force.

The Gospel of Health

Religious talk met a like fate among the same kind of well-meaning people in the mid-nineteenth century. Such phrases as appear in old letters: "Our community is being blessed by many hopeful conversions"; "I have experienced a new conviction of the truth and wish to testify before the world"—these represented real belief in the hearts of ardent and intelligent people, who succeeded so in imposing them upon the ordinary consciousness that the words became commonplaces. Then they passed beyond the power even of the most convinced; they were dead without hope.

Most of us carry about some shreds of the reformer's impulse, and can easily understand the joy with which a preacher or teacher or otherwise didactic person would see his ideas beginning to "prevail," entering into the common consciousness by way of the common vocabulary. But the moment when everybody accepts an idea without question coincides fatally with the hour when the idea no longer means anything to anybody. During this hour we might be saved by Socrates, or even Mr. Chesterton; the matter needs to be rejuvenated by an inquiry resulting in that complete overturn which will settle it once more with its right end up. Without this, the "fundamental truth" becomes fatally uninteresting. Matthew Arnold's "Philistine" has long been piloried as literary slang and has grown correspondingly innocuous. We don't greatly care now whether we are philistines or not.

But health—after all we are hardly willing to forget our health because "the importance of physical welfare" is rattled daily from a thousand journalistic and hortatory typewriters. A few, at least, of the religious people forty years ago who heard the world glibly using the phrases that to them represented a deep experience must have felt similarly uncomfortable. We can imagine that they were among the first of those who arrested the vogue of pious small talk.

When a great truth reaches the point at which those who talk about it are not those who care most for its inner meaning, it is likely to do some damage. Individual religion has already often been sacrificed to religious machinery; individual health is likely to be for some time subordinated to gymnasiums and athletic sports and systems of diet. The gymnasium for the multitude is easier to manage and more entertaining than are careful combinations of devices adapted to particular people. Because sleeping-porches are good, every architect drawing a house plan for a popular magazine is compelled to put in a sleeping-porch. But some of us may be so constituted that we grow nervous during the out-door nights; instead of these we may need sound-proof partitions, or naps at midday, or five meals in place of three. With all these differences the popular imagination refuses to grapple. We must become healthy according to the accredited fashion or our friends view us with suspicion, as if we were working against a good cause.

We might, perhaps, learn more easily how to be well and intelligent at the same time if we were a little less sure that we knew all about the primary importance of health. I should welcome a few doubts concerning the place of health in the general scheme of things. They would give a spur to our conviction, making us feel the true force of the faith that is within us. They would lead us, possibly, to think more and say less. Such talk about spiritual matters as our grandparents put into their ordinary letters seems to us now almost indecent for any but a community of saints. I wonder how our grandchildren will regard our complacent remarks about bodily well-being, when they see how little we have achieved in the way of being healthy and living wholesomely.

The point to remember is, of course, that the "foundation of all usefulness" should be kept under our feet instead of being allowed to rise above our field of vision.

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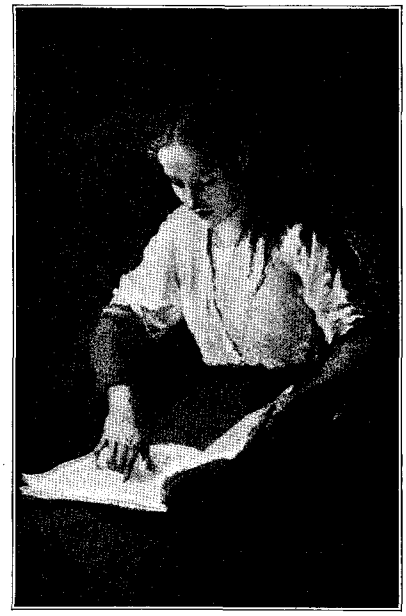
THE FIELD OF ART

THE MEMORIAL EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF WILLIAM MORRIS HUNT

IT is hard for a Boston man to write of William Morris Hunt with entire impartiality. Hunt has a legend in Boston—something as Copley has, or as Stuart.

His remarkable personality was such that those who knew him must always see his work under a sort of glamour. There are plenty of young artists who knew him not who will say, frankly enough, that his work is pretty bad. On the other hand, many of the old guard still consider him our greatest painter.



From a photograph, copyright by Detroit Publishing Co.

Girl Reading.
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Probably neither of these is quite right. Hunt's work in technical achievement is not exactly the sort of thing in which we are interested just now; and yet, on the other hand, it has qualities, now of strength, now of distinction, which set it apart from the work of other painters. Indeed, it is charm, first in the man, and in some measure in his work, that has helped to create his legend. Even when his work is not very good technically, it is often distinguished—and of a distinction more aristocratic, less anæmic, than that of some of our latter-day *précieux*. One feels that he was always an artist—and felt things like an artist—no matter what he did.

Prompted by a fine filial piety, the daughter of William Morris Hunt has arranged a memorial of her father's work. It is placed in an upper room in the Boston Art Museum.

Perhaps the picture which at first makes the strongest impression is the "Niagara" which hangs at one end of the room. One well remembers the sense it gave of color and strength at the Hunt memorial exhibition thirty years and more ago. Now, the strength is there in a measure; as to the color, parts of it are of a fine iridescence; elsewhere the artist did not seem to be able to break away from the overmixed ochres and earths of his earlier training. But the picture is interesting historically, because here Hunt had, at last and finally, broken away quite definitely from his Couture technique, and was attacking just the problems which the Impressionists on the other side were handling—and in much the same way. Indeed, one might say that the picture, painted in 1878, was rather more advanced than much of French Impressionist work of that time.

One of the strongest of the pictures is the portrait of Mr. Gardner. Hunt painted two Gardners: old Schoolmaster Gardner of the Boston Latin School and the subject of the present picture. It is painted at about the same time as was the Niagara picture, and has something of the same desperate verity in large matters. Hunt was evidently feeling for disintegrated color in flesh painting, and the almost scorbutic face of the sitter gave him a fine chance. Indeed, there is a rumor that the sitter's family were not wholly pleased with the portrait. Yet despite various defects, it is a vital and striking work. One remembers blue and green touches showing more when it was first painted.

It would seem that the most interesting of all the pictures are those of Hunt's last transition period, when he was working into something like Impressionism. Another of these is the "Gloucester Harbor," which made an immense impression, for Boston at

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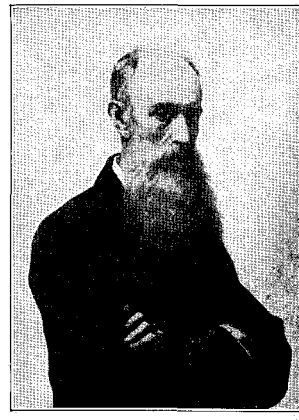
least, in its day. It is singularly luminous in general effect, but much of this effect is gained by oppositions of light and dark rather than



William Morris Hunt
(Painted by himself, 1866.)
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

of color. It is more in the feeling of Turner, one might say, than of Monet.

Possibly these three just mentioned are among the most interesting of his works, but one notes various other more or less successful works. For instance, studies for the decorations, "The Anahita" and "The Discoverer," full in color; possibly not our idea of decoration. But there were men before Agamemnon—or Puvis either.

Then there is, or are, "The Bathers"—a variant appears in the Worcester Art Museum. This is one of Hunt's most characteristic works, not remarkable from a structural standpoint but having withal a certain grace and charm that is appealing.

"Marguerite," which hangs here, is one of Hunt's earliest works and in certain respects is one of his best. Perhaps there was left enough of the old Düsseldorf training to make him do it rather more carefully than some of his later works. The field of grain, of course, seems done *de chic*, with no particular relation to the figure, which seems painted in a studio light, but all that was characteristic of the time in which it was done. The hands holding the flower are quite charmingly done.

The "Girl with a Cat" appears in two incarnations, a small study and a larger picture. This picture, called "The Infanta" by some of the artist's admirers, has indeed a certain charm, but it is curious that as "tone" was evidently the artist's preoccupation, tone is just the thing which he has somehow missed, especially in the larger picture. Hunt was just too conscientious to get tone by the fine scrubby old-master method, though the sketch has a touch of it; and at this time was not quite alive enough to color values to get it as the moderns try to—by just relations.

There are other things here: a "Fortune Teller," a "Girl Reading," "The Twin Lambs," which Müther seems to think is representative of Hunt's work; "The Violet Girl," one of the earlier things; and "The Belated Kid," rather charming in action and design.

There are some silhouettes, done very early, which, though quaint and naïf, possibly done by some one else, hint at what was probably Hunt's real gift, a certain deftness and delicacy of touch together with a sense of design, of arabesque—of the *silhouette*, if you will. He had the makings of an excellent workman in him, and only needed the stimulus of other good workmen around him to have made good. The "Portrait of Judge

Marguerite.
In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

Shaw," the "Master Gardner," and many others of his pictures show a marked sense of design and of the value of pattern.

The "Portrait of Miss S." has always been considered one of Hunt's best things, and it is indeed a handsome work as far as a certain

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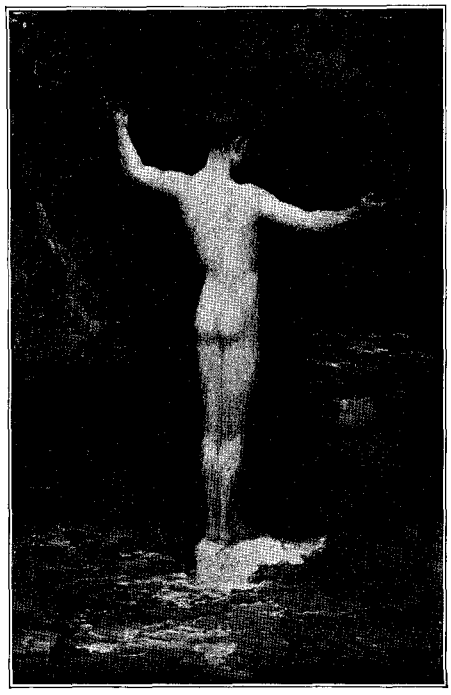
fine distinction carries it. One wishes, though, that the thing were finished. As it is, it is a suggestive sketch. In it a certain bigness is mingled with a curious refinement, but it is a rather slight work.

An early portrait of the artist by himself somehow recalls Ricard—not only as a likeness but in technique as well.

In looking over these pictures the present writer wonders how they would impress an unprejudiced observer, let us say a cultivated foreigner, learned in matters of art. To him who writes these words all these pictures have the charm of things always known—of things which one was brought up to admire—whose cult was almost a matter of religion. These pictures are seen through a haze of memory, of sentiment and sympathy. But just how would they look to—well, let us say, to Mr. Gustave Geffroy, just come from examining all the great galleries of Europe? Would he perhaps find them, despite their spirit and charm, rather slight, a trifle careless? It may be.



From a Copley print, copyright by Curtis & Cameron.

The Bathers.

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

There are certain painters, the Little Masters of Holland, some of the Venetians, possibly Velasquez, whom one is obliged to admire whether one is in sympathy with their point of view or not. Their technique compels admiration. There are others, and one thinks of Rembrandt, Goya, and Delacroix, whom one likes a good deal or not at all. Their work, as Lincoln said of something else, is the sort of thing that people who like that sort of thing will like.

Hunt, it may be, comes into this list. You either like his work or you don't. There are still those who look on Hunt's work with glazed eyes and throbbing heart. Certain of the younger men, young lions of a later brood, look on him coldly, and find cruel words to say of his work. Neither is quite fair. He seems to have been a man of very great ability, who possibly did not find his fullest or truest expression.

Hunt's admirers were always irritated when New York men said he used Couture's technique. These admirers felt that with Hunt's conversion to Millet he had wholly cast off the collar of Couture. But it is very hard to throw off the first mannerisms one has learned, and something of Couture's manner clung to Hunt until his last pictures—the "Niagara" and the "Portrait of Mr. Gardner"—where there is no particular trace of it. Yet, after all, Couture's manner was only Rubens's manner—reduced, as one might say, to the least common denominator. Couture was a remarkable painter who does not just now get the credit he deserves. Merely to have developed three men like Feuerbach, Manet, and Hunt was in itself something of an achievement. But he did more; he painted better, technically, than any of them himself.

Doubtless Millet was a more remarkable personality than was Couture; doubtless, however, his influence on Hunt was slighter. As a matter of fact, what influence he did have was not wholly admirable. Hunt was of too generous and artistic a nature not to see at once the fine qualities in Millet. But the characters of the men were entirely different. Millet was earnest, grandiose, the least trifle, it may be, stodgy. Hunt's nature and art, on the other hand, were volatile, graceful, always distinguished.

He could understand the nobility of Millet's art because he was an artist, but it held nothing for him. Millet's art was noble, but not aristocratic. Hunt's work was instinctively aristocratic. There was a certain no-

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bility in it too, but it was made up of delicate preferences, subtle aversions—it had nothing of the biblical grandioseness of Millet.

Hunt, with these strong memories of Couture and of Millet, together with his own remarkable artistic personality, had a very marked influence on Boston art in his day; but apparently this influence did not extend much beyond Boston, nor did it persist long after the master's death. Certain men well known in their day in Boston, like Tom Robinson, Foxcroft Cole, and Appleton Brown, and to some extent Marcus Waterman, showed his influence. Mr. John La Farge worked with Hunt at Newport for some time and possibly learned more from him than he cared to admit. Vinton, the well-known portrait-painter, began his studies under Hunt's influence, but returned from his labors abroad painting very much like Bonnat, only rather better, as far as the putting on of paint went.

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The Belated Kid.

In the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.

What had a wider influence than any of Hunt's direct teachings was the "Talks on Art." These were comments and criticisms taken down verbatim as they were given, by one of the members of his class on backs of canvas or scraps of paper. They are among the most stimulating things written about art—the keen, clever talk of an artist about art—witty as can be, and epigrammatic. But a wise man has said that an epigram is never wholly true. These biting epigrams need to be read by one who understands. The books are, indeed, rather strong meat for babes.

Some of the sayings from the "Talks" are extremely amusing:

"I had as lief smell of music or eat the receipt of a plum pudding as listen to a lecture on art."

"Judges of art in America! What does their opinion amount to? 'Essipoff doesn't touch me.' No, but spruce gum might."

And other words are very true:

"In order to be ideal you have got to be awfully real."

"The struggle of one color with another produces color."

"You can't even see a hair on a cat without losing sight of pussy."

These things were very well. Yet it would seem—people are so stupid—that his readers did not always understand him or, if they half grasped his thought, did not apply it rightly.

Possibly he himself had not entirely clarified his own ideas—they seem to have crystallized with imperfections here and there. Possibly this explains his rather uneven work.

But, whatever the final estimate of his work may be, he will always remain a strong personality in the history of American art. As an artistic personality he still remains quite unique. It is this same artistic personality that did and does endear him to so many artists. He was artist to his finger-tips, and such defects as he had were just as much the result of his artistic temperament as were his merits. In a country rather lacking for the most part in artistic temperament, he was a supreme example of just that quality, and in artist studios one still hears fine stories of his generosity, his gayety, and his artistry.

He was a beautiful example of what the American nature can come to when it is filled with sweetness and light. He had—what we have hinted some Americans lack—temperament—a richness of blood, a passion of spirit which seems frozen out of many of us by the modern cold-storage condition under which we live. He was thoroughly American. His sayings are racy of the soil. But that acridity, sourness, crudeness which herald themselves in the national voice, seemed burned out of him by the fire of his passion for art and life.

PHILIP L. HALE.

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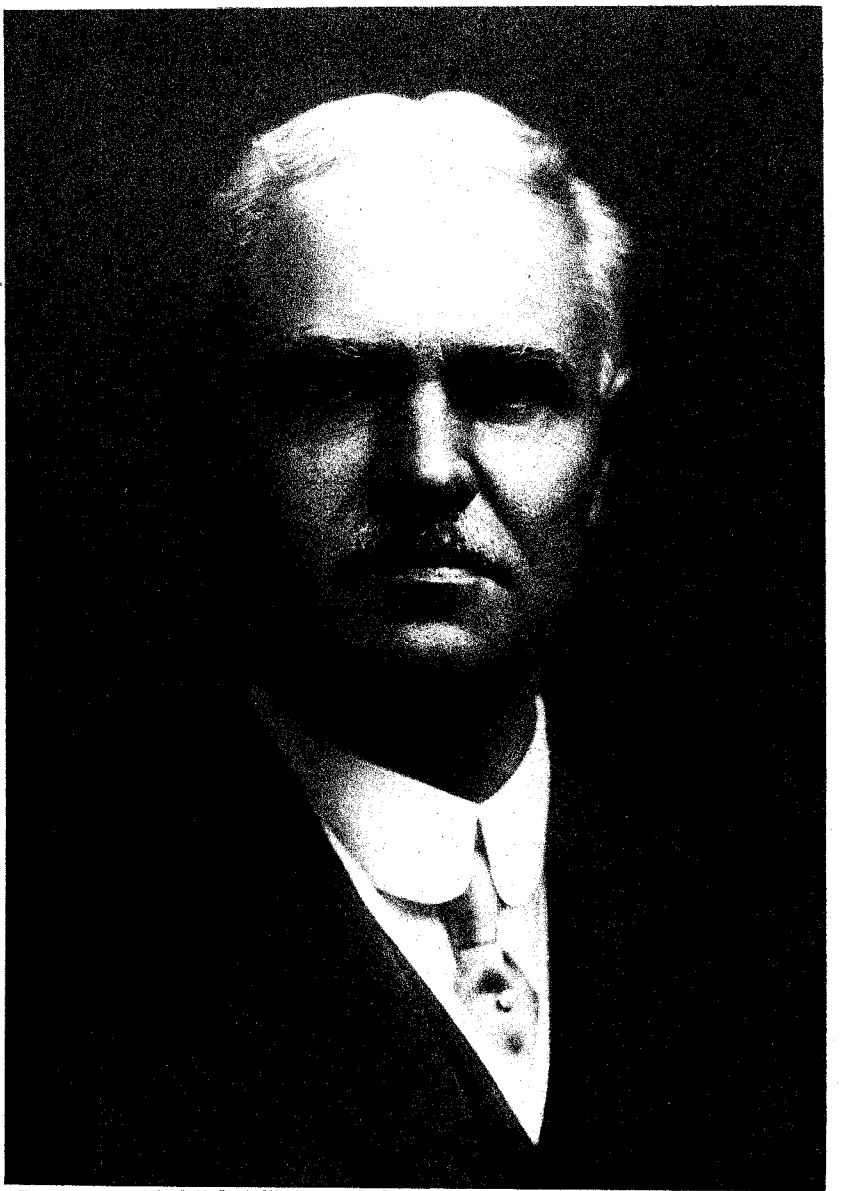

From a photograph by G. V. Buck, Washington, D. C.

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